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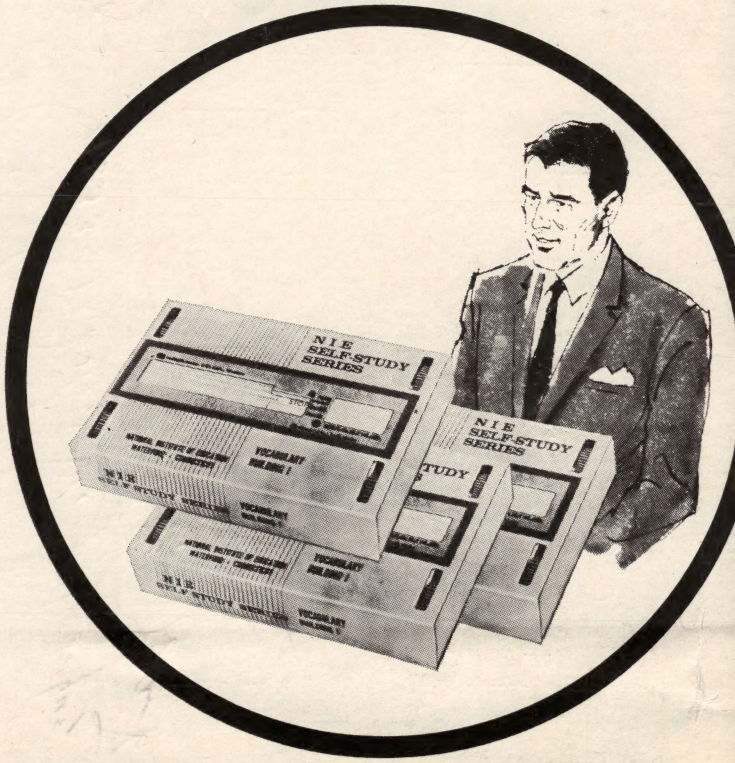

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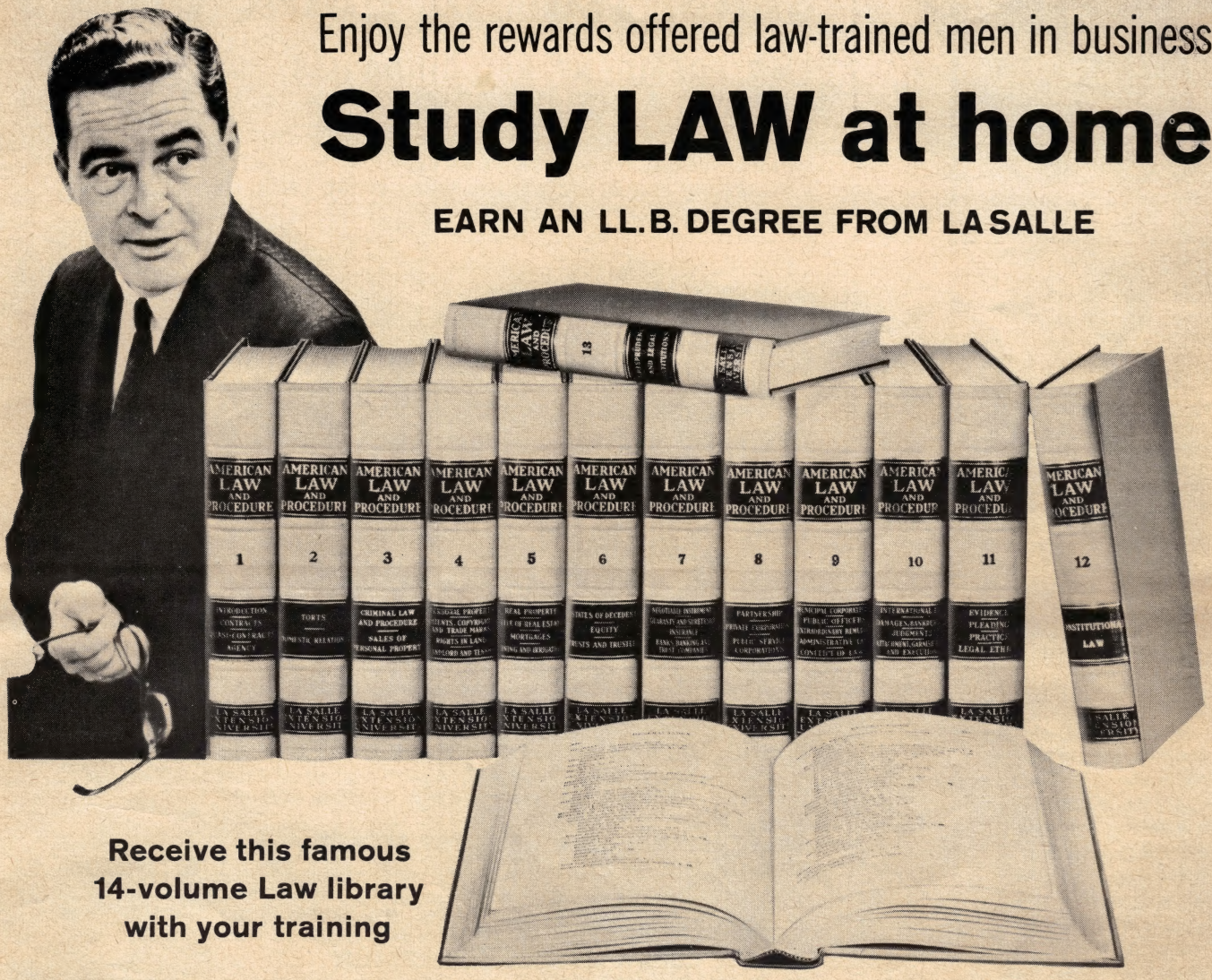

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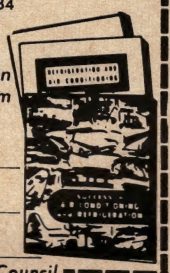

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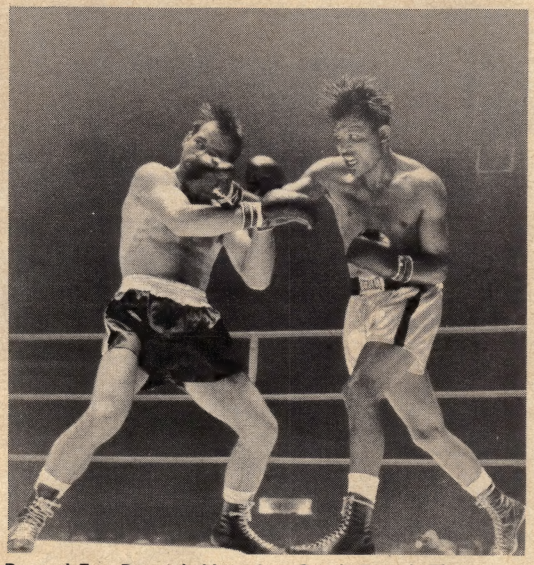

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Not widely known, but TV broadcasters at football games can signal the referee to call a timeout for commercials...

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Since we employ no salesmen for this plan, we use this means to introduce this amazing offer. It costs a good deal more than $1.00 to make this SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER, but we are willing to risk this initial expense so that you can see for yourself how good this policy is and that you will want to keep it in force as so many others have done.

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You deal directly with the home office. We employ no salesmen for this plan and have no collectors' or branch office expense. Costs are reduced to a minimum. Savings of 25% to 45% are passed on to you in the form of lower premiums.

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Since you deal directly with the home office, claims are processed faster. There are no branch offices, which adds to the cost of handling claims and where claims can be delayed. To file a claim, notify us in writing. Claim blanks are sent by return mail. You get fast action no matter where you live.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating thirty days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating 180 days after policy date.

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EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and rest cures.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION NECESSARY

Since you fill out a statement of your personal health and mail it to us, no medical exam is necessary. These policies are issued to persons in good health and the Company does reserve the right to verify the information on your application at its own expense if deemed necessary.

SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDED

At a small extra cost, you may add surgical or medical benefits, or maternity benefits to cover pregnancy or its complications, at home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. Loss of Wages Benefits up to $300.00 per month are also available at low cost. For information on each, check the application blank when sending your $1.00 for the Special Offer.

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PAYS IN FULL TWO MONTHS OF HOSPITAL PROTECTION FOR YOU AND YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Actual policy is mailed direct to you. Examine it in the privacy of your home. No salesman will call. If you don't agree this policy is everything we say it is, return it within 10 days and your $1.00 will be refunded.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, pay the low premiums listed below — with savings, depending on your age, of 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

	EACH PERSON	Monthly
BASIC COVERAGE RATES	Age 18 to 39	$1.50
	40 to 49	2.00
	50 to 54	2.50
	55 to 59	3.00
	60 to 64	3.50
	65 to 69	4.00
	70 to 75	7.10
For Each Child Under Age 18		.75

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! *Takes only a minute*

SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA, Dept. C21
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Enclosed is $1.00 for 2 months' insurance. I hereby apply for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and those dependents, if any, as shown below.

Full Name of Applicant_____ Sex____

Address_____ Date of Birth_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____ Height_____ Weight_____

ONE POLICY MAY **INCLUDE** AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may **be issued** to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.							
2.							
3.							
4.							
5.							

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?

2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes_____ No_____ If the answer is yes, please give details_____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. **I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.**

Dated this_____ Day of_____ 19____

SIGNATURE_____
(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign
WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your— Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ **Maternity Benefit Rider** ☐ **Loss of Wages Rider** ☐

LAST LAUGHS

"Oh, is this your wife, Sam? I didn't recognize her without her glasses on."

At a New Year's Eve party, several married couples separated and went into bedrooms to celebrate further.

After a few minutes of lovemaking, one woman sighed: "Oh, Jimmy. You've never made such passionate love to me before. Is it because of the holiday spirit?"

"No," he panted in return. "Maybe it's because my name is Clarence!"

◆ ◆ ◆

Then there was the cannibal chief who was very proud of his friendship with a missionary; but things got so bad that he had to swallow his pride.

◆ ◆ ◆

A Texas marshal rode up to a group of poker players and looked them over as he sat on his trusty steed.

One of the players looked up and asked, "Care for a little stud?"

"Don't mind if I do," said the horse.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Why did you leave your last job?" asked the Manager.

"Illness," said the job applicant.

"What kind of illness?"

"I don't really know," the man said. "They just said that they were sick of me."

◆ ◆ ◆

The wife sued her husband for bigamy.

"I'll teach the rat," she promised, "that he can't have his Kate and Edith, too."

A salesman returned home after a year on the road to find that his wife had been untrue to him.

"Who was it," he demanded, "was it my friend Al?"

"No," answered his wife.

"Was it Joe, or Sam?" asked the husband.

"No," said the faithless wife.

"Was it my friend Harry?" he asked in a tone of misery.

"What's the matter?" screamed the wife. "Don't you think I have any friends of my own?"

◆ ◆ ◆

As the couple gazed over the rail of a ship bound for Hawaii, the girl giggled and said: "If this boat went down now, whom would you save first—the children or me?"

After a pause the man replied simply: "Me."

◆ ◆ ◆

Then there was the husband who came home in the wee hours and was immediately set upon by both his wife and mother-in-law.

Finally his wife said, "I don't understand how you got that lipstick on your collar."

The husband said, perplexed, "I don't understand it either—I thought I had my shirt off."

The wife lay dying and her husband was breaking up emotionally.

"Please, sweetheart, don't die. Remember, it took me a year to buy you the right kind of a mink coat—wholesale. Please, baby, if you'll live, I'll buy you a dozen times as much jewelry—wholesale!" he sobbed.

"All right, dear," said the wife faintly, "I'll try my best not to die. But if I *should* die, make me a promise—bury me retail."

◆ ◆ ◆

She had just unwrapped a beautiful skunk coat which her husband had put beneath the Christmas tree. "I can't see how such a nice coat comes from such a foul-smelling beast," she said.

"I don't ask for thanks," he replied, "but I do demand respect."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Yes, your dress is beautiful," the young man said to his date, "but now that we've discussed it, what say we drop the subject?"

◆ ◆ ◆

"Why do you insist on firing our maid?" a wife asked her husband.

"Reason enough," he replied. "She takes spots out of my suits."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Hell, they were ten spots!"

"That's quite a suggestion, young lady. Allow me to sleep on it."

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

Helicopter zooms in low, firing into the panicked mob of thousands surging toward the Capitol.
Art by Mort Kunstler

"Mr. PRESIDENT, RED CHINA HAS ORBITED A COBALT BOMB!"

It hovered high in the atmosphere, ready to be triggered from a secret Manchurian base. And unless the West surrendered unconditionally, in 72 hours its cloud of radioactive dust — a murderous mantle that would take 50 years to disappear — would be exploded out into the Jet Stream — blanketing and destroying at least two-thirds of the surface of Earth.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▶

Sensational Book Bonus

"Mr. President, Red China Has Orbited a COBALT BOMB!"

by W. J. SABER

JUNE 24, 0800 . . . Major General Wallace Whitney was sitting on the balcony, watching the hurried movements of numerous people in the massive room below. A large, transparent-plastic panel in the center of the room was the focus of most eyes, although up against the concrete walls were WACs busily typing information into coding machines and other WACs tearing paper strips from automatic printers and inserting them into decoders. At the far end, a computer whistled up and down the scale as it swallowed binomials; clicked, groaned and rumbled as it digested them, then blinked and shrilled spitting out answers.

The plastic panel contained an opaque outline of the North American Continent and surrounding areas, including Greenland. Varicolored dots speckled it. At the top middle, dropping down like a necklace of emeralds, was an inverted arch of green dots. Below them a slashing arc of blue dots went through central Canada from Greenland to the Aleutians. Each major city in the U.S. and Canada was surrounded by steadily glowing eyes of pink, indicating antimissile defenses. The entire U.S. was so covered with a rash of red dots that it looked like a smallpox victim; some of the red dots were moving, showing train-borne ICBMs.

A blond young PFC reached up with a long pointer and placed a translucent white dot just below the emerald necklace. A magnetic field from the computer caught the dot and moved it. The soldier listened to his ear plugs and translated mysterious noises to his throat microphone: "Altitude 500 feet. Speed mach 3.2. Course 120° south."

"Got him!" Major Russel Dunham was so enthusiastic he poked his CO in the ribs.

General Whitney ignored the lack of protocol. "He got past the first picket line—you told me they could pick up anything."

"They did bag him—on the pass."

"But he's through, damn it!"

Dunham played on banks of keys that looked like a a concert organ. "Watch what happens now, General. Just watch."

Whitney bit on his cigar. Dunham had better be right. The major was brilliant but over enthusiastic, prone to error when excited. No good for combat, strictly staff, and even then he should be kept away from the pressure cooker.

A black light flashed, swallowing the white dot. "That did it!" Dunham crowed. "Scratch one enemy aircraft."

The white dot slid out of the fading black blob, heading south and east. The PFC monotoned: "Target changed course. New bearing 165°. Speed mach 2.4. Altitude 1200 and descending."

"He foxed you," Whitney grunted, and pushed Dunham out of his seat, taking command of the console. His long, strong fingers hooked over buttons and played on them like a concert pianist. He spoke rapid orders into the grilled mouthpiece: "Blue sectors two, three, seven put up a barrage of three at two-second intervals. Blue sectors one, four, five, six, lock in radar and prepare to fire on sighting."

The scrambled SAC bombers were 15 minutes from "No Return" when the Red Alert was called off. One by one, the hydrogen-bomb-armed B-101s returned home.

Black dots flashed in front of the speeding plane. It veered, turned south and west. Suddenly the black and white merged.

The blonde PFC spoke in his dispassionate voice: "Target destroyed. Hit registered by Sector 4. New flight coming in from the top. Estimated speed mach 3.5. Course 180° due south. Ready for Test Two—"

Whitney moved out of the control seat, exhaled a cloud of cigar smoke and rasped through it: "Take over, Dunham. Don't let 'em bluff you. Never let 'em bluff you, get it? Force 'em into the position *you* want and then nail 'em!"

The general strode towards the door, chewing his cigar thoughtfully, while his staff trailed behind. He wasn't really needed at the games—the reports would tell him everything he wanted to know. And he knew Dunham had something there: his new radar system was good, damn good. It had to be to pick up bombers on the deck traveling at more than three times the speed of sound and then home ground-to-air rockets on them. One more defense for the Western Hemisphere. One more ring of safety. Cripes, nowadays every spitball counted.

The telephone rang. Whitney stopped. Everyone in the room stopped. Whitney leaped at the phone, his stomach shrinking to a walnut. For two years—26 months to be exact—this was the sound he had dreaded to hear.

"Scramble 'em!" he barked to Colonel Corcoran. "Clear the boards!" he yelled to the room below. "Stop the games!"

The PFC pressed a button and all extraneous lights on the translucent panel disappeared. WACs slammed down keys and their intricate machines chattered rapidly and then went silent, waiting. The computer flashed and shrilled, clacked to attention.

Corcoran's voice held a veneer of calm over a baritone that could split into a tenor at any moment: "Red alert. Red alert. Red Two scramble! Red Two scramble! This is a hot run. This is a hot run. This is *not* a test. I repeat, this is *not* a test."

Whitney picked up the red telephone, swallowed hard. "Jupiter One here."

"Odin One," he heard President Mallon snap. "Whitney, get out here *now!* Fort Forrestal."

"Yes sir. What about the Red Alert?"

"Damn! Did you scramble 'em?"

"Mr. President, when this phone rings, everything we have goes up. If you want them back, I'll give them my signal, but you and the Joint Chiefs will have to give them yours." He glanced at the board, the PFC and two WACs before it rapidly tracing the sliding white dots. "The North Group is about a half hour to No Return."

"Pull 'em back, Whitney. Then get here, crash priority. What time can I expect you?"

The young general glanced high on the wall and picked the Washington, D.C., clock out of the 24 ringing the room. The hands were pointed at 0615. A quick calculation in his head . . . 0815 here in the Rockies, 1600 miles at Mach 3 . . . a brake-burning landing . . . "I should be there before 0730, sir."

"All right. You have clearance all the way. Get moving."

Whitney slamned the phone down. "Hold and secure," he told the room. "Resume safety alert. Move!" He poked Corcoran. "Get Red Two and tell them to stand by for final orders." He looked at a lieutenant. "Notify Major Rosen to meet me at Ready Launch Pad One *now!* Tell Launch Room to put my ship in the green. Get to it!"

Snapping his fingers at the Officer of the Day, Whitney pulled out a chain fixed to his waist and squatted in front of the safe. The O.D. duplicated his movements. They inserted their keys at the same time and turned them.

Whitney whirled with incredible speed, throwing a right-hand punch that split Dunham's lip, knocked him out of his chair.

Inside the safe, a lead shield fell over an isotopic battery. An electric fuse came out of an explosive block. Whitney pulled down the two handles and yanked open the double doors. Taking out the code book, he thumbed through it until he found June 24 and the code word for that date. Immediately he stepped over to Corcoran and picked up the mike:

"Jupiter One to Red Two," he called. "Rambler. I repeat, this is Jupiter One to Red Two. Rambler. Rambler . . ."

* * *

High in the airless altitude of 120,000 feet, 25 B-101's had their wings folded back tight against their fuselages. Squadron Leader Major Al Scofield glanced through the Kylon face plate of his armor-pressure suit, scanning the instruments in front of him. The ground speed indicator was pushing Mach 4. The Time-Gone indicator told him they were somewhere over the Arctic, and sixteen minutes from No Return.

In sixteen minutes he'd dive like a swooping hawk, plunge 120,000 feet, spread the folded wings to catch the thicker air, then roar over Manchuria on the deck. It would be damn tricky threading the mountains and valleys, but he had spent six years training to do just that. In sixteen minutes the 300 planes of Red Two would spread wings over China and her possessions—wings that housed four hydrogen bombs. Twelve hundred hydrogen bombs. And Red One and Red Three were airborne by now. The world was about to turn into a (*Continued on page* 88)

IN THEIR OWN WORDS:

AN INTIMATE

by CARL SHERMAN

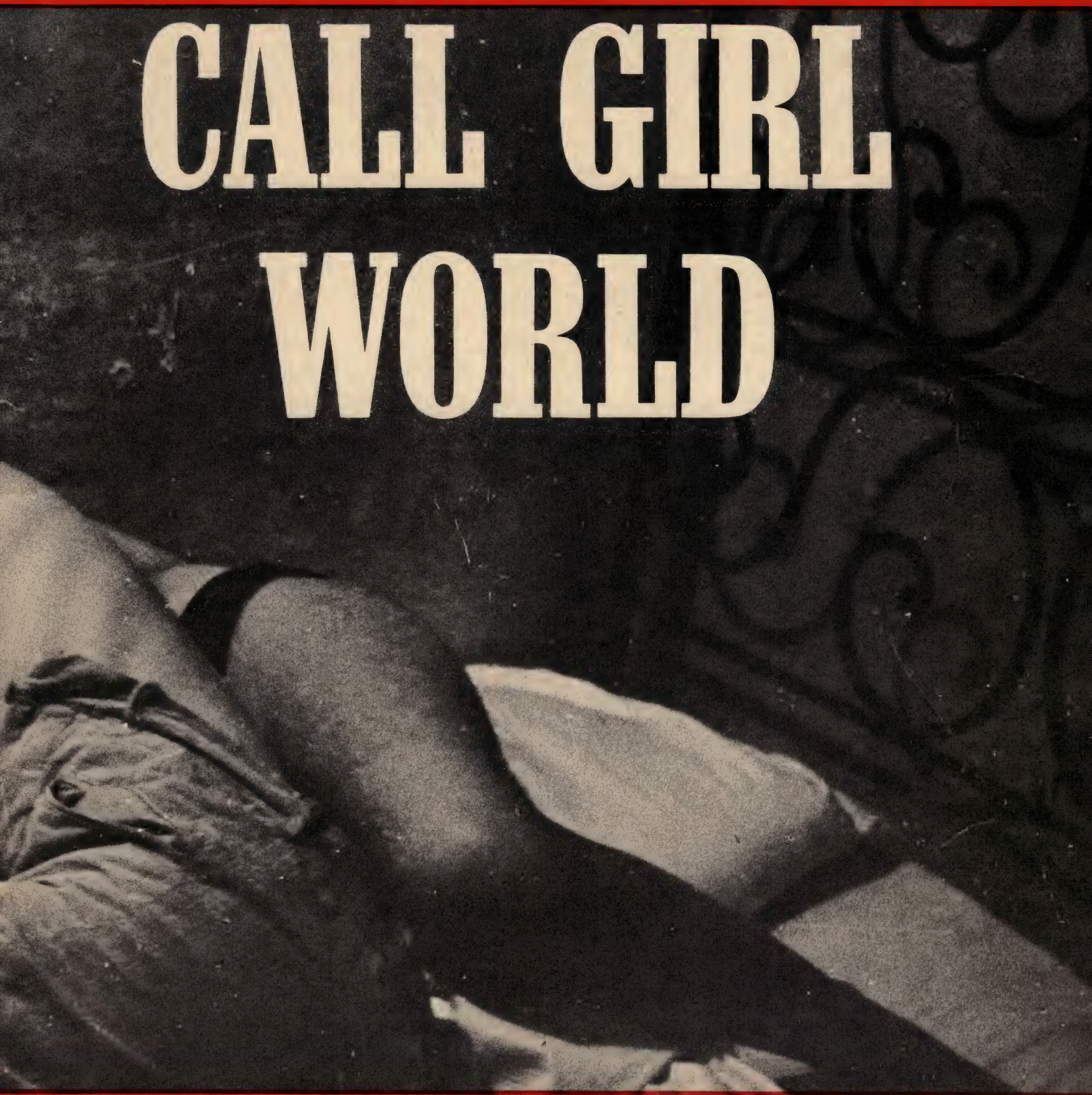
IN THE bedroom of a luxurious Park Avenue apartment in the 80s, Debbie Mead, 27, a superbly built blonde, sat nude on a rumpled bed. Arms clasped around her legs, she smiled wryly at the "client" lying relaxed beside her.

" 'How did a girl like me happen to get into this business?' " she repeated in a mock-tragic voice. "I guess it's the old story, honey. I was attending an exclusive finishing school in Phil-

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Tape-recorded by a top psychiatrist, candid, sensational "confessions" of women in

LOOK AT THE CALL GIRL WORLD



"the life"—why they chose it, who "buys" them, what goes on behind closed doors.

Few call girls are are in business because they like sex; most are clever bedroom actresses, simulating a passion they don't feel.

$100 pro is sophisticated, chic, demure – in public. But alone with client, sheds professional front with clothes.

Vice squad raids on organized set-ups have, ironically, boosted free-lance operations of "self-employed" girls.

AN INTIMATE LOOK AT THE CALL GIRL WORLD

adelphia when, just before my debut, mother—she came from an old and distinguished family—ran off with a Brazilian playboy.

"Poor dear daddy—he was a stockbroker—took to drink. One night he had a few too many. He ran the Rolls head-on into a tree and killed himself . . . After the bank foreclosed on our Main Line home, I was left without a dime. I was still in my teens. I had to support myself somehow. And so . . ."

A few block west, in a high-floor suite of a large hotel, Joan Scott, 25, a blue-eyed brunette, gathered a transparent negligee provocatively about her curvaceous body and answered the same question, put to her by a new out of town customer she was entertaining for the night.

"I was 19 when I came to New York, hoping to get a small part on Broadway. Back home in Wisconsin, I had played leads in high school and other amateur theatricals. People told me I had a great deal of talent. I believed them.

"I couldn't even get a walk-on part, on or off Broadway, and after awhile I became terribly discouraged. One day I met a man at a cocktail party who showed interest in me. He knew a lot of theatrical people—directors and producers. He told me he'd introduce me around.

"I went to bed with him because I was broke and desperate. Before long I was also sleeping with some of his producer friends. Nothing ever came of their promises to help me. By this time I was too ashamed to go back home, so . . ."

Neither of the girls was telling the truth. Like other sophisticated $100 a night call girls, accustomed to being asked "the question," they had a variety of answers ready—none of them an honest one.

" 'How did a nice girl like you happen to get into this business' or a variation of the question is anticipated by call girls plying their trade in almost every major city throughout the country today," declares Washington, D.C. sociologist William F. Livingston.

The average call girl, Livingston explains, is in her twenties or a bit older. Her profession cannot be determined by her appearance in public. She is sophisticated, intelligent, fairly well-educated. Her deportment when accompanying a client to dinner, the theatre, a party, or a night club is decorous. Few call girls ever drink too much, fail to dress in good taste, or pick up the wrong spoon or commit any other breach of social etiquette.

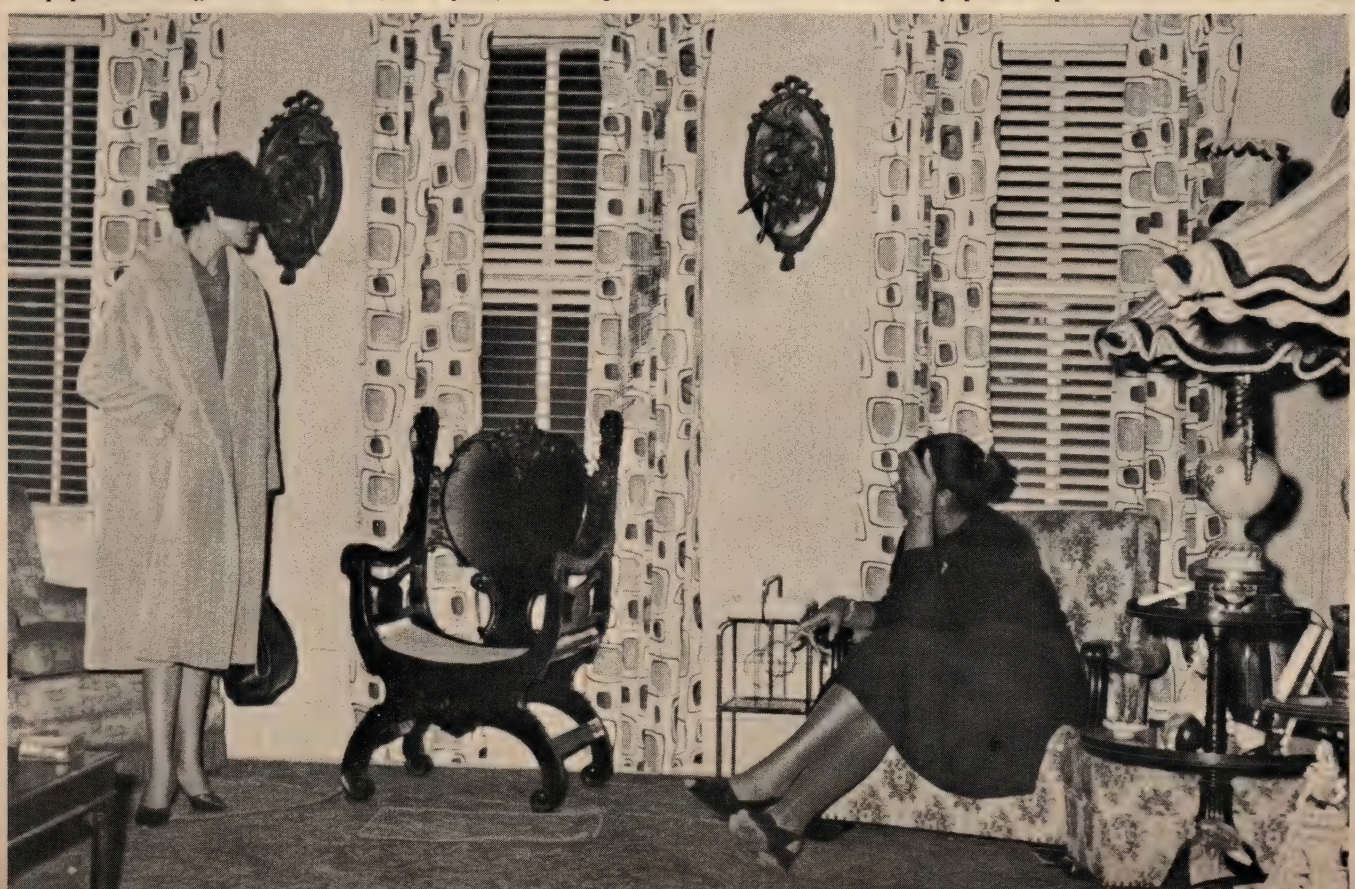
Debbie and Joan are typical examples of this "higher type" prostitute. Last year Debbie earned $16,700 as a call girl. Joan earned almost as much. In addition, both girls received occasional gifts of cash, jewelry, furs, and perfume from customers.

This, according to Livingston's research figures, is about the average yearly income for call girls working in such cities as Washington, D.C., New York, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. A few earn $18,000, and the highest priced ones up to $20,000 and more.

Not only their clients have wondered why, with their looks, personality and talents, they have chosen prostitution instead of legitimate careers or lucrative marriages. Psychiatrists, sociologists, and other researchers have wondered about it too—the late Dr. Kinsey, for example. He noted the growing increase in the number of call girls from year to year "despite all efforts of law enforcement agencies to suppress them and despite a betterment in economic conditions."

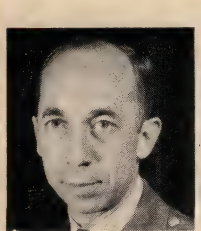
Oddly enough, although a great deal has been written about modern day prostitution, (*Continued on page* 74)

A "popular" call girl can clear $20,000 a year, live it up between "clients" in a luxury pad complete with a full-time maid.



ON-THE-DECK B-24 ACE WHO BROKE ROMMEL'S BACK

As Appold turned from the target, a shell exploded blindingly outside the cockpit, and someone yelled: "We're hit!"
Art by Bruce Minney



Col. Norman C. Appold

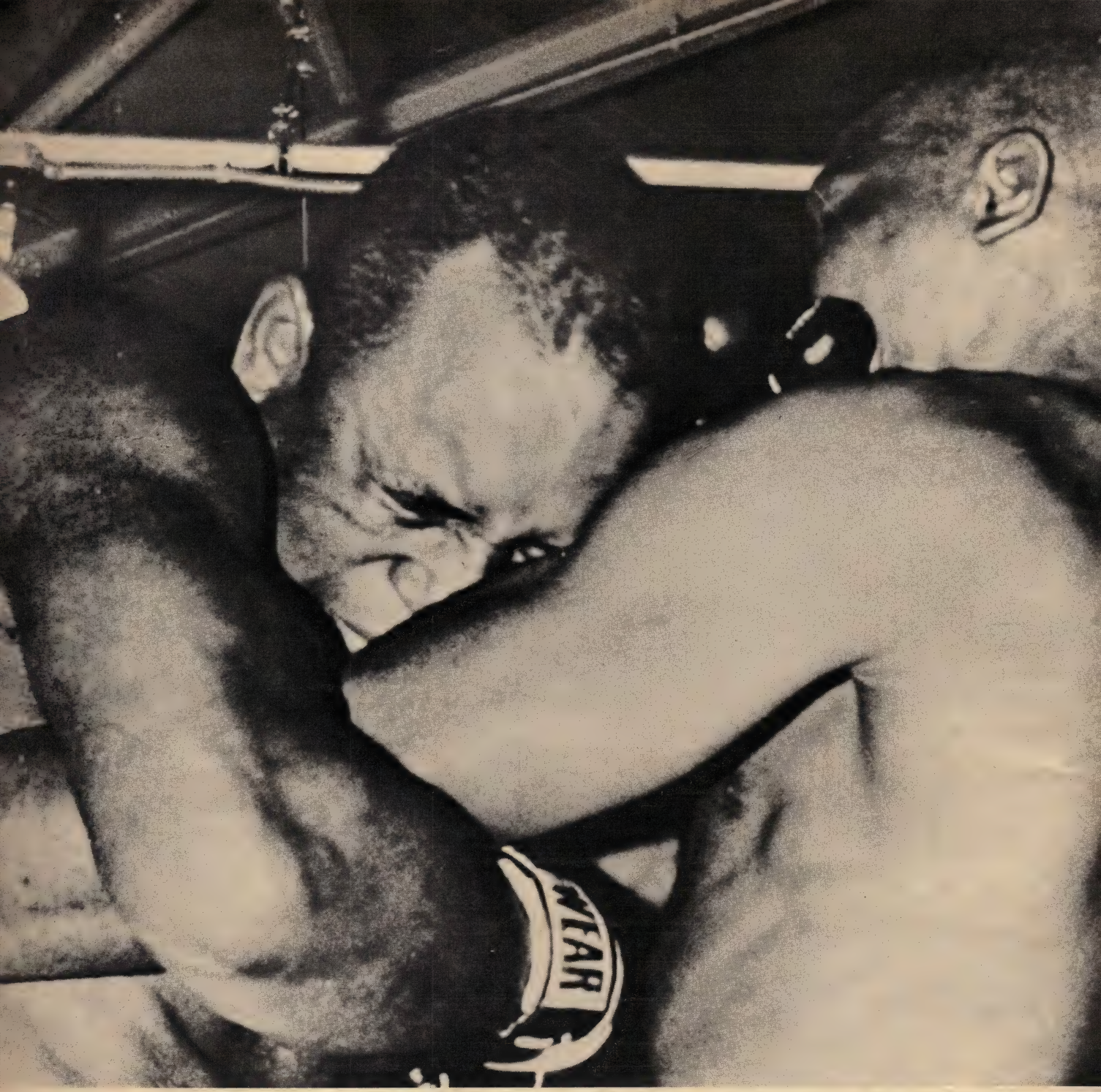
Close the port of Benghazi and the Afrika Korps would be hanging on the ropes. But the city's defenses had Allied bombers whipped—until a bantam pilot came up with a three-pass knockout punch.

by GLENN INFIELD

THE fat, slab-sided B-24 bomber was alone as it banked over the Gulf of Sidra and headed for the blacked-out port of Benghazi, Libya. In the left seat of the 56,000-pound Liberator, the pilot grinned as he made a final adjustment of the four throttles. It was a nervous trait peculiar to Norman Appold. When the going got rough and the men began to separate from the boys, he grinned.

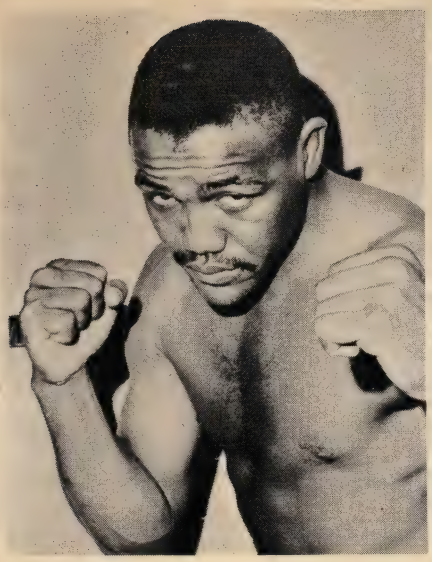
Picking up his microphone, Appold pressed the transmit button and said: "Leaving IP at 20,000 feet for target run."

In the nose of the bomber, (*Continued on page* 52)



By round nine, Ernie (right) was worn out; Bethea kept tying him up, leaning his weight on him, hurting him in the clinches.

FINAL DAY in the LIFE of HEAVYWEIGHT



Before Bethea bout, Knox had record of 10 wins, 8 defeats, three draws in ring.

Bethea was back at his between-fights job when news of Ernie's death broke.

Dazed by tragedy, Mack Lewis (center) Knox's manager, leaves funeral parlor.

by ROBERT LISTON

ERNIE KNOX

It was Oct. 14th; in 12 hours, he would climb into the ring at Baltimore's Coliseum for the toughest fight of his career. He had trained hard for it and was in perfect condition—he said so, his manager said so, so did the Athletic Commission. But his body hid a terrible secret—and at one minute, ten seconds of the ninth round, it betrayed him . . .

ERNIE Knox slept late his last morning. It was perhaps natural for him to feel an involuntary lassitude, a momentary inertia about beginning the day, for in about twelve hours he would enter a prize ring for a heavyweight boxing match against the most formidable opponent of his life.

But Ernie didn't lie abed overlong that Oct. 14th morning in Baltimore. He had a natural enthusiasm about life, a naiveté, a good-humored trustfulness. "Happy-go-lucky" was the way his friends invariably described him.

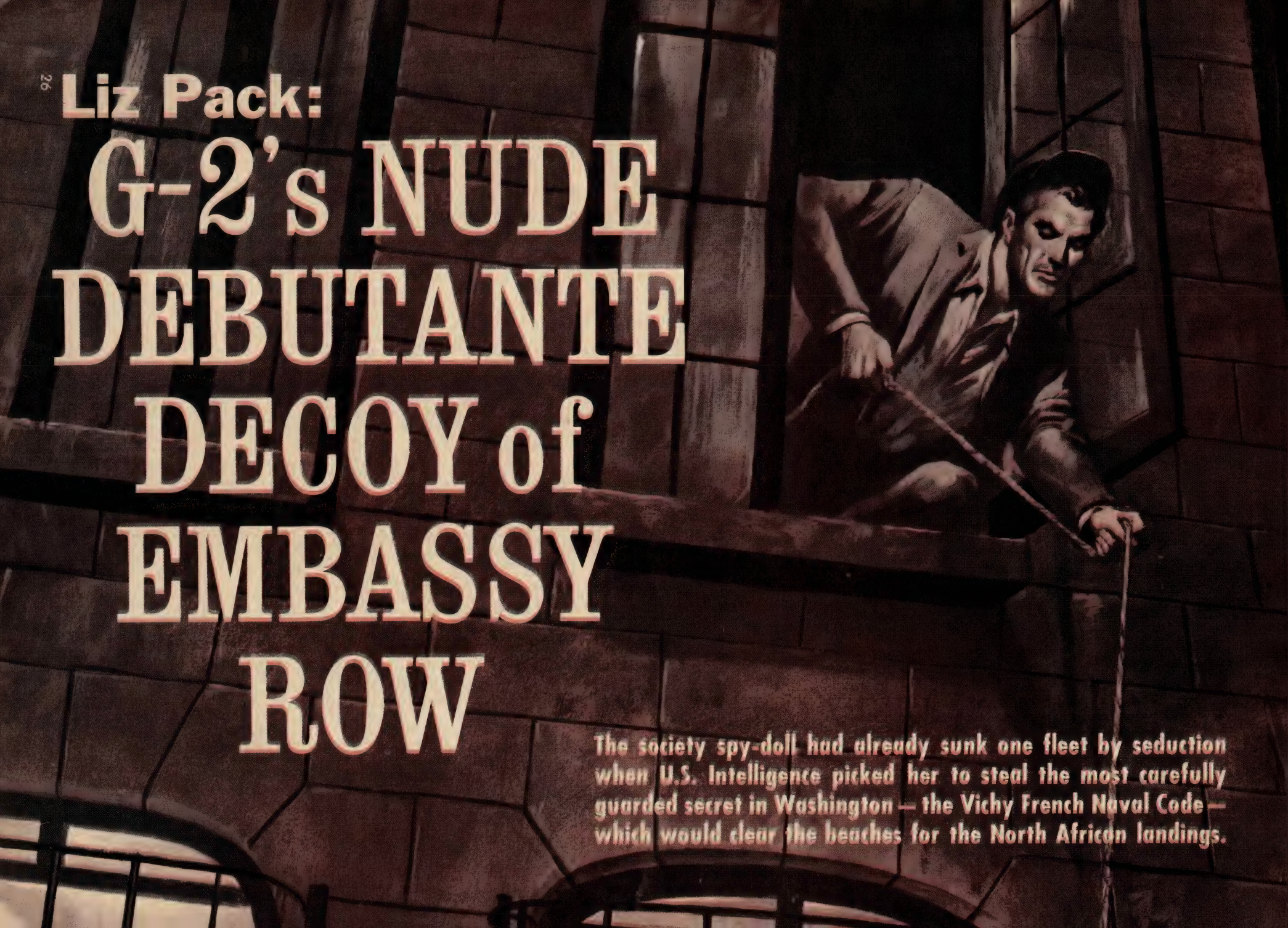
So, whether it was the insistent calls of Pearline, or the sizzle of frying bacon which made him get up, he did so energetically, bounding to the floor and dressing quickly in a striped shirt, brown suit, and black shoes. These went over a fine-looking body. He was heavy through the neck, shoulders and chest, but thin of leg; the belt he snugged around his waist measured only 31 inches. In fact, his clothes were baggy on him. He had been training hard for this fight with Wayne Bethea and was trimmer than usual.

Ernie hustled downstairs and waded hungrily into the bacon, eggs, toast, and milk which Pearline had prepared for him. He had met her in January, in the park. She was Pearline McCluney, 27, widowed, with a young daughter. They fell in love and were planning to be married in a few weeks. He had moved into her house on N. Bentalou Street a couple of weeks before to give them more time together. He trained during the day and she worked till ten.

This particular morning, because of the fight, Pearline made a special fuss over him. This could be rather overwhelming. for Pearline was a big girl, bigger than Ernie. She stood five-foot-ten in her stocking (*Continued on page* 46)

Liz Pack:

G-2's NUDE DEBUTANTE DECOY of EMBASSY ROW



The society spy-doll had already sunk one fleet by seduction when U.S. Intelligence picked her to steal the most carefully guarded secret in Washington — the Vichy French Naval Code — which would clear the beaches for the North African landings.

by ANSON HUNTER

While the watchman stared unbelievingly at Liz's lush body, upstairs Ferri lowered the code books to an agent waiting below.

Art by Charles Copeland

ADMIRAL Alberto Georgio Lais, Italian naval attaché in Washington, liked women. He liked the way they walked across the room at an embassy cocktail party, hips swaying, lips parted slightly with excitement. He liked the way their eyes, full of promises, met his over a glass of champagne at one of the capital's fashionable restaurants. He delighted in the way they finally surrendered, like an enemy ship striking its colors, after a skillful and determined attack.

He especially liked American women—so tall and leggy, so chic and fresh, so blonde and independent. American women, unlike his Italian wife, grown comfortably plump from *pasta* and childbearing, seemed to know the secret of staying svelte and lissome and young.

(*Continued on page* 81)

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

What some movie actresses won't do for publicity! Swedish starlet Monika Paccalin was "helped" out of the sea by a willing skindiver after phoning newspapermen at the Cannes Film Festival . . .

. . . and solemnly informing them she was going to commit suicide "at 9 A.M." Playing it to the hilt, she was given artificial respiration while eager photographers filmed the proceedings. Result: Monika "revived."

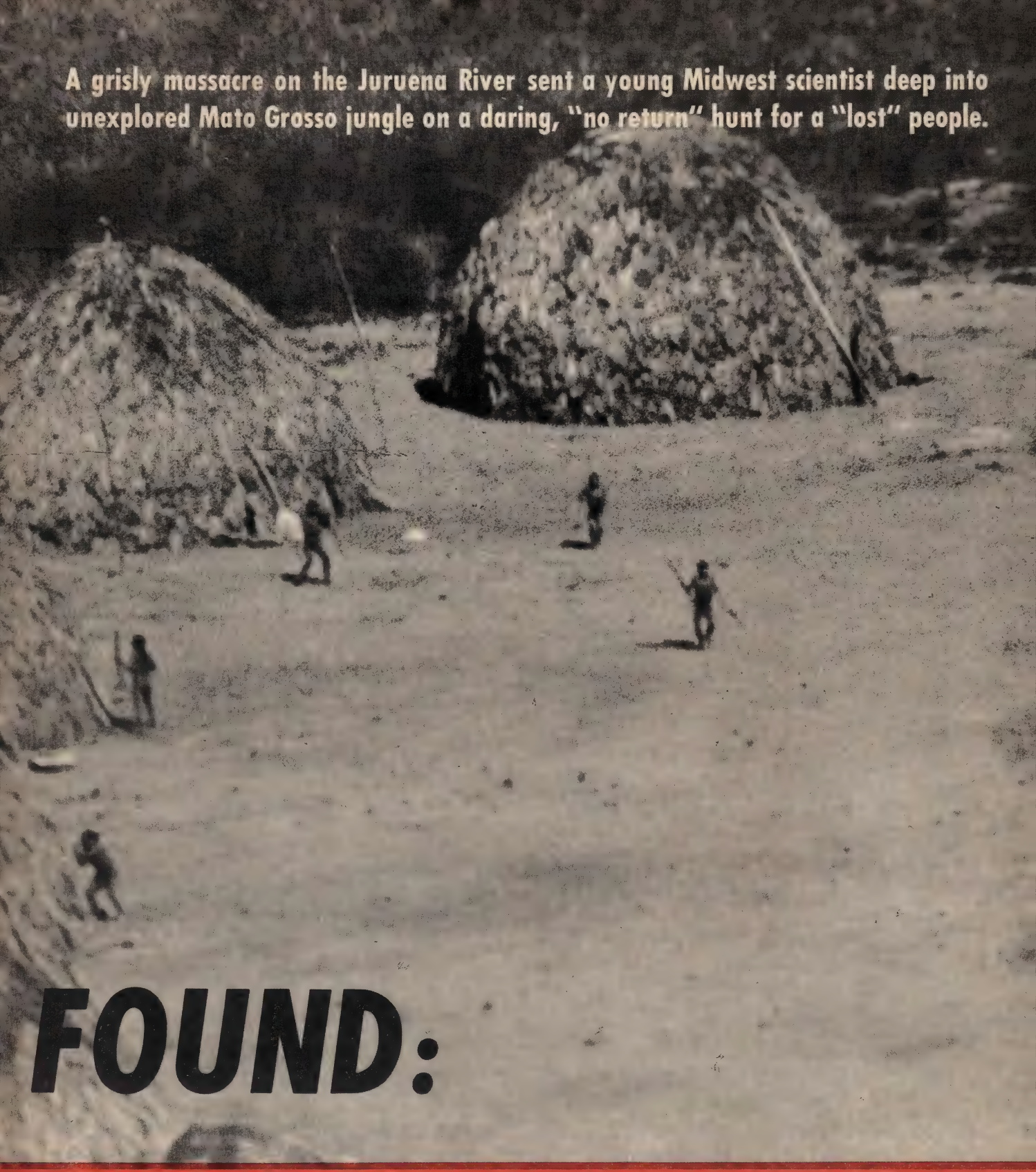
This was no publicity stunt: rehearsing for a new film, actor Richard Boone was painfully dragged by a bolting horse; suffered severe cuts and bruises.

Fox-trotting à la Soviet, Russian sailors recently celebrated the 20th anniversary of Reds' WWII victory over the Germans at the Battle of Sebastopol.

Under heavy fire from enemy troops, S. Vietnamese soldiers and U.S. military advisers grab supplies from a Marine whirlybird before dashing for cover.

Campaigning in Calif. GOP primary, "Mr. Conservative," Barry Goldwater, charged that liberals were stabbing him in the back. To prove his point, the Arizona senator displayed a neatly imbedded arrow.

A grisly massacre on the Juruena River sent a young Midwest scientist deep into unexplored Mato Grosso jungle on a daring, "no return" hunt for a "lost" people.

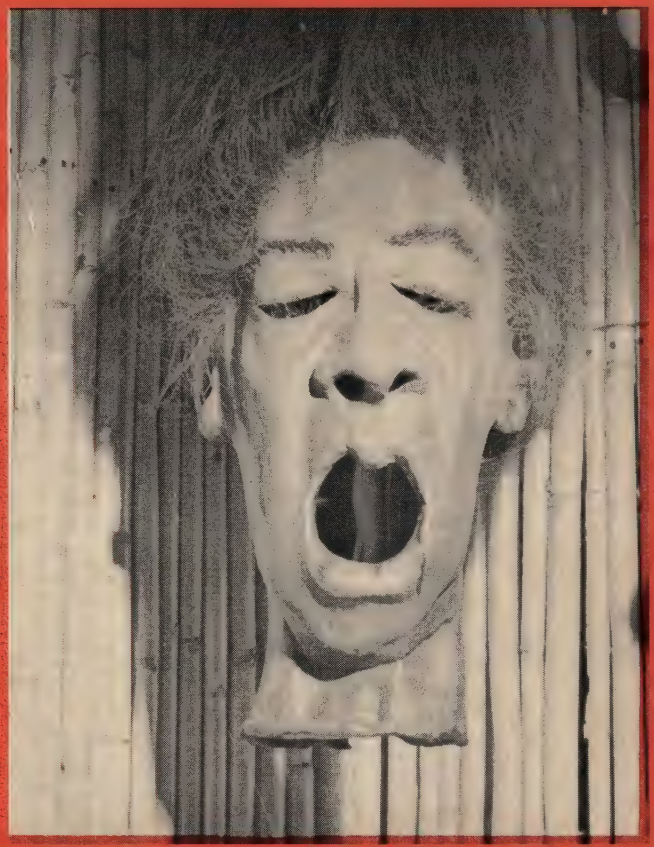


FOUND:

AMERICA'S LAST

Cone-shaped palm-thatched huts are built to house "initiates" taking part in female coming of age ceremony.

Major tribal events are celebrated with music – played on crude pipes shown above or drums – and ritualistic dancing.



Face-skin of important victim is dried, then water-soaked and reshaped into grisly mask for the tribal witch doctor.

CANNIBAL TRIBE

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►

Painted logs stand in for dead tribesmen in "magic" rites to restore them to life.

River Indians are the most frequent victims of raiding, flesh-hungry Guatingas.

Guatingas seldom use bow and arrow for hunting, prefer "namesake": long spear.

FOUND: America's Last Cannibal Tribe

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Editor's Note: In the summer of 1963, *an American anthropologist, Arthur J. Warren, accompanied by two Brazilian guides, set out for the uncharted interior of the Mato Grosso. His purpose: to track down a mysterious tribe of Indians known as the Guatinga who, according to reports, still practiced cannibalism. This is the exclusive account of his hazardous expedition into a Stone Age world...*

ONE night, when the craving for human flesh was gnawing at their bellies, a hunting party of Guatinga warriors—the dreaded "Long Spears" of the Mato Grosso —descended from their haunts in the Serra do Norte mountains on one of their periodic raids.

Naked except for G-strings of shredded bark, their faces and stocky bodies painted with the seed juice of the arnotto tree, they were like shadows in the mottled moonlight under the trees as they followed their chief, Auma, toward a river village of peaceful Yarabo Indians. Besides the eight-foot-long, fire-hardened wooden spears from which their name comes, they were armed with heavy clubs of chonta and with razor-edged bamboo knives sheathed in monkey-fur.

They had reached the edge of the village clearing when a red howler monkey stirred fitfully in a tree top and began to scream. Awakened, macaws and parrots joined in a raucous, scolding chorus. A Yarabo rose, yawning, from his palm frond sleeping mat to investigate the cause of the disturbance. He reached the entrance of his hut and shrieked in death agony as Auma impaled him through the chest.

"Rishi!" the Guatinga chief yelled. "Kill!" He yanked the bloody spear from the dying man's body and waved it above his head.

"Rishi!" his warriors responded in mounting frenzy. "Rishi!"

The slaughter that followed was terrible in its savage, implacable fury. Men, women and children were trapped in the huts and killed. Others were caught and slain trying to flee.

A dozen or so Yarabos grabbed fishing spears or machetes and tried to defend themselves. Led by their aging chief, Nasipi, they made a last-ditch stand on the river bank. Several young women and children cowered in terror behind them.

Nasipi stood his ground bravely, swinging his machete at Guatingas converging toward him. They laughed at him mockingly, skillfully parried his blows and pierced his old body with many spear thrusts. They surrounded and wiped out his warriors, then turned their attention to the women.

To the Guatingas, females have no ghost-spirit, and killing those of another tribe is considered sport. One by one the women were prodded toward the river bank where two muscular warriors waited with chonta clubs. Some of the women broke into a terrified run. Others, numb with fear, stumbled forward like animals driven to slaughter. They all shared the same fate. When they reached the river, their heads were battered in and they were thrown into the water.

The children were the last to be slain. Warriors yanked them to their feet by the hair, slashed their throats from ear to ear, and dropped the bodies to the ground.

As soon as the slaughter was over, the Guatingas began making preparations for the feast. They scraped a long, shallow trench in the ground, using their spears for digging sticks and removing the earth by scooping it out with their hands. Several gathered wood and built a fire in the primitive roasting pit. Others walked about the clearing and into the huts, seeking out the bodies of male Yarabos. Only the corpses of young warriors were selected and carried to the side of the pit where Auma stood with Laka, the *wishinu,* witch doctor.

The chief and the wishinu held knives. They knelt beside a corpse, slashed open the chest cavity and tore out the heart from which they each took a bite to add to their strength and courage. The heart was then passed from warrior to warrior, who either bit or sucked it.

When the rite was finished the bodies were tossed upon the blazing fire. The Guatingas squatted around the pit, watching the corpses blacken. All but Laka, the wishinu, who was occupied with business of his own.

The body of Nasipi, the Yarabo chief, had not been thrown upon the fire with his warriors. Laka severed the head with his knife, then cut upward along the back of the scalp, freeing hair and flesh from the bone. Skillfully peeling the face forward, he removed it, gouged out the eyes, then placed the skin upon the ground to dry. Later this would be soaked in water, (*Continued on page* 65)

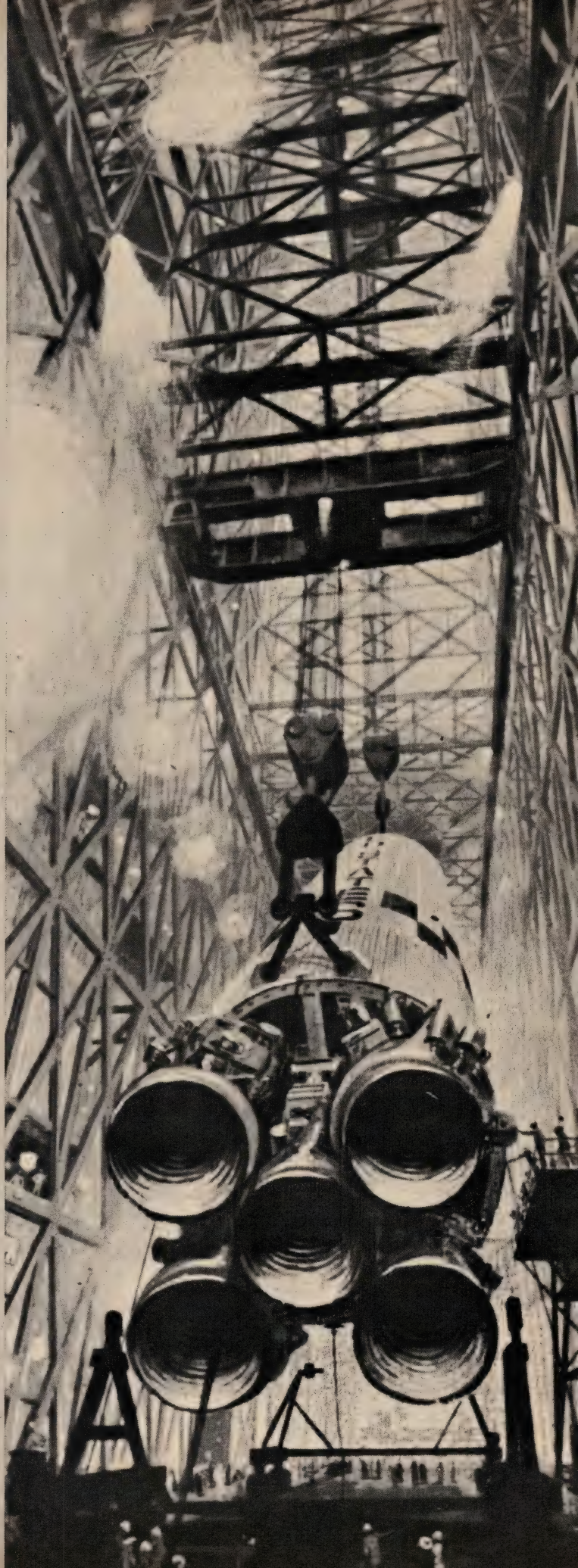
Women of the tribe remain behind in village while their warriors raid, take no part in the cannibalistic orgies.

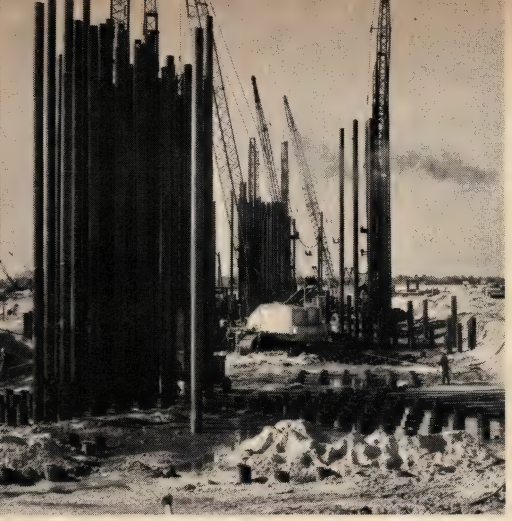
Guatingas have great courage, strong nerves; each male must pass painful "red ant" test of manhood to become full-fledged warrior.

Earlier explorers, like Hector Acebes above, reported Indian method of skinning, roasting monkeys used, too, by Guatingas.

SPACE ISLAND, U.S.A. — OUR TOP SECRET MAN-ON-THE-MOON BASE

8000 technicians are working 'round-the-clock on the most fantastic construction job since the Pyramids of Egypt — an 88,000-acre, one-billion-dollar "city of the future," custom-built to rocket the US to the final limits of interplanetary exploration.

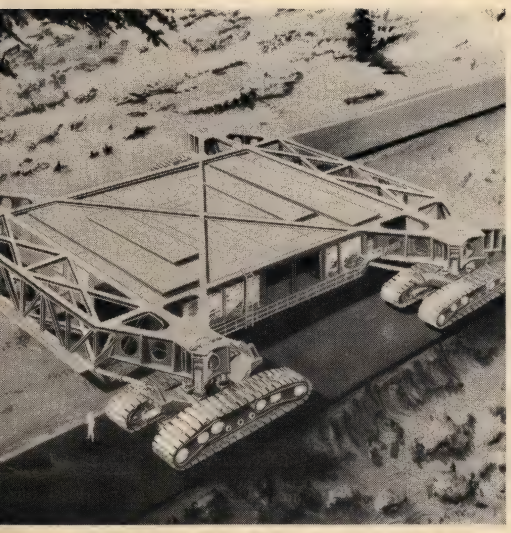




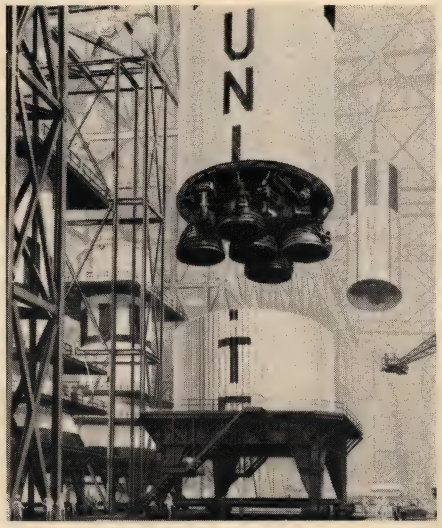
Foundation of Vertical Assembly Building is 4225 steel tubes, pile-driven 170 ft.

Near completion, the $8,000,000 Operations and Checkout building—new astronaut headquarters.

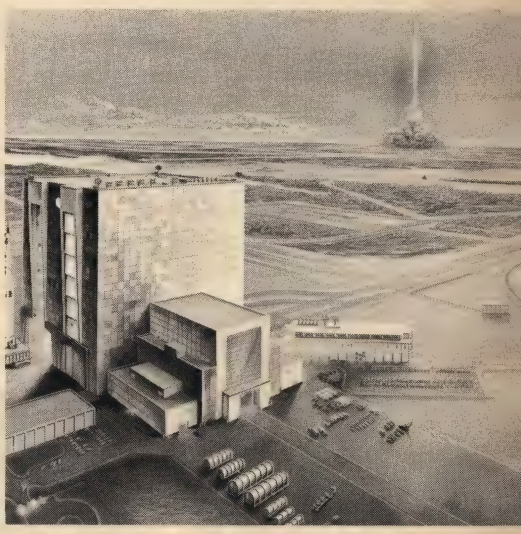
Road to launch pads will be strongest in world, support 17½-million-pound loads.



Designed to carry huge Saturn Vs, crawler transporters weigh 5½ million pounds.

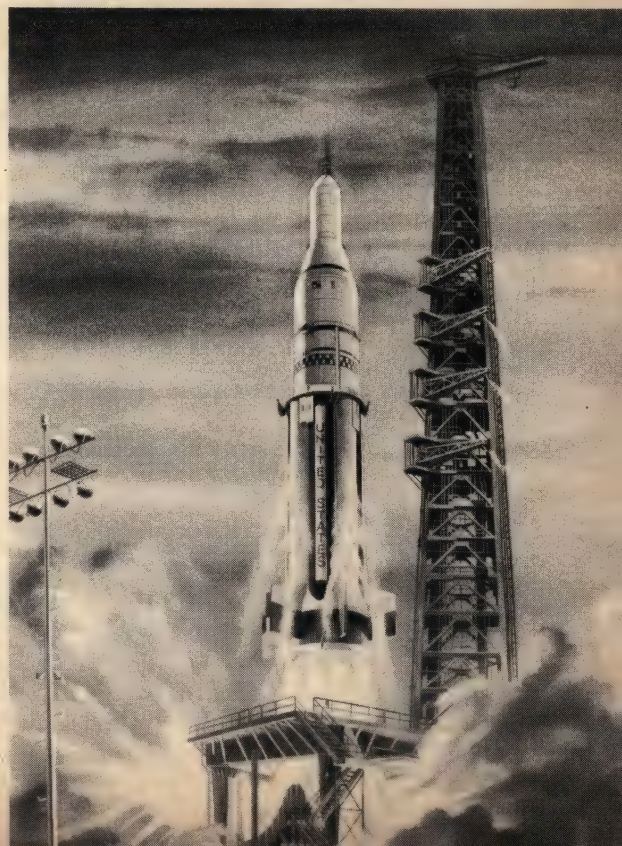


VAB will have enough equipment, space to assemble four Saturns at one time.



Artist's sketch shows the finished port—with a Saturn rocketing off in distance.

If timetable holds, the first astronauts will blast off from Merritt Island shooting for moon in '68.



by L. B. TAYLOR, JR.

ONE of the largest and most skilled construction task forces in history is being assembled on an obscure, snake-and-mosquito-infested island halfway down Florida's east coast. Not since the mid-1930's, when multi-millionaire Henry Flagler brought together an army of migrant workers to build his ill-fated railroad to Key West, has such activity been concentrated in one area.

Already hundreds of men are on the scene, and their number is expected to double this summer. By mid-1966, if all goes well, more than 8,000 specialists in a wide variety of trades will have completed a construction project rivaling the pyramids of ancient Egypt.

They are molding, from the ground up, a super spaceport — America's launching pad into the future. It is from sites now being built at Merritt Island, Florida, adjacent to Cape Kennedy, that three astronauts will one day in this decade step into an Apollo spacecraft atop a 360-foot Saturn V rocket for man's first journey to the moon.

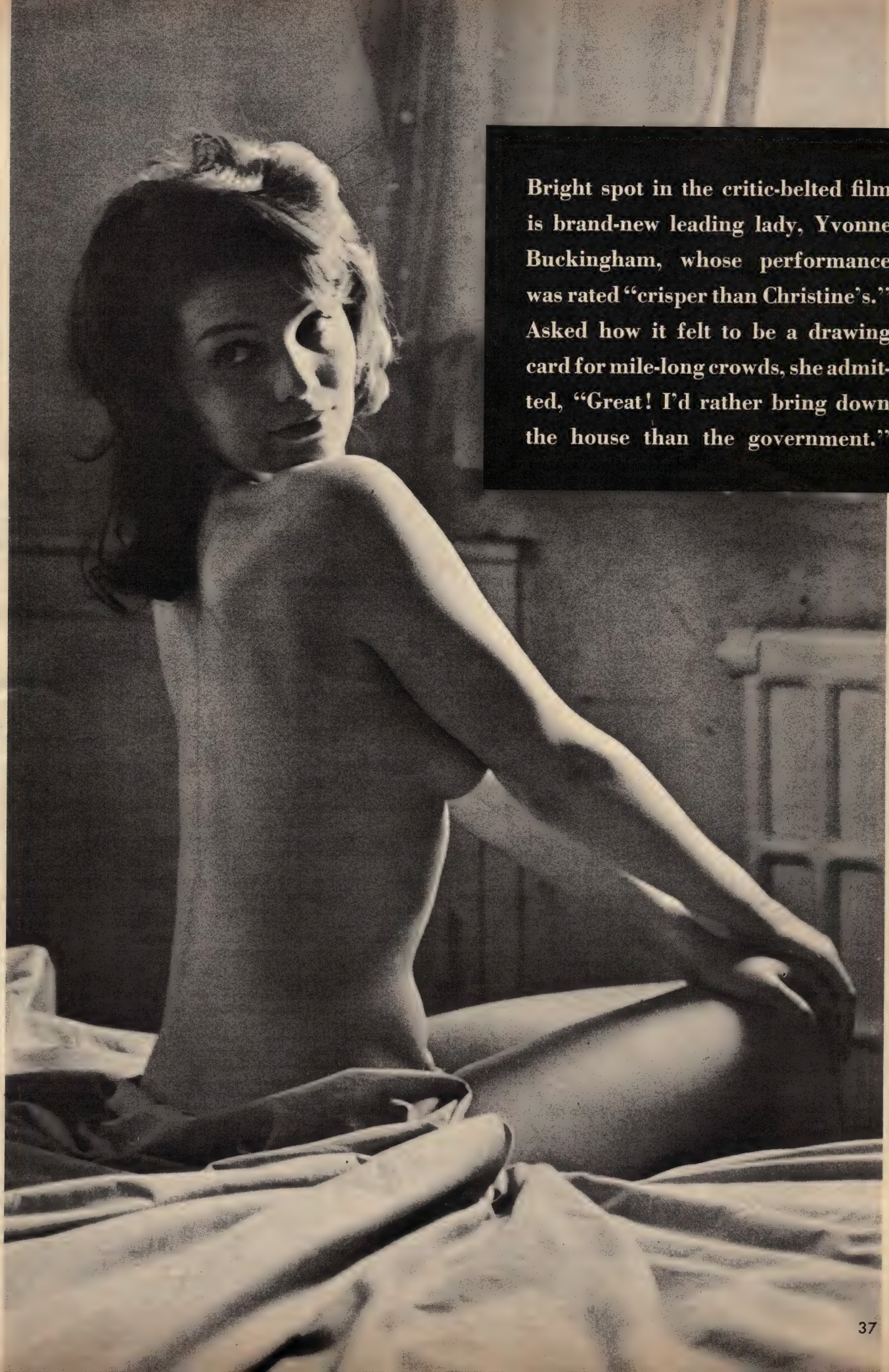
It is also from these launching sites that future astronauts will, in in the 1970's, depart for Mars, Venus, and other interplanetary targets. Such exotic missions, dreamed of by men for centuries and at last in sight, require an entirely new "mobile" launch concept—which is the reason for the spaceport.

Conventional launch procedures are unsuitable for the Saturn V rockets, which will be five times larger than anything now on Cape Kennedy's pads. To begin with, a great deal of additional land is needed for safety reasons. A fully-fueled moon vehicle could, if it exploded during lift-off create a gargantuan (*Continued on page* 63)

HOW YVONNE GOT INTO

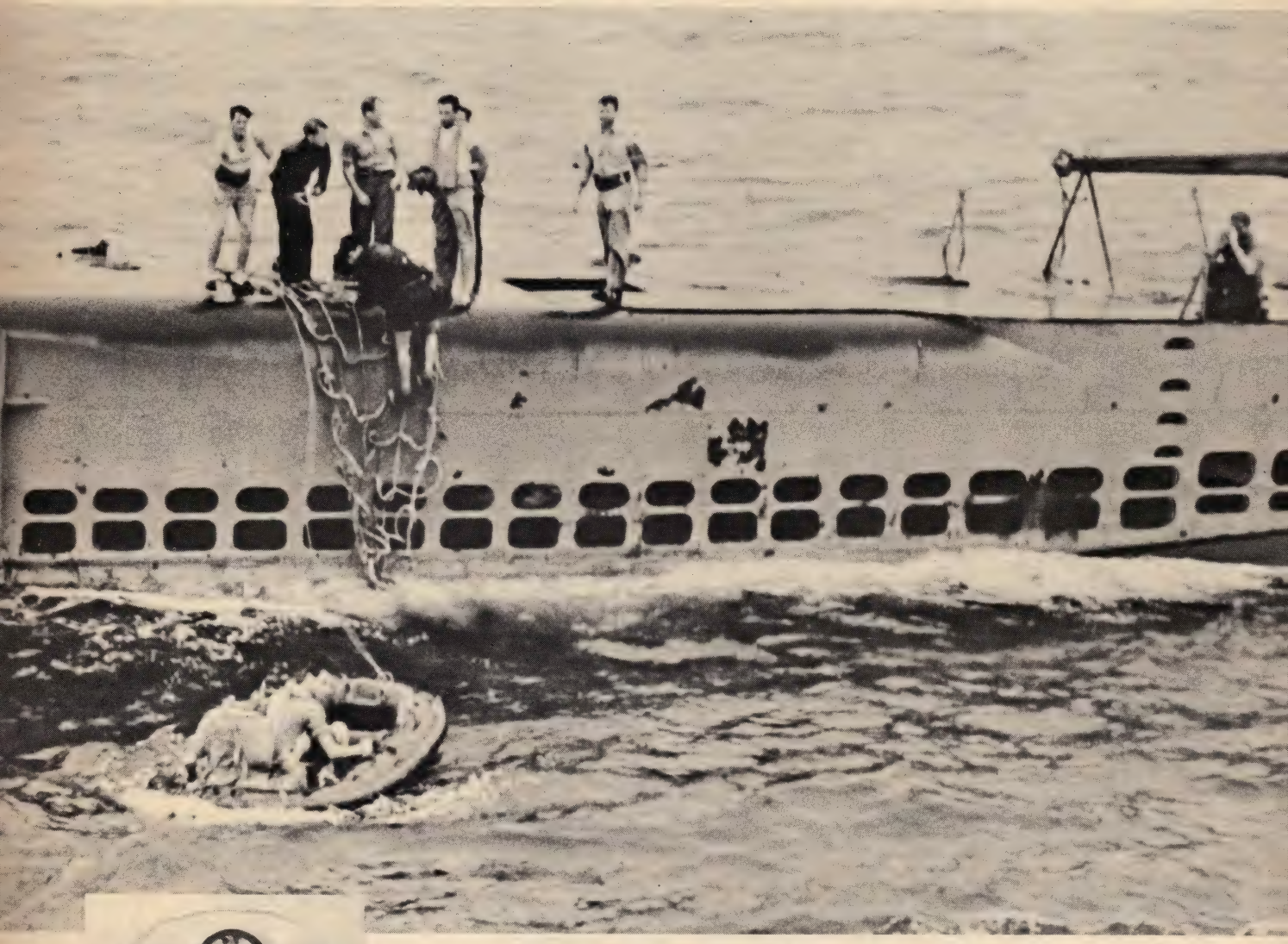
THE CHRISTINE KEELER SCANDAL

Although Christine Keeler's bedroom antics dropped like a bomb on Britain's political scene, the motion picture based on her life hit the screen with a dull thud.



Bright spot in the critic-belted film is brand-new leading lady, Yvonne Buckingham, whose performance was rated "crisper than Christine's." Asked how it felt to be a drawing card for mile-long crowds, she admitted, "Great! I'd rather bring down the house than the government."

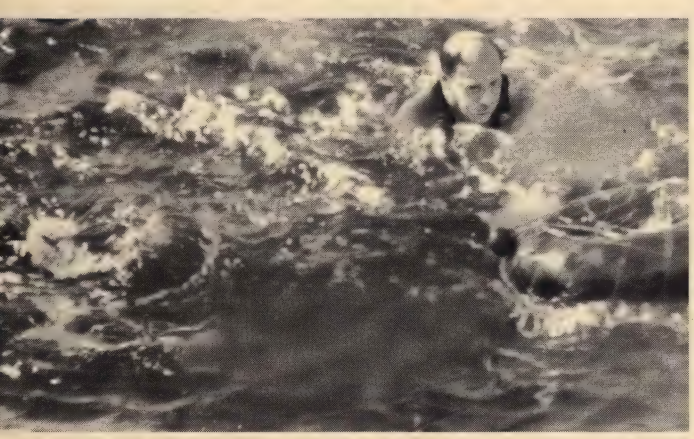
GEORGE COOK'S MIRACLE SUB RESCUE OF 33



Now USN Comdr., Cook won Navy Cross for Timor action.

The kid ensign faced three suicidal actions: 1. Sneak ashore on Jap-held Timor;

To effect rescue, *Searaven* had to maneuver as close to shore as possible, lie dogo on the bottom until nightfall.



Rough surf swamped raft; sub crewmen tossed life preservers to exhausted survivors forced to swim rest of way.

As the last men were brought aboard, *Searaven* got underway, firing a parting shot at Jap soldiers lining beach.

by STAN SMITH

AT Battle Stations, the submarine *Searaven* moved slowly off the coast of Timor, NEI, nosing into the line of beach. It was a clear, warm night, sea calm, a scimitar moon firing the crests of breakers several hundred yards away.

With well-rehearsed precision, four sailors emerged from the forward torpedo room pulling an inflatable rubber boat topside. Moments later, the submarine stopped.

On the darkened bridge that April 11, 1942, a commanding voice growled into a speaker tube: "Where the hell's Cook? What's holding him up?"

Somebody replied: "Captain, I sent a messenger down to the wardroom. He's getting ready now."

Throughout the American fleet-boat, electric tension gripped the crew as all hands abruptly realized that a large Jap force was ashore, and shore was uncomfortably close now. In the periscope shears, four lookouts with night binoculars scanned the island for signs of life. Below them, a small group of officers anxiously watched the main induction hatch. The skipper was Commander Hiram Cassedy, a former Annapolis linesman. Beside him stood the Exec, Lieutenant Commander M. H. Dry.

Cook appeared and Cassedy acidly asked: "Where you been, boy? In the sack?"

Ensign George Carlton Cook grinned. He was 24, a Reservist from Milton, Mass., a tall, rangy kid who invariably volunteered for any kind of hazardous duty. Cook told the captain: "No, in the control room, sir. Checking that map again—"

Dry said: "Check your watch, Cook. It's exactly 11:40 —you sure you know the recognition signals?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, Cook. No damned hero crap. You just find our Aussies and get the hell back here."

"Shove off, Cook," Cassedy grunted laconically. He offered his thick hand. "Good luck, boy."

Cook saluted, hurrying back to the cigarette deck and dropping down the ladder to the main deck. Forward, the four sailors had inflated the boat and dumped it gently into the seaway. Cook hurried forward, climbed over the side and down the limber holes and jumped into the boat. He grabbed the paddles and grinned.

"Good luck!" a man whispered.

Cook made a V with his fingers. Then he cast off and began rowing toward the beach. In Cook's pockets were compass, flashlight and batteries, extra .45 clips, and a waterproof packet of sulpha powder. On his right hip was his Colt. He had no special fears. (*Continued on page* 60)

MAROONED GIs

2. Locate the cut-off garrison; 3. Swim them back to *Searaven* under enemy fire.

LIFE IN A VIET CONG POW CAMP — There were four of them at first: S/Sgt. Kenneth Roraback of Fayetteville, N.C.; S/5 Claude McClure of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Sgt. 1/c Isaac Camacho of El Paso, Texas; Sgt. George Smith of Chester, W. Va.

All were captured November 23, 1963. The Vicks (Communist Viet Cong) overran the Special Forces camp where they were training Vietnamese recruits in ways of stopping the Vicks from doing just that sort of thing.

All four are now model prisoners in a Viet Cong compound. This does not mean they are complacent about their

POW status, or cooperative. Far from that. They are angry men who want to get back into the fight. Yet they are model prisoners nonetheless.

Till recently, the Viet Cong drew bad marks on POW handling. They butchered some prisoners. They humiliated others on "propaganda marches" through jungle villages. They at least roughed up every man taken. No more. To wipe away the bully image, the Viet Cong have established a showcase POW compound in South Vietnam. And the four GIs are the first exhibits.

In truth it must be stated that Viet Cong claims of fair treatment there are true. McClure, Smith and Roraback were wounded in the fight before capture. All were reported to be carefully doctored. Each man is said to have his own hut in a shaded jungle grove, each hut equipped with an air raid shelter.

Their uniforms have been taken away and stored; in exchange, each GI got two sets of standard Viet Cong black cotton shirt and pants issue. They kept their own military boots. They receive tobacco for roll-your-owns. Food is generally regular Viet Cong ration, consisting perhaps of manioc roots and wild pig or boa constrictor, but in generous quantity. These things do not add up to Miami Beach, but then no POW camp ever was a resort.

Only one newsman, a Communist-oriented journalist, has been permitted to speak to the model four so far. Sgt. Roraback, a 15-year man with a Korean War hitch behind him, described no bed of roses. But the camp does not seem to be Andersonville, either. He told the newsman the Communists "were considerate from the moment of capture . . . I had expected to be shot. When this didn't happen immediately, I thought they must be taking us a bit further from Saigon to shoot us. They saw I was anxious. They patted my back, stroked my arms, and in general made signs that there was nothing to worry about . . . As for the food, it is probably as good as they can provide under the circumstances . . . not as good as ours."

Boredom is still one of the curses of POW life. Said Roraback: "In my mind, I've made six model airplanes for my four kids, built a barbecue pit, kitchen shelves and three radios."

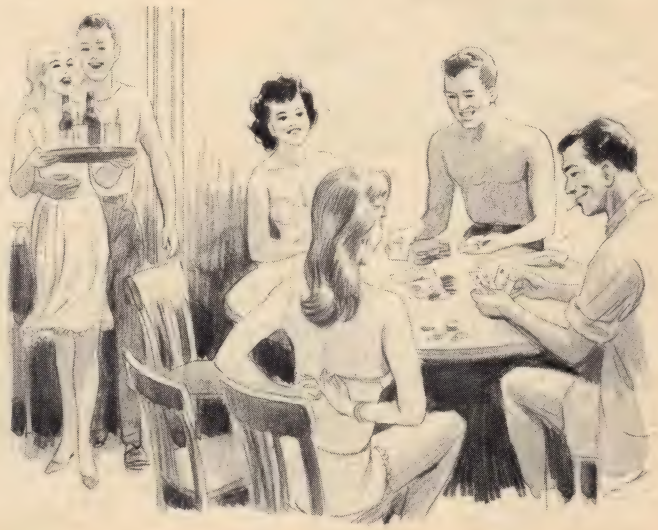
This news of fairer Viet Cong POW handling is cheery, if all true. But it also has a dark side.

Until recently, captured Americans were often released after several weeks detainment. Reason: the Viet Cong had no camps in which to keep them. Now they do. Any Yanks captured henceforth can expect to be treated better, but they can also expect to be held a long time. The Vicks are building up a bank account of hostages. In any negotiations to end the war, they will carry more weight than the threat of a fully-armed Red division.

NOT ONLY IN NEW YORK — If you answer the lovelorn notice which reads:

> Young man. Dark-haired. Classy talker. Loves to please women of all ages, all tastes . . .

You receive a photo of the fellow on his bed, wearing



nothing but a striped T-shirt and a degenerate smile.

If you answer the one announcing:

INFORMATION

Sheila is blonde, pretty, 21, and just crazy to share new experiences with live wires of same adventurous temperament . . .

By return mail comes a photo of a bathing-suited lovely and a note: "If still interested, next photo no bikini."

Fifteen cents at any New York newsstand buys any one of several so-called weekly papers bearing hundreds of these hungry invitations to orgy from couples, singles, gangs, men who want men, women who want women, people who want anything. They are perversion's biggest three nickels' worth in town.

They are also guilty of violating the penal codes which forbid pimping, as are the advertisers and correspondents guilty of sending pornography through the mails.

As of this writing, however, neither local NYC police nor the Federals have acted to sweep the woodpulp procurers off the stands. Perhaps one reason why can be found in the experience of Sacramento, California, Detective Carl Blasofel.

The ad in the highly-respected Sacramento **Union** stated:

Modern young couple. Sacramento area. Would like to meet same.

It sounded harmless enough. But Blasofel was curious. Armed with the names of all those who answered the ad, Blasofel went out to discover just what young couples today mean by "modern."

In Sacramento they mean wife-swapping. Blasofel wound up his survey with 36 couples who baby-sat for each other in teams while the crowd got together to take off their clothes and "exchange common interests." The "Flirty-Six," as some squad-room wag dubbed them, had only two rules: (1) No drinking, except for one wife who required an alcohol primer, and (2) no single moderns or unmarried couples. New members got the feel of things in warm-up strip poker initiation games.

Blasofel's indecent exposure made smacko news copy, but, surprisingly, no criminal history. With regret, the DA's office said: "Private exchange of spouses for temporary pleasure is not a crime . . . wife-swapping just doesn't violate the California penal code."

NAG, NAG, NAG — The jockey told the groom. The groom told the trainer. And the trainer broke the news to the owner: "Old Stewball can't run today."

"Can't run?" the owner screamed. "This is the Belmont Stakes! Forty thousand people in the stands! What do you mean: can't run?"

"He's mad at his pet rooster."

"He's what?"

"The bird crowed all night and kept him awake. And you know how cranky Old Stewball gets with short sleep. He couldn't run today if he was water."

Herein lies the tale of unstable stablemates.

It has long been known that horses fall in love with other creatures. Bucephalus, steed of Alexander the Great, was gaga over a cur dog and would not charge the Persians without a goodbye lick from this wretch. On General Custer's 7th Cavalry post, a mare kicked a company cat to death when the cat mauled a certain pack rat that brought sugar bits to the mare's stall.

At every race track today there is some smelly goat, pony, snake, bird—whatever—loved by some thoroughbred. Its presence is vital to the horse's peace of mind. Should the little mascot die, or misbehave like Old Stewball's rooster, the horse nags itself with worry. It runs badly. Psychosomatic gimps and rashes appear. It bites jockeys. Of such a horse, trainers say, "He's off his feed." A psychologist would say more accurately, "He's in love."

Besides suffering puppy love, horses also become food

nuts. One champ so loved onions he chomped them in bunches despite the tears flooding his long face. Still another had to have bread and cheese daily, else he sat down on the track and wouldn't run. One English winner chewed tobacco and in his later stud years practiced a disgusting habit that could only be called spitting.

Owner response to such pettish quirks depends much on the horse. The field nag just gets a shovel across the flanks when he puts on. The thoroughbred is, of course, pampered. Said Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of trainers before his retirement, "It's what's inside that counts. All we can do is bring out what's best in a horse. Sometimes, though, surprising things come out with it."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? — Still the same turbojet of a man who spurted 10,000 meters in the 1920 Antwerp Olympics, "Flying Finn" Paavo Nurmi, 63, one of our all-time track giants, is today spurting upward and breaking all records in Helsinki apartment construction. Could he have been first to break the four-minute mile? "Possibly," he says, "but back then, we didn't worry about time. Only about winning."

Except at Parchman Penitentiary, Miss., conjugal visits are unheard of in U.S.

SEX VISITS

Can in-jail get-togethers with women brought in from out-

On the night of September 8, 1963, Betty Eberly, an attractive, 26-year-old waitress from Canton, Ohio, accepted a date with a customer who had come into the roadside diner a short while before quitting time. As a rule, Betty didn't makes dates with strangers, but the man had the kind of lean, good looks she went for.

"He seemed a nice enough sort of guy," she stated afterwards. "Kind of lonely looking and on the shy side. Somehow, I didn't have the heart to turn him down."

Driving off in Betty's '57 Chevy, they made a few stops at taverns before parking alongside a quiet stretch of road just east of State Highway 43.

Some petting followed. When her date's previous shyness suddenly gave way to a frenzied aggressiveness, Betty, frightened, tried to break it off. In the struggle, he ripped at her clothes. She managed to squirm loose, get out of the car. Unfortunately, she didn't get far. He caught up with her, knocked her out, dragged her into the nearby woods.

Several Central and South American countries have prison set-ups where convicts live in individual cottages with families.

It was feeling her clothes being torn from her body that brought Betty around. The first thing she saw when she opened her eyes was a knife pointed at her throat. The lean face pressed close to hers was bathed in sweat, the features a taut mask. "Please . . ." she pleaded. "Don't kill me . . ."

It was about an hour later when a motorist, heading north toward Akron, spotted a half naked girl crawling feebly along the side of the road. Braking to a quick stop, he got her into the car, sped back in the direction of Canton.

Knifed several times and badly bruised, Betty had recovered enough from the shock of her ordeal to be able to give police an accurate description of her attacker from her hospital bed the next morning. The description was teletyped to state and local police throughout the area, and within four hours Betty Eberly's attacker was picked up along Route 62, while trying to thumb a ride to Youngstown.

As it turned out, the girl's assailant had been released only a week before from the State Penitentiary after completing a five-year sentence. His record showed no previous sex crime. His conviction — his third — had been for a warehouse robbery.

for MEN BEHIND BARS

side stop cell block riots, homosexuality, and rape-crimes by love-starved ex-cons?

by LEON LAZARUS

Confessing to the attack on the girl, he seemed to feel remorse over what he had done: "I didn't mean to really hurt her," he told police. "Something came over me. I guess I went nuts . . ."

As enlightened penologists see it, this case is not unusual. According to these experts on prison life, prolonged "sexual starvation" imposed through penal servitude can, upon an inmate's release, explode in just the kind of raw violence that almost cost Betty Eberly her life.

Speaking on a TV forum, on December 22, 1963, penologist Dr. Melvin Heller (Director of Psychiatric Services, State Correctional Institute, Philadelphia), was emphatic in his criticism of most U.S. prison systems. "The cheapest way to keep an inmate," Dr. Heller said, "is to put him in a cage. Your conscience won't hurt if you put in a TV and earphones. It is the cheapest way and the best—provided you never intend to let that person out. But if you ever intend to let him out, you have got to do more to protect our community from angrier and more vicious kinds of people . . ."

At Parchman, where conjugal cottages replaced "Black Annie" whips, discipline has improved.

"Sexual starvation" added to the other tensions of life behind the walls often explodes in bloody, costly riots.

Dr. Louis Berg, a physician who has served for many years as a prison doctor in this country and abroad, is convincingly outspoken in condemning sexual starvation as imposed by the American penal code. "Reduced to simple terms," Dr. Berg says in his book, *Revelations of a Prison Doctor*, "men without women are driven by a hunger deeper than the lack of food."

Until U.S. prison authorities adopt a more realistic attitude in this explosive area, Dr. Berg is convinced that the tragedies brought on by the sexual starvation of prisoners will necessarily multiply.

(*Continued on page* 57)

CONFIDENTIAL

continued from page 8

Did Computers Clinch It For Kennedy?

THE GOOD LIFE

Politicians are trying to get the TV networks to keep from announcing "winners" predicted by computers--UNTIL ALL THE VOTES ARE IN. They say the announcements tend to influence those who haven't yet voted to vote for the "winning" candidate. SOME SAY THIS FACTOR MAY HAVE ENABLED KENNEDY TO SQUEAK THROUGH IN THE 1960 ELECTION...

One survey, based on the way things are going, places the nation's population only 36 years from now at 360 million, nearly twice the present total of 190 million...

Chances are eight out of 10 that a family with a divorced, widowed, or separated head-of-the-household is poor...

Biggest joke among Negroes is the white fear of intermarriage which many whites feel must be the natural result of integration. Studies show that no Negro families would encourage their children to marry whites, MOST WOULD OPPOSE IT VIGOROUSLY, and the rest would tolerate it as best they could, but not like it...

RECORDS OF A SOUTHERN HOSPITAL SHOW THAT BALD MEN ARE LESS LIKELY TO GET LUNG CANCER THAN GUYS WITH HEAVY HAIR...

If a man chews on enough film--some people have this habit--HE'LL ACTUALLY BEGIN TO "DEVELOP," THAT IS, START TO TURN BLUE...

BIG POWERS

THERE HAVE BEEN ONE OR TWO EXAMPLES--OUT OF MILLIONS--IN WHICH PEOPLE WHO SUFFERED THE SAME KIND OF HEAD WOUNDS AS JFK MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVED. That's why doctors performed an operation on our gallant late President...

FEELING PERSISTS THAT IF THE CHICOMS HAD KNOWN WE WOULD FIGHT TO DEFEND SOUTH KOREA, THERE MAY NEVER HAVE BEEN A KOREAN WAR. THAT'S WHY WE ARE WARNING THE HELL OUT OF THEM ABOUT OUR DETERMINATION TO FIGHT FOR SOUTHEAST ASIA--so there can be no miscalculation this time...

South Africa's whites are really getting ready for all-out race war. Schools have popped up that specialize in killing; one teaches 12 ways to kill for $16.80...

U.S. CRIMINOLOGISTS CONCEDE THAT THE RUSSIAN PENAL SYSTEM IS SUPERIOR IN MANY WAYS TO OURS. Their prisons are clean, not too crowded, well supervised. Prisoners get full pay for their work and receive continual treatment which will insure their "healthy" return to society...

Now that Russia has put through new, liberal sex codes, it's become tough to find a prostitute in that country. No real need for them...

Ask a Russian who he respects the most in the job world and he'll mention engineers first, then construction workers. At the very bottom of the list are lawyers... WAITERS IN RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS HATE IT WHEN AMERICANS COME IN. Since waiters are paid according to how much food they serve, they'd rather serve other Russians or Eastern Europeans than the diet-conscious Americans...

Our astronauts, who average 165 pounds, five feet ten inches, are fine for three-day trips to the moon. But they're going to be much too heavy for later trips to Mars which will involve seven months in space. USING LIGHTER, MORE BUOYANT FEMALE ASTRONAUTS WILL ENABLE SCIENTISTS TO SHAVE AS MUCH AS 80,000 POUNDS FROM MARS-BOUND SPACESHIPS...

Wanted: Moon Maidens For Mars

A MAN'S CAR

GOOD IDEA TO SHOP FOR A NEW TIRE BEFORE YOUR OLD ONE IS SO SHOT IT LOSES ITS TRADE-IN VALUE. If you wait too long, you won't be able to do any bargaining if your tire gives out suddenly on the road and you have to

make an emergency, hurry-up purchase . . .

WATCH FOR REPAIR PRICES ON CARS TO TAKE A REAL JUMP, ESPECIALLY ON SPARE PARTS, FROM DOOR HANDLES TO FUEL PUMPS. Jump could hit an average of ten percent...

With alcohol the leading cause of death on highways--and speed right behind--mix the two and the resulting accident will

Boozing + Speeding = Corpse

almost always wind up with at least one person dead...

THOSE AIR SPRINGS THAT "DIED" ON THE '58 CARS ARE BACK WITH A VENGEANCE, for cars already on the road. The air-spring component can be inflated and deflated like a tire to keep the car level at varying loads, make the ride smoother...

REGROOVING A WORN TIRE IS REALLY TAKING YOUR LIFE IN YOUR HANDS. Best best, if you can't afford new ones, is retreading, but even these shouldn't be used at high speeds for long periods of time...

A NEW AUTO TAIL LIGHT being tested by Boston police can be extended 23 to 57 inches above the rear of the car. This gives visibility not only to the guy behind you, but for several cars to the rear. COULD REALLY CUT DOWN ON THOSE REAR-END CHAIN COLLISIONS ON TURNPIKES...

A MAN'S WALLET

"MONEY PSYCHIATRISTS" SPRINGING UP ALL OVER THE BIG CITIES. If you have debt problems, for a fee these experts will help you solve them, help you to duck bankruptcy, and fix it so you don't have to hide from your creditors...

Sounds crazy, but wrappers from citrus fruit, made out of tissue paper, ARE EAGERLY BEING SOUGHT BY COLLECTORS. Rare ones from Spain may bring as high as $12...

YOU CAN GET $928/OUNCE--25 times more than for gold--FOR DOUBLE-WHITE PETUNIA SEEDS. Retail rate is six seeds for 75 cents. There are 200,000 in an ounce, so the profit could be nearly $150,000. Trouble is that seeds are very tiny, and you have to spend quite a bit to separate them and pack them for sale...

BUG CHASERS CAN GET 30 CENTS A HUNDRED FOR LIVE FIREFLIES FROM A ST. LOUIS CHEMICAL COMPANY THAT NEEDS three million for medical research...

THERE ARE NOW NEW PRE-PAINTED SIDINGS WHICH CAN SAVE YOU NEARLY $1500 IN PAINTING COSTS over an eight-year period, which is about how long they'll go before requiring any touch-up...

HIGHEST PAID WOMAN IN HISTORY HAS TO BE THE WIFE OF A MILLIONAIRE AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURER WHO GOT $6.5 MILLION AS A DIVORCE SETTLEMENT AFTER A FOUR-YEAR MARRIAGE...

Seasonal sales are really worth waiting for in tires. PRICES WILL ALWAYS BE MARKED DOWN SHARPLY BEFORE A HEAVY DRIVING PERIOD, like Memorial Day, July 4 and Labor Day...

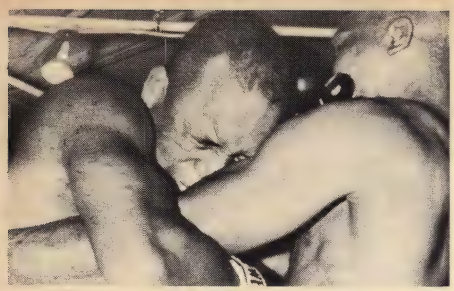
MEN IN CRIME

GIANT CLEAN-UP OF CRIMINALS NOW STARTING ALONG THE U.S.-MEXICAN BORDER, focusing on Juarez, Tijuana, Mexicali and Ensenada. Used to be an asylum for "most wanted" criminals from the States, also Europe and Latin America. They had been doing fine in dope peddling, bootlegging, running houses of prostitution, thought they were safe and sound. They're finished now...

THERE MAY BE AN END TO BAIL IN MOST COURTS. Justice officials have found that bail has nothing to do with whether or not a defendant actually shows up for trial--and since most people can't even get up moderate bail of $2000, it acts as a punishment for the poor...

FBI IS REALLY KEEPING AN EYE ON FAR OUT POLITICAL GROUPS WHO ARE SAID TO BE PLANNING A REVOLUTION IF CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES GET LICKED AT THE POLLS IN NOVEMBER. These "wild men" have submachine guns, recoiless rifles, mortars, other high-powered weapons, BUT ARE BELIEVED TO BE WELL UNDER CONTROL BY J. EDGAR HOOVER'S 24-HOUR SURVEILLANCE...

Rightists Would Rather Fight Than Switch



ERNIE KNOX

Continued from page 25

feet, and large. Ernie measured only five-foot-seven and three-quarters inches, but it didn't matter: Pearline loved him.

These details concerning Ernie's size are important, for it would be alleged later that Ernie was not the 178-pound heavyweight listed on the fight card, but a 153-pound welterweight mismatched against a 205-pound bull of a man. But whatever Ernie weighed, his body concealed a secret, not heretofore publicly revealed, which would decide that boxing match with more finality than any blow struck by either man.

Had the secret been exposed, the fight would have been stopped. But it was not, and preparations went inexorably ahead.

Thus, at 1:30 P.M., Ernie's manager, Mack Lewis, picked him up to take him to the Baltimore Coliseum for the prefight physical and weigh-in. A soft-spoken, mild-mannered man in his 40s, Lewis—an ex-boxer—trained and managed ten or twelve boys, none of whom had ever had a big fight or received a large purse. None had ever come close.

Lewis took one-third of what purses there were, out of which he paid the gymnasium expenses and hired the sparring partners. He would never get rich from boxing, obviously. Rather he was a buff who dabbled in the sport. By reputation, his boys were in good physical shape and tough defensive fighters.

Ernie had been with Lewis since 1954, when he came to Baltimore from North Carolina as a green 17-year-old. Lewis had brought him through the Golden Gloves, Olympic tryouts, and a couple dozen amateur matches. Since 1957, Ernie had had 21 professional fights, winning ten, losing eight, and drawing three. By reputation, he could take a punch, but not throw one. His forte: defense.

The Bethea fight was Lewis' idea. Ernie hadn't been in the ring since Dec. 18, 1962, in Reading, Pa., when he'd fought Don Warner to a ten-round draw. December till October is a long layoff for a fighter, but bouts were hard to come by; boxing was virtually dead in Baltimore. Besides, Ernie's arm was sore. He told Lewis he had a cold in it.

BY late summer, Ernie felt good. He wanted a fight—and his older brother, Huley, was pressuring him to give up the game, or find a manager who would get him better fights.

Prodded, Lewis sought the bout with Bethea, the New York tomato packer who had beaten former champ Ezzard Charles and had been a contender for the heavyweight title until floored in the first round by Sonny Liston. While no longer ranked, Bethea was still a name. A big win for Ernie would add zoom to his career.

By Lewis' reasoning, Bethea was a natural for Ernie. Bethea was 31. He'd had 44 fights and taken a lot of punches. This was bound to make him a little fuzzy and slow. Ernie, only 26, had youth and speed on his side. He should take Bethea easily. So sure was Lewis that when he suggested the bout to matchmaker Henry Moulden, he offered to take only fifteen percent of the gate.

Like Lewis, Moulden was not a professional. He was a fight fan working for the Martin Co. in Baltimore. He was knowledgeable about the fight game, but that wasn't why the promoters—Civic Sports, Inc.—got him to arrange the fight. Moulden had respectability, an item in short supply in Civic Sports, Inc.

The outfit was organized in May, 1963, by Benjamin Magliano, alias Benny Trotta, nightclub impressario in Baltimore's famed sin strip, "The Block," and perhaps its best known gambler. Trotta was arrested in July on a charge of operating a gambling place without a $50 federal wagering stamp, convicted in October, and sentenced in time for Christmas to two years in prison and fined $11,100.

Trotta's arrest meant he had to get out of Civic Sports—or at least ought to. So, on Aug. 27, less than two weeks before the Knox-Bethea contract was signed, the firm was reorganized. Trotta went out as president and in went Leon Luckman, alias Izzy Caplan, proprietor of a sleazy East Baltimore tavern who has an arrest record on a gambling charge. Named secretary-treasurer was George Eserick, an ex-jockey agent with a police record showing eighteen convictions, including bookmaking. Promoter was Sylvan Bass, who once served thirty days for running a lottery.

Thus, it wasn't difficult to see why the clean-living Moulden was important. He talked to Bethea and his manager and signed the contracts for Civic Sports, Inc. Bethea would get thirty percent with a $500 guarantee.

The signed contracts were mailed to Jack Cohen, the pint-sized $5,000-a-year secretary of the Maryland State Athletic Commission. As he explained later, he "investigated the ability, conditioning, past records of the fighters and their chances of beating their opponent" and recommended to the three-man commission that the fight be approved—which it was.

It's necessary to take Mr. Cohen's word on this, for the signed minutes of the commission make no reference whatsoever to the fight—until after it was over.

In the same way, Moulden arranged the preliminary bouts, which were likewise approved by Cohen and the commission. Among the boxers was another Mack Lewis fighter, prophetically named as Bobby Hurtt. The night of the Knox fight he would sustain detached retinas in both eyes—be blinded in one and suffer impaired vision in the other.

None of this intruded on the actions of Ernie and Mack Lewis as they arrived at the Coliseum for the weigh-in and physical exam. They entered a large room and Ernie joined the line for a turn on the scales. Leo Yarneth and Phil Jachelski, inspectors employed by the Maryland Athletic Commission, found Ernie weighed 178.

They would later swear to this to a Baltimore Grand Jury impaneled to find out why Ernie weighed only 153 pounds two days after the fight. Every detail of the weigh-in would be scrutinized. The jurors would hear from some that the fighters wore undershorts. Others, including Bethea and his manager, Bobby Gleason, would insist the weighing was done with the fighters fully clothed. One version would have it that there were two weigh-ins—one for officials and one for photographers—and that the wearing apparel varied each time.

THE jurors would learn that the weigh-in was certainly casual, as they usually are in the heavyweight division. There is no top limit, and no one cares what a man weighs as long as it is at least 175 pounds. And, some would testify, that the 52-pound weight differential, if it existed at all, didn't matter. After all, Ernie had knocked out Rudy Davis who outweighed him by fifty pounds.

The Grand Jury would investigate the mysterious weight change for three months, hearing from doctors who couldn't explain the weight loss either. In the end, the jury would conclude the weight discrepancy was what it had been in the beginning: a mystery.

Of far greater importance to the outcome of the fight than the weigh-in was the physical examination given that afternoon by Dr. Charles J. Tommasello and Dr. Evan Gilkes, commission physicians. They listened to Ernie's heart and lungs, tapped for reflexes, peered into his ears and eyes and mouth. As the examination progressed, Drs. Tommasello and Gilkes called out: "Heart okay . . . lungs okay . . ." These items were checked off by Jachelski in a large ledger kept for this purpose.

Ernie passed the physical, then routinely signed a three-by-five card which attested that he was not concealing from the commission doctors any physical ailment or defects which might preclude him from fighting.

Ernie lied. He had a medical record remarkable for anyone his age—and incredible for a man just okayed to engage in a heavyweight boxing match.

He had been involved, for instance, in two automobile accidents. The second was on Jan. 21, 1961. Ernie had been standing in a gas station at Baker and Monroe Sts., in Baltimore, when a car backed into him, injuring his right leg. He was taken to nearby Lutheran Hospital by ambulance and treated for contusions of the right leg. He was administered aspirin and cascara, given a prescription for sulfa and sent home. He didn't improve and went to see Dr. Evan Gilkes, who sent him to Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Ernie was admitted to Hopkins on Jan. 25. His illness was diagnosed as erythema multiforme, or reaction to drugs, probably the cascara. He had chills and fever, burning and swelling of his genitals, and lesions all over his body. He was extremely sick and remained at Hopkins until Feb. 3.

While he was there a complete medical history was taken. He reported having had blood in his urine after a

(*Continued on page* 48)

Starting Right Now — with the DynaGlaze MILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID CLUB PLAN Just $3.00 Can Turn 1964 into the Year You Can Make a Real Fortune—as the Owner of YOUR OWN BUSINESS and You Can Own a Brand New Rolls Royce Motor Car—without the necessity of Any Personal Retail Selling—Ever Again!

There is still a way today that an ordinary person, lacking the necessary capital to start his own business, can earn the large yearly income he dreams about - with all the fine things in life that go with it! You can turn your HOPES and DREAMS into visible REALITY - quickly - easily... with a tiny "peanut" investment - without risking your present job and without the necessity of ANY personal retail selling ever again.

If you have little or no capital, here's an opportunity made to order for you - if you are enthusiastic, honest, sincere and determined to make lots of money. Of course, with just a little capital you can PYRAMID YOUR EARNINGS even faster! Yes, almost overnight and even while you sleep, the DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan gives YOU the magic opportunity you've waited for. It can lift you by the bootstraps and virtually propel you into YOUR OWN BIG - MONEY BUSINESS. We furnish everything you need. No EXPERIENCE or formal education is necessary. Send coupon NOW to learn how YOU can become a full or part-time DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Member. No dues necessary!

What Is the DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan ..... and How Can It Make Your Fortune Almost Overnight?

The DynaGlaze PYRAMID CLUB PLAN works through chain sponsorship. It is the same kind of MONEY-MAKING plan that has taken the country by storm and turned ordinary "no capital available" people into men and women who, we have been told, "have made $100,000 and more a year in net income before taxes, etc. --- some even having retired with a half million dollars in about 3 years." Rather than use time-consuming and conventional distribution methods, the folks at DynaGlaze would prefer to PUT THE LARGE PROFITS into YOUR POCKETS - and so we have developed our Pyramid Million Dollar Club Chain Sponsorship Plan

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

You sell or give just one can of DynaGlaze away. That's all! You show the person who receives tne can our Magic Newspaper Demonstration Test(explained in the FREE DynaGlaze 32-page booklet). Each such person in turn shows it to others. The product is so miraculous it literally NEEDS NO SELLING! Each person who sells himself on it immediately becomes part of YOUR DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Chain. You can make a tremendous profit on the sales in YOUR chain without selling! YOU can make as much as 75% discount on the amount of each sale! And you can make EXTRA bonuses, over-rides, etc. in open territories. FIND OUT HOW THE PYRAMID CLUB PLAN TERMINATES WHEN THE TERRITORY CLOSES. RETURN COUPON NOW!

The MIRACLE PLAN That Virtually Turns "Ordinary Men" into Millionaires

The DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan is NOT for every Tom, Dick and Mary. It IS for the few thousand men and women who are serious about earning ONE MILLION DOLLARS in their lifetime - the sooner the better! It is loaded with the dynamic METHOD of MAKING MONEY - an EXCLUSIVE method that explodes other direct-selling deals. If you are not a man or woman with ambition and determination who really wants big money, the DynaGlaze Plan is not for you. For the DynaGlaze Plan staggers the imagination. It is a Plan in which YOU can have hundreds of people working UNDER YOU --- for YOU exclusively-people you may never even meet!

How Did This Plan Originate?

The DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan is adapted from the Nutri-Bio Marketing Plan. Nutri-Bio is a company that reputedly went from $50,000 a year to $15,000,000 a year in ONLY 5 SHORT years! It made FORTUNES for HUNDREDS of ordinary men and women. These people may never have to work again. There has never before been a product like DynaGlaze, a product that has set the sales world ablaze. Once YOU DISCOVER the DynaGlaze Pyramid Club Plan you will never put your energies into any other product or sales plan.

WHAT IS DynaGlaze?

THE MIRACLE AUTO POLISH actually puts a protective GLAZE on your car!

It LASTS and LASTS and LASTS!

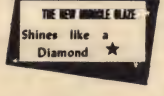
CONTAINS SILICONES and more than 8 other miracle ingredients to protect any car from RAIN, SNOW, WIND, and all other atmospheric conditions - plus SALT SPRAY and other ice-removing chemicals!

CAN BE USED ON AIRPLANES to glaze and reduce friction! Makes them fly FASTER and FARTHER on less fuel! What will it do for YOUR car?

DynaGlaze SHINES Like a DIAMOND

because it is made by a modern chemical manufacturer in continous operation since 1865-almost 100 years of quality manufacturing. This is the SAME DynaGlaze that is used on $25,000 ROLLS ROYCES, CADILLACS and LINCOLN motor cars and expensive foreign sports cars!

YOU CAN GET A BEAUTIFUL ROLLS ROYCE with your DynaGlaze Earnings!



PROFITS SKYROCKET

The DynaGlaze Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan shows you how to make as much as you want. You set your sights - $20,000 ... $40,000 ... $60,000 or even $100,000 or more a year. Then you accumulate EVERY CENT OF IT! It will take a little courage - but you're not going to make big money without courage. You're dealing with BIG GAME now - and it's just as easy to deal with big people as with little people. Your earnings will immediately reflect the difference. RETURN COUPON TODAY TO SEE HOW YOU CAN BECOME AN EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTOR.

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PLAN CAN MEAN $ $ $ $ TO YOU!

The DynaGlaze Plan works even for men and women who have been weak in sales or who dreaded sales work. Now these same individuals can earn MORE in ONE week than they previously earned IN A YEAR! The DynaGlaze Plan is no nonsense.

It can mean hundreds of thousands of dollars to the men and women who start NOW. It will end forever the negative attitude and lack of confidence often found in sales work. You'll be with the money-making giants as a person of stature and inner strength. You'll feel differently about yourself ... you'll have an INNER SELF-ESTEEM to accompany your new-found success. You'll enjoy life and success to the fullest.

YOU CAN START AT ONCE

DynaGlaze Auto Polish is on its way to becoming a leader in the tremendously expanding auto polish field - with annual sales of $150,000,000.00. The VAST MAJORITY of the surface has NOT been scratched. We still have need of an effective distributor network in many areas. Many territories are virgin, and the opportunities are unlimited Our California DynaGlaze Distributor has already purchased DynaGlaze with a retail value of $54,000.00 in ONLY 5 SHORT WEEKS, - and he's been at it for LESS than a year! These apparently fantastic earnings are possible because of the unique marketing methods found in the DynaGlaze plan booklet. That is why we urge you to RETURN the coupon below NOW so that we can rush full details to you.

THIS is truly the OPPORTUNITY of your lifetime! DON'T LET IT PASS!

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DynaGlaze Div., P.O. Box 67
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THIS FREE COUPON CAN BRING YOU INFORMATION ON HOW TO EARN UP TO $20,000 ... $40,000 ... $100,00 OR MORE A YEAR STARTING RIGHT NOW THROUGH THE DynaGlaze MILLION DOLLAR PYRAMID CLUB PLAN!

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DynaGlaze Div., P.O. Box 67,
Midwood Station, Brooklyn 30, New York

(Phone: 212 - 252-0022)

☐ Rush complete and FREE details on your money-making DynaGlaze and tell me how to get in on the ground floor of this fabulous Million Dollar Pyramid Club Plan - with NO obligation.

☐ I want to get started FAST. Enclosed is $3.00 (refundable) for a Regular Size CAN of DynaGlaze PLUS ALL FREE details of the Pyramid Club Plan.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

(*Continued from page 46*)

ten-round fight, a sore abdomen from operating a jackhammer, a nervous stomach for a number of years—for which Dr. Gilkes had given him aspirin, in 1959—asthma as a child, fissures, and had contracted venereal disease three times.

Hopkins doctors worked him over thoroughly. His height was taken and found to be 67 and three-quarter inches. He was weighed several times, but the weights varied—from 158 to 179 pounds. He was found to be a strong, muscular specimen with an athletic heart. He was missing a joint on his left ring finger.

What interested the doctors at Hopkins was the strange formation of his spinal column, possibly the result of some injury, and the peculiar appearance of his bones. When he was discharged, the Hopkins doctors, always intrigued by an unusual case, asked him to return for another look.

NINETEEN days after he was discharged from the hospital, the Maryland Athletic Commission found Ernie fit to fight. He went into the ring in Baltimore, on Feb. 22, 1961, against Cornelius Brown and, amazingly, won an eight-round decision.

Ernie returned to the hospital on March 7 for re-examination. Doctors reported he still had visible lesions on his back from his erythema multiforme —and had them at the time of the Brown fight.

Ernie returned to Hopkins as an outpatient in May, at which time orthopedic surgeons, after many X-rays and tests, agreed to disagree on the nature of his skeletal defect. Some physicians felt he had weak walls to his bones. Others said he didn't. This last examination, incidentally, came ten days after Ernie was beaten by Orrie Paschall in Philadelphia.

Eventually, some of the pain of the automobile accident was removed when in May, 1963, the State of Maryland paid Ernie $900, because he had been hit by an uninsured driver.

The confidential records of Hopkins Hospital make no reference to an earlier automobile accident which might have shed some light on the mysterious spinal disarrangement noted by the orthopedic surgeons.

At 3:20 P.M., on Saturday, April 23, 1960, nine months before the accident just described, Ernie was driving his car west on Franklin Street, as U. S. 40 is called through downtown Baltimore. He stopped for a light and was struck in the rear by another car.

The whiplash effect, according to a number of physicians who saw him, caused injury to his neck, chest, abdomen, and back. Dr. John T. Chissel said he had transient pleuritis, myositis, injury to his cervical spine, and low back spasms. Dr. Thomas Harris did a GI series and found he had hypermotility of the upper GI tract.

Ernie saw several physicians who did a great deal of diagnosis and treatment, for he had sued the driver of the other car for $15,000. Among those who saw Ernie was Dr. Elliott Michelson, assistant professor of surgery at Johns Hopkins and a top thoracic surgeon. Wrote Dr. Michelson on Aug. 27, 1960, four months after the accident:

"Ernie Knox, as a result of the above accident, sustained injury to his neck, back, and stomach. With regard to his abdominal injury, he still exhibits pain and tenderness in the region of the contused abdominal wall. I would judge this disability to be permanent and estimate it at five to ten percent in degree."

None of this was revealed during the pre-fight physical for the Bethea match and Ernie Knox, labeled permanently disabled by a leading physician, was approved to fight. First he went home, studied his night school lessons a bit and entertained Pearline. She laughed at his shadowboxing and exaggerated demonstrations of what he would do to Bethea that night. She thought him wonderful and cooked him a roast beef dinner.

About 6:30, Mack Lewis picked him up and they returned to the Coliseum. There Ernie talked to Johnny Gilden, a Baltimore favorite who was in the semi-windup. "Win or else," Gilden told him. "This is your big shot. If you beat this guy you can look forward to better fights and bigger paydays. If you lose, there is no sense hanging around fighting for $50 a bout. All they'll do is use you then."

Gilden was wrong. Some of the preliminary boys were getting only $40 that night.

Gilden fought and won. Bobby Hurtt lost his match—and most of his eyesight. Then it was time for the main event. The light from above cast a noonday brilliance on the ring as Ernie and Bethea climbed through the ropes. The cheers as each man was introduced were pitiful, for the fight was a financial bomb. There were only 869 diehard fans in attendance. They had paid a total gate of $1,620; Ernie's purse would be only $243.

The time-honored rituals of the prize ring were acted out. Referee Tom Kelly gave instructions in the center of the ring. The fighters returned to their corners for last second encouragement from their handlers and pranced nervously as they awaited the bell. Then it began.

Ernie's plan was to box Bethea and stay outside where his speed and faster punching would pile up points. It worked—at first. Ernie stayed fairly even with Bethea, and in the second round, staggered him with a good punch. But Bethea was an old pro and knew how to tie up Ernie and lean his weight on him and hurt him with body blows.

Sitting at ringside was Red Berman, a Baltimoran who had once fought Joe Louis for the title. He thought the fight a succession of clinches and a mismatch. The only experienced fight reporter who bothered to attend, Alan Goldstein of the Baltimore *Sun*, said Bethea had "as much finesse as King Kong in bullying Knox around the ring."

By the sixth round, even Mack Lewis was worried, for Ernie seemed lazy and befuddled. It was no better in the seventh and eighth. Ernie was a human punching bag, or perhaps the matador being mauled by the bull. Lewis hoped Ernie was saving himself for a rally in the ninth and tenth, but there wasn't much to save. Ernie was nearly exhausted.

In the ninth, Ernie was holding on desperately, unable to cope with the bigger, heavier Bethea. Then he made a mistake. He pulled straight back from a clinch. Bethea, never particularly noted as a puncher, fired a right after him. It caught Ernie in the temple. Down he went.

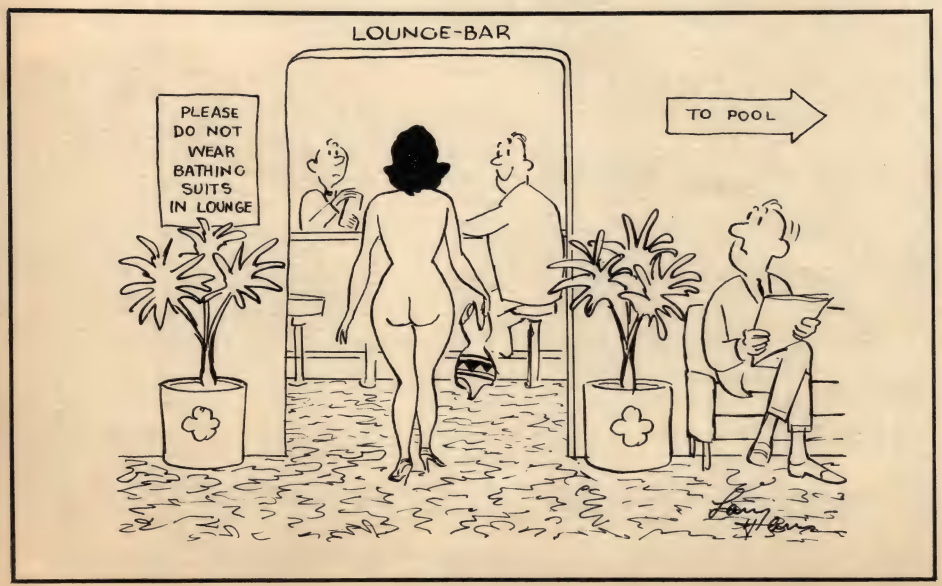
ERNIE struggled to his feet, but Referee Kelly made him take the eight count. Then Bethea bulled in and Ernie went down again. Bethea went to a neutral corner while Referee Kelly counted till ten. Bethea jumped into the center of the ring where Referee Kelly held his hand aloft and declared him the winner by a knockout at one minute and ten seconds of the ninth round.

When the cheering subsided, Ernie was still on the canvas.

Ten minutes later, Drs. Tommasello and Gilkes brought him around. He knew his name and where he was. Placed on a stretcher, he made a feeble joke on the way to the dressing room.

He seemed all right—talking, lamenting his loss, helping to dress himself. But as a precaution, he was taken to Provident Hospital by ambulance. At 1:00 A.M., he asked for a drink of water. Minutes later he was in a coma. A surgeon opened his skull and found a subdural hematoma—a bleeding brain.

All the next day and the next night, Ernie lingered while Pearline, his brother Huley, and Mack Lewis waited. Then, at 6:00 A.M., on Oct. 16, the heavyweight boxing match conceived in ignorance, encouraged by folly, and doomed by lies ended in the death of Ernie Knox. ◆◆◆



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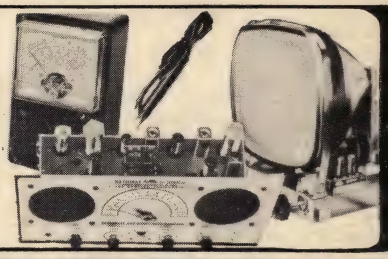

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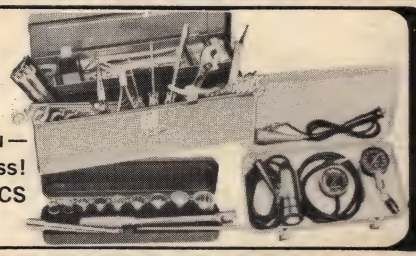

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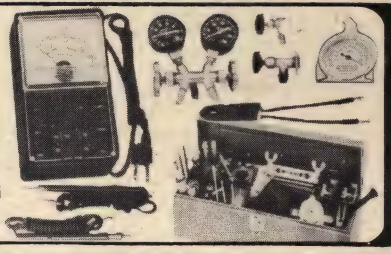

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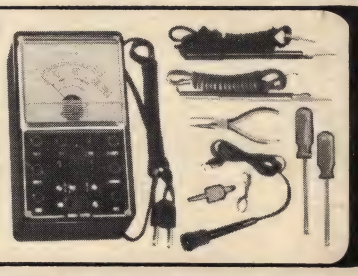

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

COURT-MARTIAL RULES SAILORS CAN'T FLIP – The seas were rough as the U.S. carrier *Intrepid* barreled through the water at ten to fifteen knots. It was growing dark and the ship was well out from shore. A group of sailors bunched around the flight deck, waiting for the ship's planes to

angle in for their landings. Maybe it was boredom. Maybe Spring Fever. At any rate, one of the sailors offered to bet that he would jump off the flight deck into the ocean below. And to stop his buddies from jeering, he went so far as to state he would even do a backflip. The money was put up, the sailor emptied his pockets of valuables, turned his back to the water and flipped. Hauled out of the sea and brought back on board, he was given enough time to dry off, then found himself facing an on-the-spot special court-martial. Convicted, he was sentenced to a bad conduct discharge. But maybe the Captain hadn't forgotten that Spring does strange things –especially to sailors. Anyway, he reviewed the sentence, rescinded the dishonorable discharge, and let the flipping sailor settle for five months in the brig.

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WHY ARABS TURN RED – You can find a long list of highbrow reasons to explain why the Arab countries are flirting with Communism but, chances are, most cases are influenced by situations such as this, reported by NBC commentator David Brinkley. When a Bedouin tribesman decided to take a fourth wife recently, he utilized his best trading strategy – giving his daughter in marriage to seal the bargain. Rarely has such an insignificant trade ever blown up such a ruckus. For his sons, who had expected to use their sister as trade bait for procuring wives of their own, were now left out in the cold. This meant that if they *did* take wives for themselves, they'd have to pay the cash "bridal price" – presently at the all-time high of $100. Angered to the boiling point, the sons have moved out of their father's tent and, according to reports relayed by Mr. Brinkley's on-the-spot correspondents, are contemplating turning Communist.

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WHO'S TO BLAME FOR TEEN-AGE SEX BINGES?—"Lots of teen-agers in high school have sexual intercourse; it's the popular thing to do . . . girls feel they have to have intercourse to belong to the group . . . boys prove their masculinity by intercourse . . . lots of girls regard sexual intercourse as a game, they are not looking for a husband." These were the blunt findings of a public health survey, the underlying blame for which was dumped right in the laps of America's adults. "We give our kids the keys and free

access to cars; money with which to check into motels; empty houses and apartments to use while we're out golfing or playing cards. And we lay down very few rules about anything, including sex. We're less worried about the sexual behavior of the kids than we are about the results: out-of-wedlock pregnancy and venereal disease. From the books they read and the movies they see, teen-agers get the idea that while our society believes wholeheartedly in monogamy and sex within marriage, nevertheless sex outside marriage is fun and sophisticated and an 'in' thing."

"ANYTHING WRONG, OFFICER?" – It all started when the car went through a red light. From then on, it became a policeman's nightmare. In order, this is what happened before the driver was forced to the curb, ninety blocks later. 1.) He was chased by a total of twenty radio cars from

five precincts, the Tactical Patrol Force and a fleet of motorcycle cops. 2.) He had 14 warning shots fired at him. 3.) He sideswiped three automobiles and damaged six others. 4.) He ignored dozens of traffic lights and stop signs, and made his way up countless one-way streets – traveling the wrong way. 5.) When he was finally forced to a halt in upper Manhattan, the madman on wheels calmly slid from the driver's seat of what turned out to be a stolen car and startled the converging police by announcing: "This is a frame!" Before charging the culprit with grand larceny, reckless driving, disobeying signal lights and leaving the scene of three accidents, arresting officers figured they had chased him for a good seven miles, through some of New York's most heavily populated sections at speeds that sometimes reached 70 miles an hour.

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WHETHER YOU HAVE OR HAVE NOT, YOU DIE—According to World Health Organization figures, causes of death can be pinpointed by whether you're a citizen of a "have" or "have not" nation. Among the so-called "have" countries, heart disease is by far the largest killer. Breaking down causes of death among the less affluent, newly developing nations, infectious diseases – such as TB, measles and gastroenteritis – head the list.

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors

Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
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MEN

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ON-THE-DECK B-24 ACE

Continued from page 23

hunched over his Norden bombsight, John Hogan replied: "All set down here."

It was 1943 and the Nazis were fighting to hold Benghazi, knowing that if they lost the vital port their entire supply line was in danger. Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was playing all his hole cards. Every available antiaircraft gun had been moved to Benghazi. A mock target city had been erected which was lighted when Allied bombers came over. Phony flares were fired to imitate the flares dropped by British pathfinder planes to illuminate the city. No ace was left unplayed and all the chips were in the pot.

So far Rommel's tricks had kept attacking planes away from the vital dock area, but now, as the single B-24 swept toward the port, a man as clever as the "Desert Fox" himself was determined to succeed where all others had failed.

"Flak. Twelve o'clock level!"

Appold had already seen the antiaircraft bursts directly in the path of the bomber. Flying straight on, he called: "Watch for the lights of the mock target city."

The navigator, Lieutenant O'Dell, stared out the window at the red glare of the bursting shells, saw black smoke drift past the nose of the bomber. *I don't like this,* he thought. But over the microphone, his voice calm, he said: "Okay, Norm, I'll watch for the mock target lights."

Then they were in the midst of the flak and the B-24 began to rock like a lifeboat caught in a hurricane in mid-Atlantic. Appold locked the throttles and grabbed the control wheel with both hands, gripping it until his knuckles turned white. The dark sky was dotted with red bursts, and he could hear the shrapnel hitting the metal wings of the Liberator like hailstones. Suddenly the right rudder slammed hard against his foot and the B-24 lurched sideways, sliding crazily through the night sky.

"The vertical stabilizer's hit!" the tailgunner screamed. "Half the tail's gone."

Appold didn't need anyone to tell him what had happened. He was already rolling in opposite rudder trim and standing up on the right rudder in a desperate effort to get the plane straight and level again.

"No. 1 engine's losing oil pressure," the engineer reported. "We'd better feather . . ."

"No . . . no . . . no . . ." the sweating Appold bellowed. "Let it run until it quits." He knew they needed all the power they could get; half an engine was better than none at all. His right leg was aching from the terrific strain of trying to hold the Liberator straight, but he didn't dare to release the pressure.

"There's the mock target. About two miles to our right," O'Dell called.

"Good. Make sure you remember the location of it so it won't fool us on the next pass."

"Next pass?" the engineer screamed. "Are you crazy, Lieutenant? Drop the bombs and get the hell out of here."

But Appold stubbornly shook his head. He hadn't come several hundred miles to drop his bombs in the desert, like the other British and American bombers had been doing. He had come to solve the mystery of Benghazi, and he wasn't going home until he did . . . if he went home at all.

"Negative, bombardier. Don't drop yet. We're going to make another pass over the city."

Even Hogan, accustomed to the rigors of combat flying, didn't like it. "I don't think we can pull off another pass, Norm. Hell, they have us zeroed in now. Give them another chance and those guns will tear this pregnant cow to pieces."

"We'll go around again." Appold looked at the oil pressure on the No. 1 engine. It was dropping slowly. The temperature was rising. "We'll make another pass."

East of the city, he released some of the pressure on the right rudder and allowed the plane to bank slowly to the left. Once again he straightened the big bomber out and headed for Benghazi —and the thoroughly alerted and waiting German gunners.

"We'll never make it . . . never . . . never . . ." the engineer cried.

"Shut up and watch that oil pressure on one."

Every gun in the city opened up on the slow-moving, damaged bomber as Appold recrossed it. He saw the mock target plainly, and saw the complete outline of the real Benghazi revealed by the belching muzzles of the antiaircraft guns. Now he knew exactly where the docks were. The Nazis, by their all-out barrage against his B-24, had exposed the well-planned deception that had confused Allied bombers for so long.

"NOW we got 'em," Appold yelled jubilantly. "Get ready to drop your bombs—on the next pass."

A third pass! The interphone was completely silent as the amazed crewmen heard, but couldn't believe, Appold's words. Finally O'Dell said, "Don't kill yourself and us trying to be a hero, Norm. Let's . . ."

"Hero, hell. This is our chance to really hit them and we're going to do it. We'll make it. Don't . . ."

A near-hit flipped the B-24 violently on its side and knocked the microphone out of Appold's hand. By the time he righted the bomber he was dripping with sweat. His leg ached; his arms felt like lead pipes; his mouth was dry; his lips cracked. But he refused to give up. "Once more," he said quietly. "Once more . . ."

Five miles to the west, thirty Luft-

(*Continued on page* 54)

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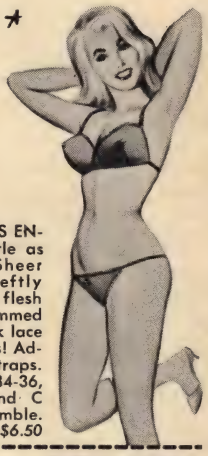

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"On the house, Mac, I can't remember a more interesting fare."

(*Continued from page* 52)

waffe fighter planes from Adolf Galland's crack 27th and 53rd Fighter Wings cut through the night sky towards the lone American bomber. Among the pilots was Hans Joachim Marseille, called the "Pilot of Africa," and acknowledged as the unrivaled virtuoso of German fliers in WW II.

As Appold turned the B-24 back towards Benghazi for the third and suicidal run, Marseille spotted the big plane.

"Bogie straight ahead," he radioed his companions. "Prepare to attack."

The Luftwaffe fighter ace smiled. This was going to be an easy addition to his 150 victories. He flipped his gun switches on and lined up the B-24 in his sight . . .

It is a long way from an office at Headquarters, Space Systems Division, Los Angeles, California, where Norman Appold works today, and the hot Mediterranean seaport of Benghazi—just as there is a great difference between today's faster-than-sound guided missiles and the slow moving B-24 of WW II. Yet, a space age "breakthrough" is no more important than the bombing "breakthrough" that Appold achieved in 1943 in Libya. Benghazi had been bombed many times; in fact, the British had been hammering it ever since 1941 with their Wellingtons from bases in Egypt, but ineffectively. Rommel still used the port as one of his main terminals for the supply route from Crete and Greece. By use of camouflage, the almost impenetrable defense of the Luftwaffe's Fliegerkorps X, and deceptive mock targets and false flares, the Germans had saved the city from any great damage.

IN 1942, Field Marshal Montgomery massed his Eighth Army for one final attempt to drive the Nazis out of North Africa. At Alamein, he started Rommel retreating; by the end of the year it appeared his goal was near attainment. If he could cut the German supply route and close the African ports to their convoys, the Desert Fox would have to quit the country. But as the winter wore on in the desert, that "if" became bigger and bigger. Despite an all-out effort to block the main terminal at Benghazi by British and American air units, the port was still operating at full speed. It was evident that a change in tactics was needed.

About the same time that Allied brass in North Africa were pondering this problem, a Liberator fresh from the States sat down on the strip of the 376th Bomb Group in Egypt. Colonel George F. "Mickey" McGuire hurriedly jeeped out to inspect the new arrival, as though Hap Arnold might snatch the crew back before he could have the group's insignia painted on the plane's tail.

The young pilot who climbed down from the B-24 that winter day, however, made McGuire think that Washington must be scraping the bottom of the proverbial barrel in its search for airplane commanders. Norman Appold was not the recruiting poster version of a flier in looks or behavior. Instead of the jutting jaw, curly hair, and narrowed eyes with crow's wrinkles around the edges usually associated with the goggles-and-scarf image of air force throttle jockies, the lieutenant had a recessed chin, thin, straight hair, and wide open eyes which gave him a perpetually surprised look. He wore a large grin and was full of gab.

"Where's the war?" he asked. "We're all ready for action."

The colonel nodded, trying not to show his disappointment. "Glad to have you, Lieutenant. And don't worry about the war. Man, it's all around you."

"Good."

McGuire started to say something, then stopped. *Hell, let this wise guy find out for himself,* he thought as he climbed back into his jeep. *Give him one ride through flak alley and he'll be ready to go home. Fast.*

McGuire was a topnotch flier and a fine C.O., but in Appold's case he made the same mistake many men had made before him. He allowed the lieutenant's glib chatter and mild appearance to let him misjudge the true nature of the man. Appold gave the impression that he was a cocky, happy-go-lucky kid, but actually he was deadly serious.

He was a chemical engineer who had had the misfortune to graduate from the University of Michigan at a time when pilots were at a premium and the war at its height. Now all he wanted to do was get the fighting over with and get back to his career. All his thoughts and energies were concentrated toward this goal. He didn't take a mission briefing for granted but, as McGuire soon discovered, analyzed every detail, always seeking a better plan, a more efficient field order. The first indication the colonel had that he had a "thinking" pilot on his hands was when the stubborn Benghazi problem stymied the air force.

The RAF opened up the all-out offensive on the port with night pathfinders dropping flares for following Wellington bombers. It didn't work. The German defenders dispersed the bombers with jungles of flak and lured them to hit a phony target ten miles away from the city.

The next attempt wasn't much better. A British pathfinder led a train of Liberator bombers equipped with Norden bombsights to Benghazi, but the glare from the marker flares was so bright that the American bombardiers once again hit the false Benghazi.

When Appold heard this he beat a path to McGuire's office. "I hear the bombers mised the docks again last night," he said, the ever-present grin on his face.

The colonel nodded. "By about ten miles, Lieutenant. Why?"

It was unusual for a second lieutenant to worry about such things. Their main concern was getting in their missions, good or bad results, and returning home.

Appold walked over to the wall and looked at a map of the area. "Did they hit the mock target again?"

"Yeah."

THE small pilot, almost dwarfed by the huge map, studied it for several minutes—so long that McGuire went back to his paper work. Finally, Appold said, "I think I can drop a load of bombs right on target, if you give me a chance to do it my way."

McGuire put down his papers and glared at him. "Now just why in hell do you think you can hit Benghazi when the whole damn air force has failed to do so? Seems to me that you think you are . . ."

Appold held up his hand. "Take it easy, Colonel. I don't mean that I am a better pilot, but I got an idea. Want to hear it?"

McGuire, angry but no fool, nodded. "I'm listening."

The idea was simple. Simple suicide, that is. "There are two main factors which are defeating us at Benghazi," Appold said. "The phony target and the blacked out city itself. Even if the phony target is identified and ignored, the city itself is still hidden from view at our bombing altitude. Right?"

"Right. Everybody involved is well aware of these problems, Lieutenant," McGuire said impatiently.

The pilot nodded. "My idea is to make the usual bomb run over the general area of the city at twenty thousand. The Germans will immediately light up the phony target. We'll mark it so that we can ignore it on the next pass and . . ."

"Next pass?"

"Yeah. On the first pass we won't drop our bombs. We'll just fake them into lighting the mock target."

McGuire nodded. "Then on the second pass you'll try and drop on the blacked out city?"

Appold shook his head. "Nope. On the second pass the Nazis will know they failed to lure us into hitting the fake target and afraid that we might

hit the city, they'll open up with every gun in Benghazi."

"I sure as hell agree with that statement. So?"

"From twenty thousand feet those gun muzzles belching fire will give a clear outline of the real city. Benghazi will be revealed from one end to the other. Then, on the third pass, we can lay our bomb load right smack on target with no trouble."

THE colonel grunted. "You honestly expect me to order the bomb group to make three bomb runs, one right after another, over the most heavily defended city in North Africa? Lieutenant, you're crazier than I thought."

Appold grinned. "Not the group. Just me. One plane. Once we drop our load on the target and get some fires started, the other planes can come over and knock hell out of the place."

"It would be a suicide mission," McGuire said. "Getting across Benghazi once without being knocked down by the flak would be a feat. Three times would be impossible."

"I don't think so." Appold was quiet for a minute, then asked, "You have a better plan?"

McGuire didn't answer. He didn't have a better plan and he knew the lieutenant knew it. Also, the idea had merit, despite the risk. Once the docks were burning, the rest would be easy. He could send his bombers over in a continuous stream, confident that they were hitting the right area and doing some good. The question was: Could Appold survive. That was the catch.

"You're volunteering to try this?"

"I am."

"You are aware of the risk, that in all probability you'll be blasted to pieces?"

"Maybe. What do you say? Can I give it a try?"

One crew, one plane. The gamble was worth it.

"Okay, Lieutenant, go ahead. Set it up for tonight. Get yourself a volunteer crew and take one of the older planes."

Appold grinned. "You don't want to lose a new plane, eh, Colonel?" He turned and headed towards the door. "See you after the mission."

McGuire watched him go. "I doubt it ...I doubt it very much, Lieutenant..."

That night, as he racked his laboring and damaged B-24 around for the third and final pass over Benghazi, Appold had his doubts, too. Especially when his tail gunner spotted the Me-109's closing in on the Liberator: "Bogies ... bogies ... My god, there are Me-109's all over the sky..."

Carefully Appold nursed the B-24 around in a shallow bank until the upturned snout of the big bomber was pointed towards Benghazi again. There was no trouble spotting the city now. The Nazis had given up all attempts of concealment. They were depending upon their antiaircraft guns and the Luftwaffe to drive off this crazy Yank who didn't have sense enough to know when he was beaten.

"Jeez! Look at that flak!"

The lieutenant heard the top turret gunner's exclamation and glanced up from the instrument panel to look out into the dark sky. He bit his lip to keep from repeating the frightened gunner's words at the sight which greeted him. The sky was no longer black. It was red and yellow and purple as antiaircraft shells burst at his altitude. One barrage followed another until the entire path ahead of the B-24 was brightly lit by the deadly explosions. There wasn't room for a bomber to wriggle between the bursts, even if Appold had had a guiding sixth sense to lead him. The shells were too close, the barrage too solid.

"We'll never make it, Norm," the navigator called. "We haven't a chance and you know it."

Appold grabbed the microphone and flicked the transmit button. "Tail gunner, where are the Me-109's? How close?"

"Too damn close, Lieutenant. About 1500 yards ... closing fast."

Appold rubbed his right leg to ease a threatening cramp, looked at the oil pressure on No. 1 which had stopped falling although it was near the red line, then stared straight ahead at the highway of flak awaiting to slash the B-24 to pieces. He had only seconds now to make his decision. Should he continue with his plan, fly into that deadly barrage and try to drop his bombs on target? Or should he bank away from Benghazi and the closing enemy fighters and make a run for home on the deck in darkness, hoping to elude the Luftwaffe pilots.

HE looked back towards Egypt and the route home. The sky seemed peaceful in that direction. No bursting shells, no flares, no fighters. In contrast, Benghazi was a seething hell, a maelstrom of deadly flak, Me-109s, illuminating flares—a one way route to a "Missing In Action" report. All he had to do was release the terrific pressure he was exerting on the right rudder pedal, allow the B-24 to bank back towards

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the east, and race for home on the deck . . .

"Like hell I will," he suddenly yelled, savagely. "No damn Nazi guns are going to drive me away from Benghazi tonight."

"The Me's are firing! They are within gun range!"

Appold heard the tail guns blasting and felt the B-24 shake violently as the other fifty caliber machine guns opened up on the attacking enemy fighters. "Hold on," he ordered. "I'm going down."

The top gunner, mistakenly thinking the lieutenant meant he was hitting the deck to make a run for Egypt, muttered, "About time, Lieutenant. About time."

BUT Norm Appold had no intentions of turning the twin tails of the bomber and running. He had decided to take a desperate gamble, one that would be sure death unless its element of surprise confused the German gunners and fighter pilots. Instead of trying to get out of range of the guns, the lieutenant dived straight toward them at full speed.

"Hey, Lieutenant, you're going the wrong way!" the scared top turret gunner screamed. "Turn! Turn! Turn!"

Like a boxer stepping inside his opponent's punches, Appold sent the Liberator straight down toward the booming flak guns. As the altimeter needle unwound from 20,000 feet, airspeed increased to 300 m.p.h. He could feel the plane vibrating and silently prayed the big bomber would hold together.

"My god, Norm, what's wrong?" the navigator asked.

Appold had no time for explanation. He was too busy at the controls to tell the navigator that he hoped his unexpected dive to a lower altitude would fool both the antiaircraft gunners and the Luftwaffe. The flak shells were set to burst at 20,000 feet, he knew, because both of his other passes had been made at that height. If he could get over the city and drop his bombs before the Nazi gunners were aware that he had changed altitude, he still had a chance to get the B-24 home. Then, too, by diving into the darkness below the shell bursts, he would make it hard for the German pilots to find him—if they had the nerve to penetrate the antiaircraft curtain at all.

"Get ready to drop your bombs, Hogan!" he yelled over the microphone.

Then they were over the city and the air was turbulent from the antiaircraft explosions above them. The B-24 rocked and shook; at 300 m.p.h. each air pocket the plane hit felt like a brick wall. Appold was slammed hard against the back of the seat one second, then forward straining against his safety belt the next. Eighteen thousand . . . sixteen thousand . . . fourteen thousand . . . The Liberator still headed earthward. Above it the shells also began exploding at lower and lower levels as the Nazi gunners realized their target had changed altitude.

"How far from the target area?" Appold yelled.

"Three miles. Turn ten degrees left. What altitude are we going to cross it at?"

Appold looked up at the antiaircraft shells closing in. "Make it twelve thousand." He knew he had to level out at that altitude to give Hogan a chance to get the crosshairs of the Norden sight on the target. He knew, too, that if the bomb run took a minute too long, the seeking shells would find them. As the needle hit 12,500 feet, he eased the control wheel back into his stomach and leveled the wings.

"Slow her down to 230 m.p.h., Norm, and hold the present course," the bombardier called, as calmly as though he were in the officer's club ordering a beer.

"Roger."

Time seemed to stop as the B-24 droned toward the target. Above it, enemy shells came closer and closer as the gunners corrected their altitude settings. The tail gunner periodically reported sighting the Me-109's at a distance, still hunting the bomber in the comparative darkness at 12,000 feet. One mile from the target Appold made a correction of three degrees right at Hogan's direction then settled back to wait for the signal that the bombs were gone.

"Easy . . . easy now, Norm . . . slow, boy . . ." Hogan muttered as he leaned over the bombsight intent upon the target. Finally, the words came: "Bombs away!"

Appold felt the B-24 lift as the heavy load left the bomb bay, and he grinned. Easing off the pressure on the right rudder, he whipped the B-24 into a sharp left turn and started down for the deck at full speed. At that moment the gunners on the ground found the range. A shell exploded outside the cockpit window, lighting up the entire sky, and blinding Appold momentarily.

"We're hit!" someone yelled.

Although he couldn't see, Appold could feel, and his heart nearly hammered its way out of his chest as he felt the control wheel go limp in his hands. The bomber was heading down fast; with the wheel flopping uselessly there was no chance of pulling out of the dive.

He fumbled for the microphone to tell the crew to get out, but even as his fingers curled around it, the control wheel suddenly slammed forward under pressure. Grabbing it, he was overjoyed to feel the resisting tug. The controls had not been shot away. Evidently the near vacuum in the air from the shell blast had momentarily left the control surfaces useless. Now everything was all right again.

"Hold on. We're heading home . . ."

By the time the B-24 reached the water north of Derna, Appold had it down to wave-top level. Marseille and the other German pilots never did locate the bomber again. At 04:12 hours, it appeared low on the horizon at the American base in Egypt. A few minutes later, there was the squeal of rubber as it touched down after one of the most amazing flights of WW II.

McGuire, who had sweated out the long mission in operations, just shook his head in amazement as Appold climbed out of the flak-punctured plane. "Three times over Benghazi?" he asked.

"Three times," Appold said.

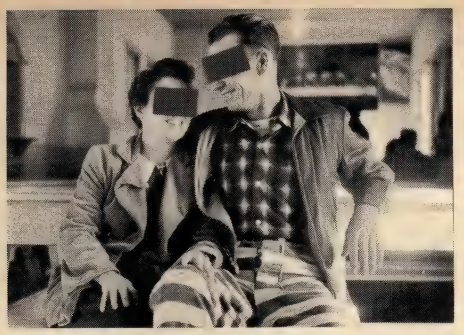
The colonel rubbed his hand on the pilot's arm. "Lieutenant, let me rub some of that luck of yours off on me."

After Appold's daring trail-breaking to the target, bombers hitting Benghazi were never again halted by the Germans. The Allies took the upper hand and systematically reduced the port's defenses until it was no longer of any use to Rommel.

BUT the grinning Appold was far from finished. In fact, he was just getting started. On March 29 of that same year, the restless, inventive Appold asked his new C.O., K. K. Compton, to let him try a low-level attack on a chemical plant on the sole of the Italian boot which had defied all high-level raids. Alone, Appold crossed the Messina Straits, blasted the plant out of operation and returned unharmed.

This raid convinced Allied planners that the projected attack on the Ploesti oil refineries could be made at low altitude. Again, on this devastating and tragic mission, Norm Appold was in the thick of the battle, leading an improvised five-plane formation against the Concordia Vega refinery and destroying about forty percent of its production capacity.

Today, Norman Appold is a full colonel stationed at Headquarters, Space Systems Division, in California. With such a man helping to direct our space program for the Air Force, there is little need to worry about its efficiency. Appold will think of some way to accomplish the task . . . though, like his one-man raids of WW II, it might be a bit unconventional. ◆◆◆



SEX VISITS FOR MEN BEHIND BARS

Continued from page 43

A case in point is that of a prisoner we'll call George Bailey. A 28-year-old Michigan bank teller, Bailey pocketed some $4,000 of the bank's funds to finance a whirlwind tour of Europe for himself and his attractive wife. His wife knew nothing of the theft. A month after his return from Europe the bank's accountants traced the shortage to Bailey's cage. He was convicted and sentenced to prison.

As prison officials later related, Bailey wasn't a bitter man. He knew he had done a foolish thing, and was prepared to serve out his time and somehow try to make amends to the bank upon his release. Throughout, he found strength in the knowledge that his wife was waiting for him on the outside. When her visits became sporadic during his second year, Bailey refused to believe there was anything seriously wrong.

Bailey was paroled the following year, and the trouble began almost immediately upon his return home. There was a definite coolness in his wife's attitude toward him, an unwillingness on her part to share in the sexual act.

"Don't rush it," Bailey's parole officer advised. "Remember, she's had to make an adjustment too."

The parole officer was right, in a way. Bailey's wife *had* made an adjustment, and Bailey discovered what it was one afternoon when he came home unexpectedly and found his wife, minus most of her clothing, in another man's arms. As the man fled, Bailey, in a fit of blind rage, tore into the kitchen, seized an eight-inch butcher knife from a rack. His wife hadn't quite reached the bedroom door when Bailey was on her. He stabbed her, then plunged the knife into his own chest. When the police arrived Bailey's wife was already dead, Bailey died on the way to the hospital.

UNDER a different penal code, such as the one introduced in England after World War II, the tragedy of George Bailey might not have taken place. In England today, a prisoner serving a two-year sentence is allowed a five-day furlough with his family after the first six months, if his behavior has been good. This is not viewed as a reward but, where a wife is involved, as a step in saving a marriage.

"It has been our experience," says an English penologist, "that when a man and wife are separated for a period greater than eighteen months, there is a tendency for them to grow *away* from each other. Of course, abuses of the furlough arrangement will occur, but the overall good is what matters. Marriages that could have drifted apart or ended in tragedy, have been saved. And that's what truly counts."

The furlough system as practised in England and elsewhere on the European continent is not really new, but a variation of the conjugal visit, an arrangement that allows a prisoner to have sexual relations with his wife—or even a mistress—on a regular, periodic basis. Latin American countries have long permitted the conjugal visit as a regular part of their penal policy. Prison officials in Mexico, Brazil, and Columbia insist that the policy aids, rather than undermines, good order and discipline.

At Ixtapalapa, a model penitentiary just outside Mexico City, some 700 prisoners are entitled to two three-hour conjugal visits a week. The woman need not be the prisoner's wife, so long as he registers her name and supplies a photograph with prison authorities at the time of his admission. Visits do not take place in the prisoner's cell, but in a special suite of rooms which insure privacy and which can be entered from outside the main prison.

According to Ixtapalapa's director, the sexual freedom permitted by this arrangement tends to minimize the disruption of family life, and decreases the abnormal pressures and tensions attributed to sexual starvation.

An even more advance program, one that has been in effect for years, is the

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policy at *Maria-Madre,* a Mexican penal island lying about sixty miles off Mexico's Pacific coast. The island—measuring about twelve miles long by about five wide—has no jails; the inmates live in unbarred cottages. The distinctive feature of Marie-Madre is that the prisoners may not only live with their wives, but with their children as well.

Contrary to what might be expected, the inmates on Maria-Madre have not been "hand-picked," with more dangerous types omitted. Many of the prisoners have committed murder for one reason or another, but their assimilation into the island's penal society has produced no major incidents. Penologists believe that the village-like atmosphere of the island, with the sight and sound of children playing and laughing, produces a salubrious mood, reduces the tensions so prevalent in most U.S. penitentiaries.

THE rules on Maria-Madre are uncomplicated. After a year of good behavior, a man is permitted to have his family and children come to the island for the remainder of his sentence. They live in their own cottage, and support of the family is maintained through the prisoner's work program. He may deal in services such as tailoring or barbering; or make shoes, pottery and other goods which are sold on the open market on the Mexican mainland.

"We are lucky here," is the modest statement of General Rafael Pedrajo, Maria-Madre's director. "We do not have the riots and hunger strikes that we hear take place in other prisons."

More than luck is involved, of course. And Maria-Madre's success may be judged by the number of inmates who attempt to escape. To date, the average escape effort checks in at the incredible low rate of one man every two years!

"A man does not live by bread alone," one Mexican penologist reminds us. "It all comes down to a matter of values. To feed and clothe a prisoner on the one hand, then starve him sexually, is a cruel contradiction, truly absurd. It reaps nothing but bitterness, and can well become the generating seed for further acts of crime."

Oddly enough, the only prison system in the United States today that grants both family furloughs and the conjugal visit, is Parchman Penitentiary in the State of Mississippi. The odd part is that Parchman, in previous days, sponsored the kind of penal methods U.S. penologists denounced almost to a man. In the past, discipline at Parchman was effected through the use of "Black Annies," monstrous whips that guards wielded on inmates for infractions of prison rules.

Under the current Parchman plan, as supervised by its newest director, Fred Jones, model prisoners may be visited by their wives with the couples sharing the privacy of cottages on the prison grounds during the allotted visiting period. As an extension of the conjugal visit, family furloughs are granted to prisoners having trustee status.

Parchman aside, the infliction of sexual starvation throughout the U.S. penal system produces a multitude of problems for both prisoners and prison authorities alike. Many of these problems begin to show up during the last months of a long-termer's sentence, when he developes what is known as "gate fever." Penologists define gate fever as a state of nerves brought on as the inmate dwells more and more on his approaching transition from an all male environment, to a society shared by women.

"I'm scared," an inmate may confess to the prison psychologist. "Put me in a room with a dame right now and I'd probably run."

"I'm going to make a real pig of myself," is another man's way of fighting a growing sense of uncertainty. "The first day I get out, I'm going to grab myself a real sexy broad, a hotel room, and say bye-bye world for a month of Sundays."

A third prisoner may remain tight-lipped. Perhaps he has succumbed to some form of sexual perversion during his time behind bars, considers himself apart, a member of the twilight society.

Prison medical and psychiatric staffs, short-handed as they are, do their best to cope with these problems. In England, they know they would be aided by a law which provides for a family furlough six months or less before a prisoner's release. It gives a man a chance to visit old haunts, establish a sense of belonging, makes his homecoming that much easier. But U.S. penologists have no such law to help them, and they have to go to work with what they've got.

Take the case of Roger Harris winding up a four-year stretch in a southwest pen for vehicular homicide as a result of drunken driving. In a way, Harris was set up pretty good. He had an understanding wife and a job waiting on the outside, giving him a start over most men on the way out. The only shaky area was his concern over the reunion with his wife.

"It isn't that I have any doubts about Ruth," he told his prison psychiatrist, "but the whole thing is going to happen so fast. All of a sudden, bingo, we're supposed to take up where we left off four years ago. As if nothing happened."

"Go slow," was the best and only advice the psychiatrist could give Harris. "You can make it. Others have."

Unfortunately, Harris couldn't. He tried to go easy, but during the first week home his long bottled-up urges ran riot and his sexual relations with his wife amounted to rape. His wife, repelled, instinctively began to hold back. Harris lost his temper and beat her up.

This could have landed him back in the clink, but his wife refused to press charges. They patched things up, and made another try, seeking the advice of a counselor in marital relations. It worked, for a while, but at a slow pace. When Harris resorted to some of his earlier, belligerent methods, his wife packed up and took off for parts unknown.

"It isn't a matter of trying to affix blame on either or both," says Harris' counselor in review. "If they'd had a chance of being with each other, even briefly, during his imprisonment, it might have made all the difference. This way they had grown apart."

MORE than forty years have passed since the famous American penologist, Thomas Matt Osborne, advocated reform in this all-important area. "In certain prisons outside the United States," Osborne wrote, "well-behaved convicts are allowed to spend an occasional visit with their families. Some such arrangement must eventually be made for long-term prisoners here . . ."

Decades have passed since those words were written. The problem is still here, still unresolved. Meanwhile, Osborne's views continue to be echoed.

In his speech before the National Committee for Crime Prevention and Correction, Dr. Richard D. Thiebolt, a consulting prison psychiatrist, cautioned against the general apathy in those areas where penal reform is urgently needed:

"The need for some kind of family furlough is not a move to pamper

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prisoners," Dr. Thiebolt pointed out, "but a step in saving marriages and family life in a sector too long neglected."

Penologists, the men who have made the subject of prisons their life work, are generally agreed that reforms throughout the U.S. penal system are long overdue. They have differences, of course, but in method and degree rather than in principle. One thing, they do not plead a relaxed sexual code for case-hardened criminals or sex offenders, but mainly for those inmates who have run afoul of the law through ignorance or human weakness, rather than by intent.

The shame and inequities that exist behind prison walls are denounced by the prisons' own administrators who must govern the men in their charge by the rules laid down. In his book, *20,000 Years In Sing Sing,* Warden Lewis E. Lawes, the institution's former celebrated and respected chief, made himself clear on this point: "Judges trained in the law," Lawes wrote, "having to do with legal precedents or technical rules of procedure, simply do not understand prison management."

Surprisingly enough, jurists themselves have supported Lawes' views and have gone even further in pronouncing judgment against their own failures. Superior Judge William R. McKay, presiding judge of Los Angeles' Criminal Court, labeled U.S. prisons a "complete failure," then went on to indict "police, judicial and penal bodies as a thorough disgrace."

Despite this prevailing mood, however, there is a strong body of opposition to the broad changes requested by those advocating reforms. To a great extent, the opposition comes from the general public – and not ultraconservatism bluenoses either. Ask the average citizen how he feels about giving sex privileges to prisoners and he's likely to be against it. Not that he's vindictive, but because he seriously believes that sex privileges don't mix with punishment for having done wrong; if allowed, he feels the purpose of prisons would become meaningless.

"Even when they offer rehabilitation," says Giles Playfair, co-author of two books on penal problems, "our prisons exist primarily to punish." Admittedly, the penologists have gone far afield from this view, but the general public hasn't.

"Let's face it," a liberal New England state senator commented in an off-the-cuff interview. "When the public has a beef, they let us know loud and clear. And if they really felt strongly on prison reform, they would have gotten the message through to us long before this. And there's something else too. Reform costs money. Can you imagine the howl if we proposed to build prison cottages for visiting wives, when county X has been yammering their heads off for years for a new road or a home for old folks?"

The senator's point is well taken. Reform can only come through action.

The picture, however, is not all black. There have been modest reforms since the end of WW II, and a steady increase in prisons that attempt to "treat," rather than punish. But even in these newest, model institutions sexual starvation is still the rule.

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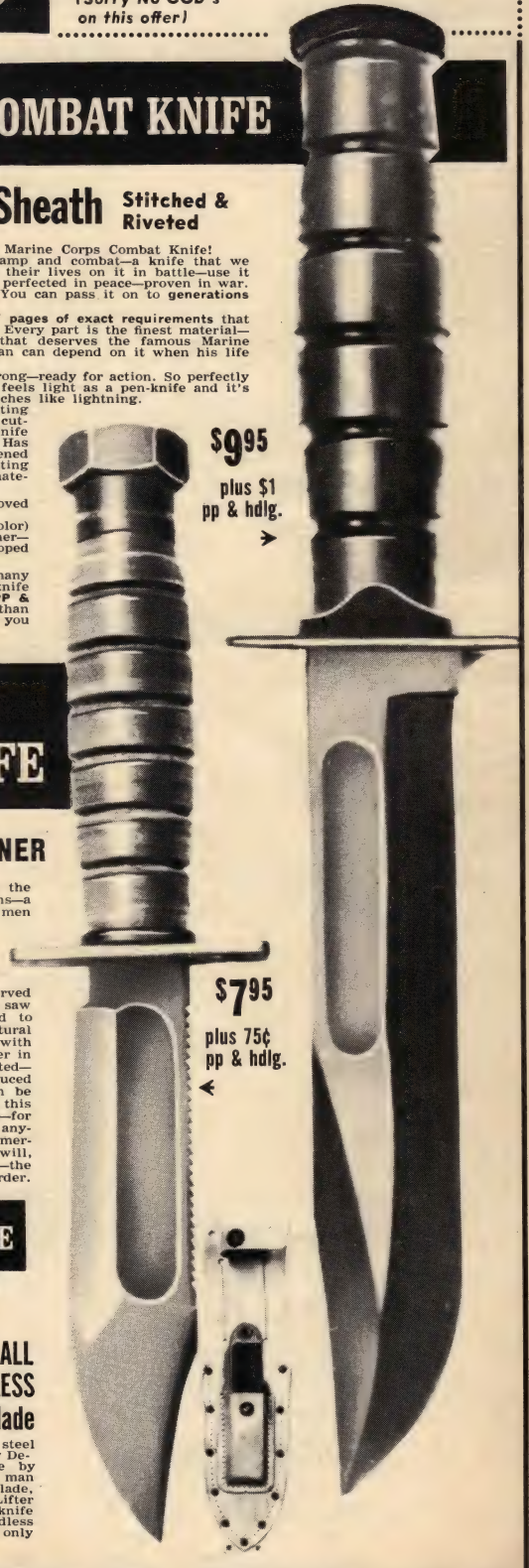

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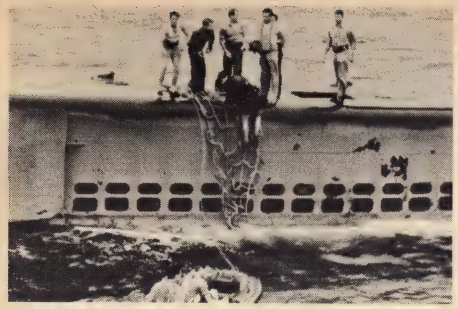

MIRACLE SUB RESCUE

Continued from page 39

The set of the tide was stronger than Cook anticipated. By the time he was outside the farthest breakers, sweat was rolling down his back. He shifted his taut body for better positioning and dug in with every ounce of strength. The breakers were steep and the boat careened violently. By the time it was out of the surf's pull, Cook was soaked and the little craft almost full of water. Wearily, the ensign flung himself out of the boat, dragged it by the towline through the wash to the beach.

For a few moments, Cook crouched at the water's edge breathing hard, trying to get his bearings. He swiveled around and looked at the dark silhouette of the *Searaven* beyond the line of breakers. Only her superstructure showed. Cook thought of the warm control room. Then his mind spun back to the problem of the moment. He had only 75 minutes, from start to finish, to find 33 Australians who'd been stranded on Timor since the Japs came.

Cook jerked the Colt out and began walking. Directly in front of him was a high dune, the top fringed by the jungle. He sucked in his breath and started up. At the top, he pulled out his compass and stood watching the flickering needle for a reciprocal direction. Then he began his search for the Australians.

It was fully fifteen minutes, moving through dense underbrush and jungle vines, before Cook saw anything. When he did, he made just one mistake: he turned on his flashlight and poked the beam upward to shine on his face. About forty feet from where he stood, a group of a dozen Australians were sitting around a campfire. Cook shouted:

"Hey, you guys! Let's go! I'm an American submarine officer—"

Instantly, the ragged band of men scattered. Cook searched around. Nothing. No one. Despondent and frustrated, he backtracked to the beach and his boat. After paddling twenty minutes, he came alongside the submarine, took a line and swung aboard. He reported to the bridge:

"I found a bunch of scary guys sitting at a campfire," he told the skipper. "When they saw me, they hightailed it out of there."

Cassedy expressed neither surprise nor anger. Dismissing the obviously disappointed young ensign for the moment, he spat out the orders that reversed the submarine and sent her running for deep water on four main engines. It had been a good try that simply didn't pay off, but it was only the first try. They would be back, Cassedy told the Exec. He vowed to return as many nights as were necessary, and his men knew that he would. By then, George Carlton Cook was down below in the wardroom, wearing dry khakis and waiting for an informal interrogation by his CO over black coffee.

The third war patrol for *Searaven* was the first for young Cook. In January, after a mission to Corregidor, Cassedy torpedoed his first ship—a 5,600 ton freighter off Manila. Then came more "specials missions" despite Cassedy's belligerent requests to go to war. He wanted to fire fish and not being permitted to do so, until these missions were completed, became a hard man on his junior officers. And that included Ensign Cook.

Cook came aboard in Australia, a tall, sinewy kid, fresh out of Massachusetts Nautical School, with a gaunt expression and deep-set blue eyes. He told the skipper of the *Searaven* that he didn't particularly care what jobs were tossed to him, just so long as he had a chance to fight. Cassedy took him at his word.

Cook's seagoing background in the Merchant Marine made him uniquely valuable as an ensign. He was able to stand a watch at sea, as well as fill the odious duty of commissary and assistant engineering officer. Whatever there was to be done, young Cook did it and happily. When the rescue of the stranded 33 Aussies from the beach at Timor came up, Cassedy had his man . . .

The captain's interrogation in the wardoom was brief and informal. Cook told his story and Cassedy made pertinent notes, after which the skipper dismissed the ensign from all duties for the day and told him to get two volunteers to help out in the evening when *Searaven* surfaced again. Cook was disappointed, but he understood Cassedy's position.

"What kind of men?" he asked glumly.

"Single and strong," Cassedy said tersely. "If we don't get these Aussies, we'll never get out on war patrol!"

"That's all, Captain?"

"Yeah," Cassedy grunted. "And next time don't shout. Just walk up to 'em. You can't blame those guys for being jittery."

All day the submarine remained submerged, lying off the coast along the sealanes. Nothing steamed by. Cook killed time first by sleeping, then going forward to the torpedo room and looking over his prospective volunteers. After dark, when the *Searaven* surfaced and ran in to the coast of Timor, George Carlton Cook made his choice: a torpedoman striker named C. L. Cook and John Marion, a soundman second class. Both men were thoroughly briefed and outfitted. Then, with Cook, they reported to the captain.

"No shouting, no noise of any kind," Cassedy told them. "Find those guys and bring 'em back . . ."

At 11:45 P.M., the submarine hove to off the breakers. Again lookouts in the shears reported no sign of life on the beach. Cook and his volunteers were called to the bridge. The three men took their final instructions and went down to the main deck to board the rubber boat. Marion took the stern seat, Carl Cook the bow, and the ensign grabbed the paddles.

They were parallel to the beach and just outside the breakers when George Cook said: "There was a good surf running last night and there's a good one again. If we spill out of the boat, try to grab a rung and hold on—the pull will drag you down—"

Then the rubber boat was suddenly bouncing over the crest of the first wave. The rise was almost vertical and the descent was just as bad. The second was worse and the third did it. A long wave that broke prematurely, it tipped the little rubber boat and sent its occupants sprawling into the wash. But the three men came up feet first and, holding fast to the rungs, managed to get firm footing and be pushed to the shallows. Sopping wet, they dragged the rubber boat into the shadows on the beach.

Ensign Cook whispered: "The jungle's up the dune, that's where I saw 'em. Ready now?"

THE two sailors nodded and George Cook swiveled around. Two minutes later, the three men stood at the edge of the jungle. The ensign watched the needle of his compass, then remarked softly:

"From now on, you're on your own. Be back here in twenty-five minutes. That's all the time that we're allowed."

He took the center position; Marion and C. L. Cook, the flanks. They spaced out at 100 yards and at a signal (the ensign whistled softly) started walking inland. George Carlton Cook knew his responsibility well. This time he had no intention of letting the Aussies run away. If anybody did the running, he swore, it was going to be him chasing the stranded men.

Bulling his way through the jungle brush, Cook stumbled on a narrow trail and decided to follow it inland. At the spot where he'd come across the campsite the night before, there was nobody, nothing. He stooped and risked detection by shining his light for a second over the cold, charred wood. Then he began walking again.

He was perspiring fiercely and swatting clouds of mosquitoes that followed him through the deadwood. Ever so often, he'd stop and listen. Off in the distance, his two men were searching around and once in a while he'd hear one slap at the mosquitoes. Other than that there was nothing, no evidence that anyone, Japanese included, was anywhere around. But the jungle was all embracing and secretive. It wasn't until Cook had covered a couple of miles that the jungle let down its barriers sufficiently for him to hear movement.

He heard it from a long distance and he crouched, gun up, waiting. He waited a precious five minutes and then slowly began walking again. The brush ahead crackled abruptly as someone tread softly on dead wood. Cook jumped back into the bushes, took the Colt off safety, and sucked in his breath.

Instinct told him that whoever was approaching was not a Japanese and not one of his men backtracking. He put the safety back on and reversed the gun, squinting along the faintly moonlit trail until he saw the outline of a man. Cook pulled back his arm and cocked it. The man came on slowly, as if listening to his every step. When he was nearly parallel, Cook stopped breathing and waited to see the shadowed face. He let his breath out in a

wild rush of air and the man swiveled frantically.

"Hold it, mister!" Cook hissed. "I'm not about to chase you guys tonight."

The Australian was an officer, tall, cadaverous. He stammered: *"W-who are you?"*

"The same guy who found you last night, kobber." Cook emerged from the bushes and extended his hand. "George Carlton Cook from the submarine *Searaven*. Now, please, for Crissakes, where the hell are your men?"

"Gitt. Lieutenant L. B. Gitt, Australian Army," the other said automatically. "The men are on the other side of the lagoon."

"How far?"

"Mile or two, the most."

"Let's go — *run*, Lieutenant! We've got just so much time on the beach."

Gitt ran.

Leading the way along a trail glutted with deadfalls, the Australian raced straightaway for his camp with Cook following. Twelve of the precious 25 minutes had elapsed by the time the Australian stopped, wheezing and holding up one bony hand.

"They're probably tucked away in the trees," he grinned. "You know, old man, you can hear a long way in this jungle—"

"What happens now?" Cook asked impatiently.

The Aussie shoved two fingers between his lips and whistled long and low. He let five seconds elapse and repeated the identification process. Then he said: "Come on, Yank. Nobody'll cut your throat now."

The two men walked through a seemingly impenetrable wall of vines and into a darkened clearing. There, the rest of the 33 Australians came out and surrounded Cook and pumped his hand warmly.

"No questions now, gents," Cook hissed. "We have to make that beach in twelve minutes."

"We've got several sick men!" somebody whispered.

Cook stared over the ragged band and nodded. "Okay!" he snapped. "Carry 'em!"

Then he turned on his heel, motioning for Gitt to lead the way out. Carrying their sick and wounded in litters hacked from the jungle, the caravan of half-starved Australians—the remnants of the garrison at Timor—arrived at the beach in the allotted time. Cook hadn't given any thought to their transportation to the submarine, but as the 33 of them (and the two assisting sailors who had returned by now) grouped silently around the rubber boat, the ensign devised a plan: first out would be the litter cases, shuttled back and forth until all had reached safety, then the rest of them would leave by boat through the surf.

STRIPPING off his sweat-soaked shirt, Cook swiveled around to Gitt and muttered: "You jump in and paddle. The rest of us will get these basket cases in around you. I'll swim alongside."

Gitt protested, "You're liable to get killed."

Cook said, "I doubt it. Anyway, if we ever get to the sub somebody's got to bring the boat back."

The first of three litter cases was placed gently aboard. The Aussie lieutenant climbed in and the boat was launched. Cook removed his trousers and dropped them on the sand. He nodded. Eager hands walked the rub-

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ber boat and its occupants to deep water. Nobody had mentioned the likelihood of being discovered by Japanese soldiers, but the thought was present in everyone's mind, particularly Cook's.

Carl Cook had waded to deep water with the ensign and now he stood beside the young officer in the chest-high water, worried for the safety of the Australians.

"Want me to swim alongside too?" he asked.

The ensign shook his head. "No, you get the hell back to the beach and form some kind of guard. Tell the Aussie's they'll have to protect themselves if the Japs show."

"MISTER Cook," the torpedoman doggedly said, "you can use some help yourself. Please let me go along!"

"No dice. Get the hell back!"

Overhead, low-scudding clouds raced across the path of dim moonlight and shielded, for a moment, the movement of men through the surf. Then the clouds drifted by. Cook, breast-stroking through the first wave, his left hand holding the boat, took a mouthful of water when the wave broke prematurely, but doggedly forged ahead. Gitt, midships in the boat, dug in the paddles.

Cold sea thundered over Cook's head from every direction as the little boat twisted and veered crazily in the troughs. Over his shoulder, the ensign could see the emaciated Australian grimly working his paddles. Over his shoulder, too, Cook could see the knot of men on the beach watching anxiously as the rubber boat bounced in the seaway.

The second and third waves of this first trip to *Searaven* were uniformly difficult. Cook fought the pull of the surf until his right arm felt like it would fall off, then reversed his hold and led the craft from the opposite swimming position. At last the rubber boat was out of the surf.

"Out there! All right?" Gitt called.

Cook nodded weakly and resumed the lead. Five minutes later the rubber boat was chafing against the submarine and hands were gently lifting the Australians aboard. Cook told a Chief Gunner's Mate:

"Tell the old man I need all the time I can get. They're on the beach now—all of 'em."

Grabbing a limber hole, George Cook pulled himself into the rubber boat. Without other delay, except to catch his breath, Cook paddled through the surf. He repeated the process until only four Australians and his own men, C. L. Cook and Marion, were left on the beach.

Commander Cassedy had stretched the ensign's time ashore to get all the stranded men back to the submarine, but now streaks of gray were beginning to show in the eastern sky, and Cassedy had passed the word that *Searaven* could only wait for one last trip. Cook had to get them all now or else wait for another night.

Standing on the beach with the six men, Cook explained that the Americans would swim beside the boat while the four Australians paddled. Stripped to his waist, Cook glared at the surf. A wind had come up with the change of tide and the waves had suddenly heightened.

"We'll never make it through there, Mister Cook," Marion muttered. "It was bad enough before, but now it's damned near impossible."

"I know," Cook conceded. "But we've got to try, if we don't want to get stranded here."

Among the Australians, it was a tossup who was strong enough to control the passage of the boat. A man named Sibley, a sergeant, grunted, "I'm weak as water, but I'm stronger than my men. Give me the paddles, sir."

Cook didn't argue. "Hop in. Take the midships thwart. The rest of you men squeeze around. Shift your weight for balance. Let's go."

Pulled by the three Americans into deep water, the heavily burdened craft bobbed precariously in the wash. Sibley dug the paddles in, but the pull of the tide had grown proportionately more severe as it had increased to full. The boat was going nowhere fast; if anything, it was going backwards!

Cook grunted: "Sibley! Keep those guns handy and *paddle!*"

The three Americans had shed their weapons. They were deposited now in the lap of the Aussie sergeant. A shout came from the darkened beach. Sibley saw an enemy sentry pointing from the top of the dune. The bone-chilling spectacle was further enlivened by other shouts and then gun flashes.

"Paddle! For Chrissake paddle!" Cook yelled, gripping the bow ringbolt and tugging with every ounce of strength in his aching body. More frenzied shouts came from the beach. Looking around, Cook saw Japanese soldiers racing toward the water's edge. Yellow flashes of gunfire stabbed toward the little boat as it darted into the first wave.

Bullets smacking the water sent up small geysers around the submariners. Cook only had a glimpse of the Japanese soldiers lined up along the beach. The ensign's head was hit a glancing blow by the rubber boat as it careened wildly off a wave, and he slipped under, dazed, swallowing water. The boat bumped him again as he came up. He pushed to move it aside, but the motion of the sea held it over him.

Swimming underwater, his lungs straining, Cook bobbed to the surface astern of the two other American sailors and shouted hoarsely for Sibley to dig in. Then the other swimmers grabbed the ensign and forced his hands onto a ringbolt. It was more than a minute before his head cleared and he could swim again. By now the Japs were firing in earnest, and the boat was entering another set of waves.

Behind the swimmers, Japanese soldiers were running into the water, wading chest-deep for more accurate firing. Bullets whined around Sibley, alternately paddling and firing back. As quick as one of the guns was empty, Sibley threw it overboard and grabbed another. His firing counted heavily. Screams of agony fused with shouts of exhortation from the shore.

Abruptly, a .25 caliber rifle bullet tore into Sibley's throat. He gagged silently and slumped over, losing a paddle. Instantly the sea caught the rubber boat and flipped it over. Cook dived underwater as a body bumped against him. He grabbed a shirt, took the man in a cross-chest carry, brought the man to the surface.

"Hold on! Hold on and you'll help me, soldier!" Cook shouted.

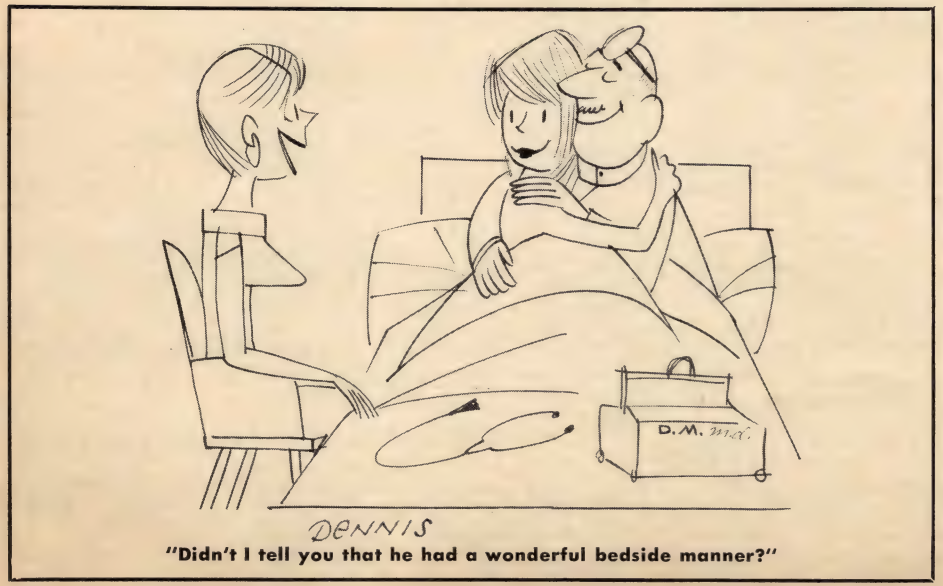
There were other screams of instruction as the U.S. Navy men helped the Australians. The group, minus Sibley, worked its way through the third set of waves and pushed out weakly through the rim of the surf.

ON the deck of the submarine, a machine gun suddenly began spitting at the beach. Japanese soldiers twisted around, raced for the safety of the upper dune. It was all over, except for the backbreaking job of getting the Australians aboard. Willing hands relieved Ensign Cook and his two exhausted men of this job.

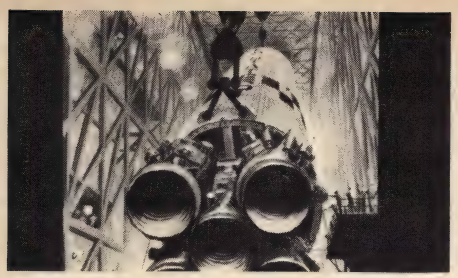
Searaven was underway as Cook flopped weakly on the deck and tried to grab a stanchion. He fell back and was helped to his feet, then raced with the others to the safety of the hatch. Sporadic shots from the beach fell wide of the little knot of men on the main deck. Cook grinned weakly at his two volunteers and the three men went below. Number of men rescued: 32.

Ensign George Carlton Cook was the man of the hour aboard the *Searaven*. Commander Cassedy showed his appreciation of the success of the mission with more than a well done speech. Cook received the Navy Cross for extraordinary heroism when the submarine arrived in Fremantle at the end of the patrol. Then the *Searaven* went back to sea and sank ships.

Cook was all for that. After Timor, conventional torpedo warfare was a piece of cake. ◆◆◆



"Didn't I tell you that he had a wonderful bedside manner?"



SPACE ISLAND, U.S.A.

Continued from page 35

blast equal to one million pounds of TNT! Sound accompanying the rocket's seven and a half million pounds of thrust could also prove dangerous, even deadly, within a certain range. Therefore, launch pads with safety buffer zones stretching from three and a half to seven miles out are needed. Such room is unavailable at the already crowded Cape.

OTHER disadvantages of using today's launch concepts for tomorrow's rockets include the length of time each "bird" ties up its pad. It normally takes a couple of months for prelaunch checkout, another month for post-flight pad rehabilitation at a Saturn-size complex. This means there can only be a maximum of four shots a year.

In the past, all launch facilities have been designed strictly for research and development programs. At an operational spaceport, however, manned spaceflight projects of the future call for much more frequent launches and demand more flexibility, for such missions as rendezvous in space.

Under the mobile concept, four rockets can be assembled at the same time in one huge building; and with a master control center at a safe distance from the pads, in place of today's on-site blockhouses, the launch rate could increase to a maximum of 32 flights a year, if necessary. Once the admittedly costly initial expense of the mobile facilities has been borne, the eventual overall savings will gladden even the most grumbling taxpayer's heart.

The whole Merritt Island complex is designed, too, to support projects after the lunar landing has been made. Although no further specific goals have as yet been set, orbiting laboratories, shuttle runs to the moon, and manned interplanetary journeys of several months duration are all under serious study. Whichever road the U.S. decides to take in space, the flight will begin from launch pads built up from the sandy Florida soil.

Merritt Island, long noted for its oversized oranges, grapefruit, mosquitoes and little else, was selected over Cumberland Island—off the south Georgia coast—after a thorough, world-wide geographic study for a number of reasons. One of the most important was its proximity to the 9,000-mile space tracking network which runs from Cape Kennedy, down the Atlantic Missile Range, around the southern tip of Africa and into the Indian Ocean.

Once the site was approved, the biggest land buying boom since the Florida real estate bonanza of the 1920s was on. Within a few months, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), the agency committed to land Americans on the moon this decade, bought nearly 88,000 acres of land on Merritt Island – a tract six times the size of Cape Kennedy. NASA then began placing, through the Army Corps of Engineers, construction orders for a scientific city of approximately fifty major buildings, plus two football-field-size launch pads. The spaceport's total price tag will run somewhere between 750 million and $1 billion. In 1964 alone, $285 million has been allotted for construction.

ABOUT half of the workmen are concentrating on what will be known as Merritt Island's industrial area. Here, a complex of buildings—enough to house

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an eventual population of several thousand full-time space employees – is rapidly taking shape. Ground was broken over a year ago. Within weeks, Manned Spacecraft Center workers will begin the move from Cape Kennedy to Merritt Island's eight-million-dollar Operations and Checkout building. They will share these quarters with astronauts, who will transfer from their Houston headquarters to Merritt Island when preparing for a flight. Gemini and Apollo spacecraft will also be checked out in the O & C building before being mated to their booster rockets.

OTHER support service buildings and facilities–from administrative offices to fuel storage areas, and including all utilities needed to maintain such a complex–are also under development. The space city will even have its own bank and post office.

The other half of the construction crews are busy at launch complex 39, about six miles north of the industrial area. By far the dominating structure at this site–in fact, the hub of all future launch operations–will be the imagination-defying Vertical Assembly Building (VAB).

Inside the environmentally-controlled VAB, erection and complete checkout of the multi-stage Saturn V will take place, safe from wind, rain, and the corrosive effects of sea spray.

It is somewhat ironic that the giant booster rockets, which will climb spaceward at speeds of several thousand miles per hour, will arrive at Merritt Island via one of man's slowest and most ancient means of transportation: barge. It will take the rocket only 72 hours to reach the moon, but three times that long to get to the launching area from its manufacturing site near New Orleans.

Barges will come into a special access basin practically at the VAB's front door. Trailer trucks will take the rockets into the building where they will be placed, upright, on a 5,000-ton piece of structural steel known as the Launcher Umbilical Tower, or LUT. It is on this 450-foot tower that the second and third stages of the rockets, flown in from West Coast factories, will be placed atop the boosters, like so many giant blocks. The final piece of hardware to be fitted will be the three-man Apollo spacecraft.

There is no adequate way, by means of comparison, to measure the size of the VAB, for it will be the largest building in total area in the world. At a height of 524 feet, it will be the tallest structure south of the Washington Monument. Its fantastic dimensions, 524 feet tall, 674 feet long and 513 feet wide, will enclose more space–125 million cubic feet–than the Great Pyramid Cheops. A Pentagon and a half could be placed in the finished VAB.

The foundation alone covers more than seven and a half acres. A quarter-million cubic yards of fill were piled onto the building site months before construction began, so the enormous weight would compact the subgrade. When the fill was removed, enough concrete to build more than a thousand average homes was poured into the foundation. Under it are 4,225 steel tubes which were pile-driven 170 feet down into the marshy soil until they lodged securely in solid bedrock. These pilings laid end to end would stretch from Cape Kennedy clear across the state of Florida to Tampa. More than 50,000 tons of structural steel–enough for 30,000 cars–is now being trucked to Merritt Island to build the VAB's framework.

Naturally, with a building of such unparalleled size, a number of unusual architectural problems had to be overcome. The very shape of the VAB, for instance, would seem to make it react like an overgrown box kite in strong winds, and Florida is vulnerable to hurricanes for nearly six months of the year. Designers solved this potential problem by anchoring the foundation onto the deep-driven pilings. Tied down this way, the building will sway as much as six inches in a hurricane-force wind, but will be able to safely withstand gusts up to 125 mph.

Inside, ways had to be found not only to get at and work on the rockets–many hundreds of feet tall–but to provide air-conditioned and dust-free areas. The VAB will have enough air-conditioning apparatus to cool the Empire State Building.

Four-and-a-half-acre doors have been designed for passage of the fully-assembled Saturn Vs. Inside the oversized doors, giant 250-ton cranes with a remarkably refined, super-sensitive control system will hoist multi-ton rocket stages into place without swaying more than 1/32nd of an inch off line. The entire building will, in fact, be crammed with cranes and elevators –141 lifting devices in all.

It will take about three months to put the massive intricate moon rockets together inside the VAB, but four of them can be worked on simultaneously. After the Saturn V booster is transported into the VAB's high bay area, the giant cranes will hoist it to a vertical position, then move it to the LUT, where it will be securely clamped in place by powerful hold-down arms. The LUT's platform, a two-story steel structure larger than a baseball diamond, is designed to withstand the temperatures, stress and dynamic loading imposed on it during checkout and launch.

When work on the Saturn V is done, the flight-ready rocket on its LUT will be transported to the launch pad area by a squat, five-and-a-half-million-pound crawler-transporter, described as the largest land vehicle on Earth. With a main drive system of two diesel electric generators providing 5,600 horsepower, the self-propelled vehicle moves on four double-tracked crawlers. It has hydraulic jacking pads on 90-foot centers. In operation, it slips under the Saturn V and LUT platform, and its hydraulic jacks lift the tower from its pedestals.

The three-mile trip to the launch pad, at a maximum speed of one mph, will be made over a specially-built crawlerway. The transfer will be equivalent to moving a 45-story building. Geological studies confirmed that soil conditions at Merritt Island were such that the ground would give way instantly under the fully-loaded weight – 17½ million pounds – of a crawler-transporter.

To prepare the roadbed for such loads, great derricks scooped out tons of soupy sludge, then packed the route with highly compacted fill which will be topped by three feet of crushed rock and two parallel prime-coat strips of pavement set on 90-foot centers. When completed, the crawlerway will be the strongest–and least traveled–highway in the world. It will compare, in width, to the New Jersey turnpike.

The first assembled Saturn Vs will move due east over the crawlerway to Launch Complex 39's Pad A, a few hundred yards from the Atlantic and about five miles north of the Cape Kennedy launch areas used by Project Mercury astronauts.

An 80-foot-tall, three-layer mountain of sand–four-and-a-half million cubic yards of it–has been piled up at Pad A. By the time it is compressed, it will stand about 48 feet above sea level. A steel flame deflector will be placed beneath the center of the pad to help disperse the fiery thrust the Saturn V will belch at lift-off.

Once the rocket has arrived at the pad it will take about a week to run through final checkouts and then the countdown. While this is going on, the vehicle will be flanked by the LUT and a forty-story-tall Arming Tower.

Eight umbilical swing arms, extending from the LUT like muscular steel tentacles from a giant octopus, will carry electrical, pneumatic and propellant lifelines to the vehicle. When the moon rocket is gassed up and ready to go, the three astronauts will cross a 68-foot swing-arm walkway, high up in the LUT, to enter their Apollo capsule.

The Arming Tower carries an assortment of solid-fueled rockets, explosive charges, and other pyrotechnic items essential to the mission–to be used in the launch escape system, for retrograde propulsion on return to Earth, and for stage separation. These items will be affixed to the Saturn V at the pad, rather than inside the VAB, for safety reasons. The Arming Tower will be withdrawn from the pad at T-minus seven hours, and parked a safe distance away.

Almost 3,000 tons of kerosene, liquid oxygen, and liquid hydrogen will be pumped into the Saturn V's cavernous tanks, and at T-minus four hours in the countdown, the astronauts will enter their craft.

It will take the rocket's booster engines two and a half minutes to push the heavy rocket forty miles up, before they burn out. Then, second stage engines take over. They will accelerate the vehicle to 150,000 mph before dropping off 115 miles up, nine minutes after lift-off. A partial burn of the third stage will nudge the astronauts into orbit where they will half circle the Earth while final checkouts are made.

From a drifting, "parking" orbit, the spacecraft will be propelled into its trans-lunar trajectory at a speed of 25,600 mph. Once this has been done, the job of thousands of ground-based launch operations and support workers at Merritt Island will have been completed. Responsibility for the rest of the flight–and the hopes and prayers of an admiring world of dreamers–will then rest with three lonely men, enroute to the moon in that vast and virtually unknown void called space.

SUCH a mission, as awesome and unbelievable as it may seem, is just a few short years away. It may come as early as 1968 or 1969.

It is perhaps an ironic footnote that the master lunar landing timetable–which is progressing on schedule–has been paced not by scientific or technological problems, but by the necessity for massive assembly and test facilities on the ground.

Thus, in a very real sense, the road to the moon is paved with bricks, steel and concrete here on Earth–at Merritt Island, America's spaceport. ◆◆◆

LAST CANNIBAL TRIBE

Continued from page 32

stretched again into the shape of a human face and become one of the grisly masks Laka wore when conducting tribal rites.

The skull of the Yarabo chief also received the witch doctor's attention. He ran a thin, strong piece of liana vine through the eye sockets, looping the end. The skull would become a *pehuenche-wa*, a charm against evil forest spirits. Like other skulls taken in raids, it would dangle from one of the trees surrounding the Guatinga village.

By the time Laka returned to the roasting pit, the others were gorging themselves greedily upon half-raw chunks of flesh.

Quiet gradually descended upon the river bank as the Guatingas ate themselves into torpor. As dawn came, they fell into a heavy sleep, their bellies bloated.

Not until late in the day did they awaken and squat in the river, scooping up water with open hands, expertly throwing it into their open mouths. When the yellow moon rose again above the rounded summits of the Serra do Norte, Auma led them back into the forest and the mountains that were their home....

Some weeks later, a sertanejo named Francisco Mello pulled his piragua ashore at the Yarabo village, intending to camp on the river bank for the night. A veteran *garimpeiro*—diamond prospector — Mello was traveling south along the upper Juruena from Barracao do Barreto. As usual, he carried several sacks of salt in his piragua, highly prized by river Indians. There was always a possibility that one of the Indians had found a gem topaz, tourmaline, aquamarine, or a valuable rose diamond and would trade.

WHEN Mello stepped ashore, shortly before twilight, he was struck by the ominous silence hanging over the village. At this hour of the day, children should have been splashing in the shallows; the smoke of cooking fires should have been rising above the clearing.

Approaching the village, Mello halted abruptly at the sight of the skeletons of several children. Armies of voracious pagi ants had finished whatever the glutted sopilotes, the buzzard-like scavengers of the Mato Grosso, had left. The clean-picked bones were bleached by the sun.

"Holy Mother of God!" Mello muttered and crossed himself.

Shortly afterward he came upon the roasting pit. Ashes, pieces of charred wood, and fire-blackened bones, with other bones scattered about, gave undeniable evidence of what had taken place. Mello had witnessed violent death in many forms. He was not a man who was easily shaken, but this scene of abysmal savagery sickened him. He lost no time in retreating to his piragua.

Several days later, Mello arrived at the town of Santa Isabel. He reported his gruesome discovery to the local authorities and they forwarded the information to the Ministry of the Interior in Brasilia. This was not the first report which Dr. Raymundo Carvalho, in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, had received about cannibalism among Indians of the upper Juruena. Fully half a dozen other sertanejos had reported it from time to time. So had the noted anthropologist, Harald Schultz of the Museu Paulista of Sao Paulo, whose studies of remote tribes in the Mato Grosso were aided by the National Geographic Society. And so had Reverend Johann Dornstauder, Austrian Jesuit missionary, stationed in the river village of Utiari.

Several of these reports described the discovery of burned human remains at primitive roasting pits or fire sites on the river banks. No case was more shocking than that detailed by Francisco Mello in an account published by newspapers early in July, 1963.

No one read these newspaper reports with greater interest than Arthur J. Warren, 32, an American anthropolo-

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gist who had made a study of cannibalism among ancient South American tribes, and who believed with many other anthropologists and ethnologists that the practice had been extinct for at least a century.

Warren had conducted extensive field research in the Andean Cordillera of Chile, where at one time cannibalism had been particularly prevalent among the Araucanians. He had also been on two expeditions to the Pijao country of the southern Colombian highlands, to a tribe once equally notorious for eating human flesh.

Both tribes had been comparatively "civilized" despite their practice of cannibalism. As early as the 16th century, they were in contact with Spanish explorers, who were amazed by their knowledge of gold and copper smelting, their expertness at cutting metals by abrasion, their craftsmanship in weaving and pottery making.

EARLY Spanish historians made it evident that the Araucanians and Pijaos—as was the case with other, lesser known tribes which practiced cannibalism—ate human flesh as a ritual. For the most part, their victims were enemy warriors killed or captured in battle. With the passing of the years, the practice gradually diminished; by the 19th century, it had virtually ceased among all known tribes.

What struck Warren as significant about the mysterious Guatingas was that their sole objective in raiding river villages was cannibalism. They did not plunder; they ignored trade machetes, salt, cooking utensils, and other supplies of value of semi-civilized tribes. They stole no women and took no male captives.

"All evidence appears to indicate that the Guatingas are still living a Stone Age existence and are probably the most primitive tribe on the continent," Warren remarked to Dr. Carvalho when they conferred in Brasilia in mid-July.

Dr. Carvalho agreed. He was reluctant, however, to sanction an expedition into the Serra do Norte proposed by Warren to study the Guatingas. It was much too dangerous, he said.

Warren is a determined and quietly stubborn man. When his request for official permission for an expedition was turned down, he obtained a prospector's permit from the Ministry of the Interior—with the unofficial aid of Dr. Carvalho who also helped him to enlist the services of Francisco Mello as an assistant and guide for "diamond prospecting."

Warren and Mello flew to the airport town of Jacareacanga where Warren hired a second sertanejo, Alfredo Perez, 28, and rented an outboard motor-driven piragua. On August 2nd, they set out on the Juruena for the Yarabo village which had been the scene of the massacre. From there Warren hoped to track the Guatingas to their lair in the sinister Serra do Norte.

It was familiar country to the sertanejos. The Juruena, running between low, undulating hills, is flanked by banks of reddish mud. Pink-flowering lapachos, overshadowed by moriche, chonta, and other species of palm line its banks, occasionally yielding to clearings of lush grass. There was abundant bird life which seemed little disturbed by the drone of the piragua's outboard.

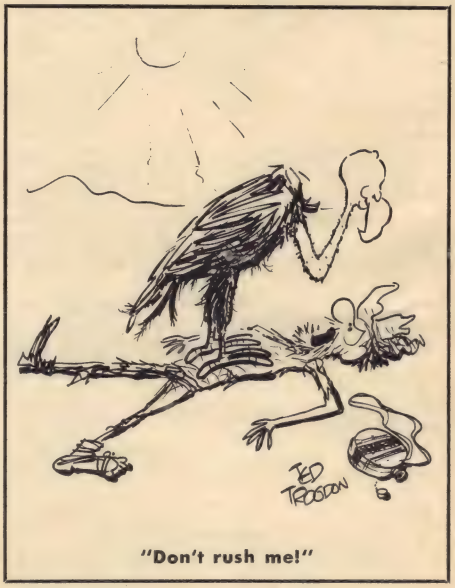
The river itself was noisily astir with scarlet ibises, jacanas, teal duck and geese which took off with slow deliberation as the piragua approached. Jabiros—great marabou storks—eyed the craft with calm dignity and did not fly at all.

The sun was a brassy ball of fire, reflecting furnace-like heat from the river. Long accustomed to travel in the tropics, Warren pushed on all day. At twilight, when they made camp on the river bank, the animal life of the Matto Grosso was more in evidence: Deer, capybara, and wild pigs came down to the water's edge to drink until frightened away by prowling jungle cats—*tigres,* ocelot, and jaguarundi.

Day by day the undulating hills rose in height until they formed mountain ranges on both sides of the river. The three travelers came to the empty Yarabo village, pulled the piragua up on the bank, and Mello led the way to the clearing.

There were no human bones lying about. Mello explained that after he had reported the massacre, the provincial police had buried the remains in a moccon grave. The crude roasting pit, however, was still there. Eyeing it, Warren suppressed a shudder.

Early the next morning, they made



"Don't rush me!"

up back packs from the supplies they had brought with them, and checked their weapons. Warren had the Winchester Standard .270 he habitually carried on expeditions. It was his favorite rifle, one he considered satisfactory both for hunting and protection. Mello and Perez, he noted, beside carrying the inevitable machetes, had buckled on gunbelts with open-holstered .38s. Neither would dream of leaving the comparative safety of the river for the bush country without guns.

"These Guatinga are nothing but wild beasts," Mello said grimly, and Perez nodded in silent agreement.

Having seen the roasting pit, Warren was not inclined to argue the point.

On the far side of the village they discovered a narrow, well-worn trail through the thick forest, winding in the direction of the Serra do Norte. It was, obviously, a hunting trail that had been made by Yarabos.

"The Guatingas probably used this when they attacked the village," Warren suggested.

"Most certainly, señhor," said Mello. "They would take the easiest approach to the clearing."

Perez led the way among the trees. Approximately three-quarters of a mile from the clearing, the trail ended abruptly at the foot of a 60-foot cliff of jumbled rock pitted by crevices and small caves. No formidable obstacle, the cliff was topped by a wide, grassy ledge which formed the base of another cliff. Still further up, obscured by the tree branches over their heads, they saw what appeared to be a third cliff. The eastern slopes of the Serra do Norte range were, in fact, a series of rocky escarpments rising in giant steps.

Perez walked a short distance along the base of the cliff in both directions. His way was blocked by heavy, spiky chicuna brush and twisting lianas that could only be chopped through foot-by-foot with the machetes.

"There is no sign of another trail, señhor. The Guatingas could have come but from one direction," Perez said, and pointed upward.

They spent the rest of the morning climbing the escarpment. By the time they reached the top, they were a thousand feet above and two miles from the river valley. During the afternoon they crossed broad, grassy savannas, alternating with wooded areas dominated by towering paratodo trees colorfully decorated with orchids. It was primeval country, sinister yet beautiful, a segment of the 900,000 square miles of Mato Grosso which Warren felt sure had never been explored by a white man before.

They saw no sign of Indians that day. Nevertheless, when they stopped for the night they took precautions. Mello selected the camp site shrewdly, a comparatively open area with a few trees to which they tied their cord-woven sertoe hammocks. They arranged watches, one man remaining on guard while the others slept.

Sometime after midnight, Warren was gently shaken awake by Perez. "Señhor! Listen!"

Sliding from his hammock, Warren reached quickly for the rifle and flashlight he had placed against a tree. The night was quiet except for Mello's snoring and the plaintive call of a Caique bird somewhere in the forest.

"What am I supposed to hear?" Warren asked, straining his ears.

"The Caique does not call at night. It is a Guatinga!"

Warren tensed, a moment later, when the bird call was answered by another from the trees on the other side of the camp. Perez was right, he thought. They were flanked, if not entirely surrounded by Indians. There was no telling how many.

HE stared at the trees and saw only dark, shapeless shadows in the starlight. Mello had awakened and now moved to Warren's side, drawing his revolver. He pointed it toward a stand of pines.

"No!" Warren said sternly. "Don't shoot! We must try to make them understand we have come in peace."

Mello muttered something under his breath, but he did not fire.

Warren snapped on the flashlight. The strong beam of light slowly circled the clearing. Nothing happened except that the bird calls ceased.

"Maybe that'll hold 'em," Warren said. "They're probably puzzling over the flashlight beam and wondering how potent a ghost-spirit it is."

The three men got no more sleep that night. They remained alert, their weapons near at hand. At short inter-

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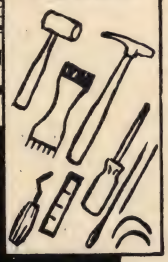

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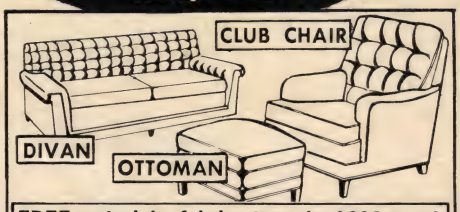

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vals one or another of them turned on the flashlight again. The circling beam was evidently an effective deterrent; the Guatingas made no attempt to attack them.

With the coming of daylight, they made breakfast. Over cups of strong black garimpeiro coffee, they discussed whether or not to go on.

"I think we'll accomplish more by staying right here," Warren said. "It's evident that we're in Guatinga country, or close to it. If we go on we may give them the idea that we're hostile. We might walk into a trap or ambush. We'll wait and let them make the next move."

Mello and Perez agreed. They found a clear stream a quarter of a mile away. On the far bank, they placed a small bag of salt and two chocolate bars as gifts for the Indians. Warren, like the sertanejos, had strong doubts that the presents would be accepted.

"NEVERTHELESS," he reasoned, "it may help them to understand that our purpose in coming here is friendly."

For the rest of the day the three men remained close to camp and, at Warren's suggestion, kept one another always in sight. Although they failed to see any sign of the Guatingas, they had the feeling that they were being watched.

Shortly after darkness fell, the Guatingas made their move. It began with the bird calls, and Warren snapped on the flashlight. This time the calls did not stop when the beam circled. Instead, they increased in number, drawing closer.

"The light no longer frightens them," Mello said, drawing his revolver. "It is time for more effective measures."

"Wait!" Warren ordered. "Don't shoot yet."

They peered into the darkness, nerves tensing. Then the keen-eyed Perez spoke out abruptly: "Over there! Shine the light towards those trees."

The light flicked on. The beam revealed fully a dozen Indians moving stealthily into the clearing. They were armed with long spears and war clubs. Caught in the beam of light, they began waving their weapons wildly and making loud snarling noises, preparing to attack.

"Rishi!" their leader screamed. "Rishi!"

He charged forward and the others fanned out around him. Mello opened fire. Warren raised his rifle, aimed at the leader's broad chest, changed his mind and aimed at one of his muscular thighs instead. Before he could fire, however, the warrior to the right of the leader shrieked and went down.

The effect on the other Indians was immediate and anticlimactic. Their leader stopped short, shouted, and pointed to the warrior sprawled on the ground. Gathering about the fallen man, the Guatingas squatted, poking at his body. They stared toward the white men, chatting excitedly among themselves.

"Probably have never seen or heard a gun fired before," Warren guessed. "They seem to be making the connection between our guns and the man lying on the ground."

His guess proved to be right. After some further discussion, the Guatingas got to their feet and withdrew into the forest, leaving the fallen man behind.

"That Indian's still alive," Perez observed. "He's trying to crawl back into the bush."

The warrior was making weak, ineffectual movements. They watched him for several minutes, before deciding that the other Guatingas were not lurking among the trees, preparing for another attack, then went to his aid.

He appeared to be either unconscious or dead when Warren directed the beam of the flashlight downward. Mello bent over him and drew back quickly.

"Phew! He stinks like a dead goat. The bullet pierced his shoulder and—"

That was as far as he got. The Guatinga had been playing possum; now he suddenly came to life. His arms shot upward. Catching Mello off balance, he pulled him down on his naked chest and twisted about, making hideous growling animal noises as he tried to sink his teeth into the sertanejo's throat.

Swearing, Mello drove his elbow sharply into the warrior's contorted face, jolting the Indian's head back and breaking his grip. Jumping to his feet, the sertanejo drew his .38 and aimed it at the wounded man. "No!" barked Warren. He grabbed Mello's wrist, swiftly pushing his arm upward.

"Let go of me, señhor, so that I may put a bullet between the eyes of this stinking pig."

"No!" Warren repeated sternly. "He's no good to us dead. Alive he may prove useful."

He calmed Mello and cautiously approached the Guatinga, who was growling like a trapped animal. There was no fear in the Indian's dark, bloodshot eyes, only hate.

"Perez," Warren said, "cut a few short lengths of sugi vine—we'll have to tie him up."

The Indian struggled savagely while they tied his wrists and ankles. Then, bound and helpless, he lay quietly on the ground, waiting for death.

Warren examined the wound and found the bullet had drilled cleanly

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through the shoulder. The man was weak from loss of blood, but he would live. Warren cleaned and bandaged the wound then turned to Mello.

"You speak river talk. See if you can make him understand you."

River talk is the lingua franca in the area bordering the Juruena and its tributaries as far north as the Tapajós, which in turn empties into the Amazon. It is the tongue in which tribes speaking different dialects communicate, the common language of the western Matto Grosso. Indians of the various tribes do not understand all the words, but usually they know some.

Mello talked river talk to the Guatinga who glared at him balefully, then answered haltingly.

"His name is Jipii," Mello interpreted. "His sister is the woman of the chief—whose name is Auma. He thinks that we intend to eat him, and he wonders why we have not dug a roasting pit and killed him."

"That's a switch," said Warren grimly. "See if you can get it across to him that we're not cannibals and have come in peace."

After further talk, Mello said: "He does not believe me, señhor. He thinks we have not killed him only because our bellies are full."

They kept Jipii a prisoner the rest of the night. The next morning they freed his ankles and marched him to the stream. Mello cut the vine binding the Indian's wrists and pointed to the water with his machete.

"Kona!" he ordered. "Go!"

"Kona?" Jipii repeated.

His face showed disbelief. It was difficult for him to comprehend that they did not intend to kill him. He took a few tentative steps back from his captors, warily eyeing the machetes in the hands of the sertanejos. Then, turning, he splashed across the stream and disappeared among the trees.

Jipii returned that afternoon; the other Guatingas were with him as Warren had hoped. They halted silently at the edge of the clearing, staring at the white men.

During the morning, Warren had had the sertanejos teach him several words of river talk. Now he called: *"Punata!* "Friends!"

The Guatingas did not reply, but they apparently accepted the word as an invitation and came on showing no hostility.

"I don't trust them," Mello growled.

"We'll keep an eye on 'em," Warren agreed.

HE identified the chief, Auma, from a white band wound around his head. Closer inspection showed it to be the bandage with which Warren had dressed Jipii's wound. The chief had appropriated it, either as a decoration, or in the belief that it possessed magical qualities.

The Indians halted several feet away, and the chief pushed Jipii forward. There was an air of expectancy about them that puzzled Warren. Suddenly he understood. They were waiting to see Jipii shot again, eager to see how it was done. It was curiosity, more than anything else, that had prompted them to return.

"Boom!" Warren shouted and pointed to an orchid growing at shoulder height on the trunk of a paratoda tree. The Guatinga stared at the tree. Taking careful aim with his rifle, Warren triggered and the orchid flew apart.

"Ai!" the Indians sucked in their

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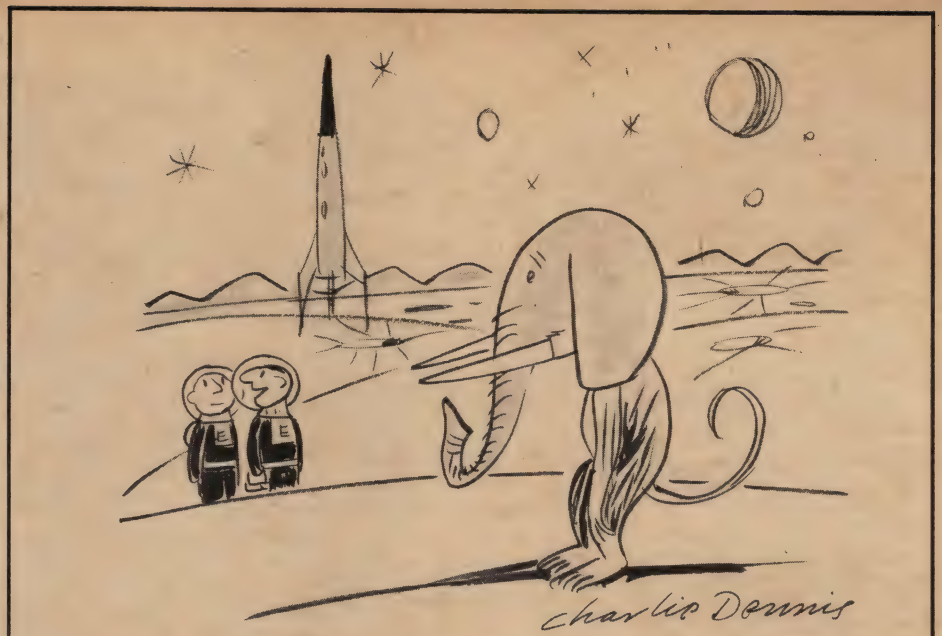

"We shot a monkey up here in 1964 and an elephant in 1966 . . ."

breath. Together they headed for the paratoda tree and examined the .270 slug embedded in its trunk. This satisfied their curiosity. They had seen cause and effect and they accepted the "magic" of firearms as fact, just as they had accepted the "magic" of Warren's flashlight.

Observing them, Warren recalled an anthropological paper he had written after his first expedition into the wilds of southern Colombia. There is a myth, perpetuated by generations of romanticists and arm chair adventurers, that primitive Indian tribes regard the white man as a god endowed with supernatural powers, he had observed then. This is not so. Even the most primitive people are shrewd enough to realize that it is the white man's equipment, instruments, and gadgets which endow him with this "magic," and that without them he is no more "supernatural" than they are.

With this in mind, as he made friendly overtures to the Guatingas, Warren resolved to be constantly on the alert. Neither Mello nor Perez needed any warning. Junglewise, they were careful never to let a primitive Indian get behind them in the bush.

The Guatinga village was a half-day's march from the campsite. Auma agreed to let the three white men visit it. Since it was now well on into the afternoon, Warren prudently decided to wait until the following morning. Mello explained this to the chief, and the Indians departed soon afterward.

THAT night the white men's sleep was undisturbed. Nevertheless, they maintained a watch, a precaution all three agreed would be advisable until they left the Serra do Norte.

Breaking camp at dawn, they set out for the Guatinga village which Auma had explained was near the pine-tufted summit of the mountain. They traveled upward through stands of trees and across grassy savannas, which frequently were traversed by shallow streams fringed with giant ferns and groves of feathery-leafed bamboo.

Toward midday, they saw the first "signpost" of the Guatinga village: a skull hanging from a tree branch by a liana strung through the eye sockets. They encountered more of the grisly relics as they advanced. They came to another stream and halted at the sight of a rocky outcrop looming up several hundred feet beyond. Pitted with caves, like those in the escarpment near the river, this was the "village" of the Guatingas. They were cave dwellers like their Stone Age ancestors.

Surveying the village from the far side of the stream, Warren estimated that perhaps four hundred men, women, and children occupied the caves. Aside from a clearing at the base of the outcrop, where figures could be seen moving about, there was little further evidence of communal living.

"We'll camp on this side of the stream," Warren decided.

In the afternoon they paid their first visit to the village. As they approached, warriors eyed them with mixed suspicion and curiosity. Women and children stared at them from the mouths of the caves rising in irregular tiers high above their heads. The upper caves, Warren saw, were reached by natural hand and foot holds and occasional crevices cut into the soft rock. The women and the children were naked. Both wore their black, glossy hair in a sort of primitive page-boy style reaching to the shoulders. In front, it was cut so that it hung midway down the forehead.

Laka, the wishinu, stood at the entrance of a ground-level cave with Auma, watching the three white men approach. The cave was comparatively large. Several skulls suspended above the doorway marked it as the home of the chief. Hanging beside the entrance was a grisly object which Warren and the others first thought was the body of a small child. Their tension eased somewhat when they realized it was the newly-skinned body of a red howler monkey.

The wishinu had not seen them before, and now he appraised them with crafty eyes. He was an old man with a leathery skin covering a thin, sinewy frame. As he spoke to them, he toyed with a necklace of pigmy marmoset

skulls—the official badge of his office.

"He says Chief Auma permits us to enter the village, because we wish to be friends of the Guatingas," Mello translated. "He also says the Guatingas do not desire friends, because they bring only misfortune—like the evil spirits dwelling in the trees and rocks."

"Tell him we bring only good fortune."

Mello frowned in concentration. He said: "I do not know the words, señhor. I will tell him we wish him good hunting."

The wishinu gave them a twisted grin and patted his lean belly. It did not occur to the white men, until later, that Laka thought they had meant the hunting of human game.

THEY were permitted to move freely about the village from then on, although the Guatingas were mystified by Warren's interest in them. He found them utterly primitive, an archaic Stone Age tribe living in isolation except for the periodic raids they made on the river Indians.

They had few taboos and no inhibitions. When Warren learned that the women did not eat human flesh, he thought at first that it was forbidden to them. It developed that there was a simpler explanation. The women of the tribe did not accompany the warriors on their raids and the men did not bother to carry any of their human "kill" home to their families.

There were no marriage rites. When a warrior wished to mate with a woman he took her to his cave to live with him. If she proved to be unfaithful, he sought out her lover with a few of his "married" male friends. The philanderer, if caught, was speared to death. His sex organs were sliced off and placed under his chest; his corpse left to be devoured by the sopilotes and hordes of ants. The woman was not punished for her adultery.

When a woman gave birth, she performed her own crude obstetrics without assistance. The infant remained unnamed until after it was examined by the wishinu some days later. If he found that it had a deformity of any kind, he ordered the father to kill it by smothering it in mud. If twins were born, the one born last was slain because, Laka explained, it was not human but the evil ghost spirit of the other child.

One afternoon, Warren witnessed the coming-of-age rite to which every Guatinga boy is subjected before he can become a warrior. The novitiate, a youth named Uilli, was about 14 or 15 years of age. He was brought to the clearing in front of the chief's cave by his father, Tines, who carried a new spear which he extended to the chief.

Taking the spear, Auma traced a four-foot square on the ground, then planted the spear point downward and motioned for Uilli to stand in the square behind it. After the youth had taken up his position, watched by the warriors who squatted around him, Laka made his appearance wearing a grisly skin mask which had once been the face of a river Indian. The wishinu carried two small gourds. One contained honey which he smeared into Uilli's nostrils with a slender stick, in the other gourd swarmed *huenche*, a species of tiny red ants noted for their virulent sting.

The youth's eyes rolled as Laka held the gourd of ants to his face under his nose. If he moved or raised a hand,

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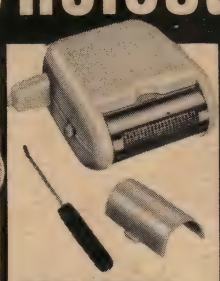

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Laka cautioned him, he would show himself unworthy of becoming a warrior. The ants swarmed to Uilli's face, parted into two streams and moved on upward into his nasal passages. The stings of the huenche, while very painful, are not lethal. Far more terrible for the boy was the knowledge that hundreds of the ants were crawling about within his head. Less primitive, more imaginative men — Indian or white — would be driven stark mad by such an ordeal, Warner reflected.

UILLI's torment lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, during which time he did not move. Then Laka poured a whitish powder on a piece of vine, pushed one end into a nostril over the top of the nasal septum, down the other nostril, and pulled it out. He then ordered the youth to blow his nose with his fingers.

"Ai" breathed the Guatingas in approval, and Uilli proudly withdrew the new spear from the ground. It was now his and he was a warrior.

The coming of age rites for females, which took place some days later, were longer and more ritualistic. A half a dozen girls on the threshold of womanhood took part. Warren and the sertanejos fiirst became aware that the ceremony was to be held when several women appeared near their camp on the far bank of the stream one morning, cut bamboo poles and erected them in a conical frame over which they placed palm fronds laced in place by vines. Before sundown they completed six such crude structures.

Escorted by four spear-carrying warriors the girls who were to take part in the rites were brought from the village. The three white men watched from their camp as the Guatingas approached the huts in the twilight. The girls were well-formed — firm-breasted and slender-waisted. At completion of the rites, they would be ready for mating. Until then no male was permitted near the huts except for the four warriors, posted several yards to front and rear to guard them.

Strung out in single file, the girls dropped out of line one by one and entered the huts. Suddenly Perez exclaimed: "Look, señhor! The fifth one! A white woman!"

Warren and Mello stared. They caught a glimpse of the back of the girl as she passed through the narrow doorway of her hut. Even at that distance, they could see she was much lighter in color than the others.

"A white woman, most certainly!" Mello said. "The Guatingas have been hiding her from us. Obviously they guard her closely, lest she try to flee from them."

Warren shook his head. He pointed out that they had not seen any of the other girls before either.

"In all probability, they have been confined in the caves of their parents for several days," he said. "This is part of the coming of age custom as practiced by many tribes."

"But this is a white woman, señhor," Perez insisted. "Both you and Mello saw her with your own eyes."

"She's white, all right," Warren agreed. "But I think she is an albino."

In his field expeditions, Warren had encountered a number of "white Indians," particularly in Colombia and among the San Blas of Panama where they are fairly common. Some of them even had blondish hair. Still, the possibility that this girl might truly be a white captive nagged him. He had about decided to leave the Guatinga village the next morning; now he changed his mind.

"We'll stay on a day or two more," he told the others. "Long enough to get a really good look at this girl."

In the morning, six women appeared from the village carrying food. The guards admitted them to the huts where they remained for several hours. Some sort of primitive sex education rites were presumably being conducted, but none of the girls moved outside. The women returned to the village before dark.

The next day the procedure was repeated, and Warren's curiosity began to yield to impatience. So far they had been lucky in avoiding any trouble with the Guatingas, he reflected. But sooner or later, this was bound to end. It wouldn't be wise to press their luck.

"Tommorow morning we break camp and start back for the Juruena," he announced to the others at the evening meal.

There was a full moon that night, and Mello was scheduled to take the first watch. Perez got into his hammock about nine and was soon fast asleep. Warren kept Mello company for awhile longer, finishing his pipe.

He had climbed into his hammock, but was not yet asleep when he heard Mello calling to him softly: "Señhor War-ren! The women are leaving the huts."

Perez also heard him, and jumped from his hammock, pausing only long enough to grab up his gun belt before joining the others.

They watched the girls go to the stream and wade into it. Standing hip-deep in midstream, they splashed themselves with water. There was no talking or laughter.

"Probably a purification ceremony," Warren guessed. The eyes of the three men focused on the girl they had been waiting so anxiously to see. Her wet body, glistening in the moonlight, was undeniably white. At that distance, it was about all they could tell about her, and they moved cautiously closer to the stream, keeping in the coves of tall ferns.

They were approximately twenty yards from the stream when they got a good look at the girl's face.

"Indian!" exclaimed Mello. "Like the others." He sounded vaguely disappointed.

They took a few more steps towards the stream.

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"Look out!" Mello shouted suddenly, reaching for his .38. A Guatinga warrior was coming straight at him through the ferns, his spear leveled. The revolver barked loudly. At a distance of twenty feet, Mello shot the Indian between the eyes.

Warren raised his rifle, staring apprehensively at the concealing screen of ferns. Off to his right, he heard Perez curse, then a shot. The bullet found its target and an unseen warrior shrieked.

Abruptly came the sound of several voices raised in a fearsome chant: "Rishi! Rishi! Rishi!"

"Back! They're attacking!" Warren shouted to the sertanejos, and began firing into the ferns. Retreating, he became aware that the six girls, terrified by the sounds of the shots, were huddled on the far bank of the stream; their four guards gathered protectively around them. So it wasn't the guards who had attacked: it was an ambush treacherously staged by other warriors.

Keeping up a steady fire, the three white men backed into their camp where Warren grabbed a box of .270 cartridges and quickly reloaded, and Perez and Mello snatched up their machetes. It was then Warren saw that Perez's left arm had been ripped from shoulder to elbow by a spear.

"Wait!" he ordered, as the sertanejos retreated towards the shadows of the trees. "I've got to find the medical kit."

"There is no time! Mello shouted and resumed firing. "Hurry, señhor!"

They fled into the darkness of the forest. Not until almost an hour and a half later, when the sinister cry of "Rishi" could no longer be heard, did Perez agree to halt and have his wounded arm attended to. By that time he had lost a good deal of blood.

Tearing his shirt into strips, Warren bandaged the arm and looked at Mello. "We have to find a spot where we can hide for the rest of the night," he said. "Perez has lost too much blood to go on for long."

"There is no place where we can hide that they will not find us, even in the dark," Mello said. "We must keep going until we reach the river."

Perez, too, insisted that this was the only way, and Warren reluctantly yielded. What followed was a grim, nightmarish journey. By the time they reached the river and their piragua, they decided that if Perez's arm was to be saved they had better head for Santa Isabel, the nearest town where competent medical treatment was available.

In Santa Isabel, a physician urged immediate hospitalization for Perez, and he was flown north to Santarem, on the Amazon. Some days later Warren flew home to the United States where, last November, he presented the first authentic and detailed report on the life and customs of the Stone Age cannibals of the Serra do Norte of Brazil.

In the paper he delivered before a meeting of anthropologists, Warren raised a question:

Was the treacherous attack the Guatingas made on Warren, Mello and Perez motivated by fear — a sudden decision to get rid of the three strange white visitors — or by an urge to eat them?

"The answer to that question," Warren said wryly, "is one which, under the circumstances, I had no wish to know." ◆◆◆

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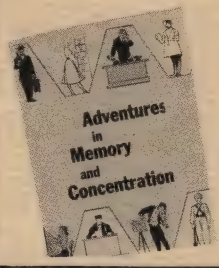

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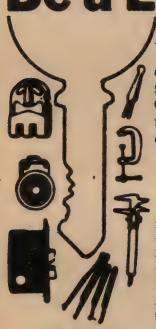

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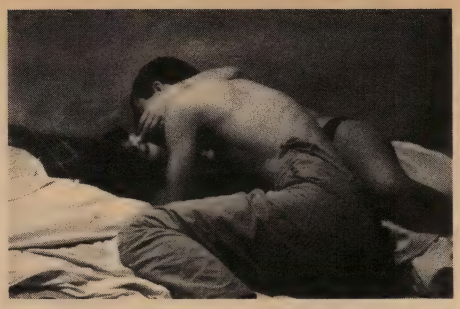

CALL GIRL WORLD

Continued from page 21

in America there has been comparatively little research as to why women with so many opportunities become call girls. Commenting about this in a report to Mayor Robert F. Wager, New York City's Chief Magistrate, John N. Murtagh, pointed out at the time:

"The prostitute has never been understood by our courts. Indeed, she is still an enigma to science itself. The nature of her emotional instability, its causes, its cures, are all matters beyond the knowledge of science, let alone the law."

Several months ago, a noted Austrian psychiatrist, Dr. Kurt Wolfgang Reifschnider began researching the U.S. call girl, with particular focus on her reasons for becoming one. With a financial grant from a Washington, D.C., sociological foundation and a small staff of trained female researchers, he extended his investigation to several large cities throughout the country.

He *invited*—the word is used advisedly—a number of prostitutes to tell him how and why they became call girls.

"No attempt whatever was made to employ persuasion," he explained. "This would have defeated the value of our research, since all the girls were experienced in giving their customers glib answers. All were promised their anonymity would be respected. Many agreed to cooperate and talked frankly. Others flatly refused. Those who displayed hesitation or reluctance were eliminated as subjects."

From the numerous case histories he recorded, Dr. Reifschnider selected several as representative of the chief reasons why the subjects became call girls. Here are their stories, told in their own words, with brief comments by Reifschnider:

Joyce M. is 28, an attractive blonde, doll-faced with full, sensuous lips and a cute snub nose. She is a graduate of a New England junior college. She has been a call girl for eight years.

JOYCE: After graduating from school, I came to New York City to look for a job. I didn't have what you might call a specialized education, nor any burning ambition to be a successful career girl. To tell the truth, I have always been a bit lazy and a successful career requires effort. I wasn't interested in marriage – too restricting, especially raising a family. I had made up my mind in college I'd enjoy life first.

It wasn't difficult to obtain a job. I became a receptionist in a Madison Avenue advertising agency. It was one of those decorative positions where you sit at a period desk, greet visitors with a smile and announce them by phone. It didn't require brains, and I knew it wouldn't lead anywhere as far as a career was concerned, but I didn't care. My salary, surroundings, and hours were satisfactory.

I had a small but smart apartment, preferring to live alone. There never was any lack of male companionship. I could have had a date every night in the week if I wished. Mostly they were younger executives at the agency where I worked, and agency clients whom I met when they visited the office.

Sometimes, when I was in the mood, I let a date spend the night. I don't know how many men I slept with during the year and a half I was with the agency – ten or perhaps twelve. These affairs were casual, for enjoyment. What I'm trying to say is that I didn't want to become seriously involved with any man.

I didn't even know if some of them were married. Since I wasn't seriously interested, I didn't bother to find out. This was a mistake, as I learned one day when I was summoned to the office of the vice-president of the agency. He looked stern and worried, but when he spoke, his behavior toward me was almost fatherly.

Ordinarily, he informed me, what employees did after hours was no concern of his or the agency's, but this was different. It appeared that the advertising manager of one of our leading accounts, who had spent an occasional night in my apartment, was married and the father of three young children.

"I didn't know that," I said, "and it won't happen again." The vice-president shook his head, and told me it was too late. The manager had a jealous wife. She had become suspicious and had engaged a private detective, who had followed him to my apartment and saw him leave the next morning. Now his wife was going to sue for divorce.

"You mean, she's going to name me as corespondent?" I asked. I was genuinely upset. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before.

He shook his head. "Because of the children the divorce will be obtained quietly. She intends to go to Reno. Just the same, in the interests of all concerned, it would be best if you resign and leave the city for awhile. We are prepared to give you a generous severance allowance. Sufficient for you to take a vacation in, say, Florida."

I saw his point. I went to Miami Beach. I wasn't particularly sorry to leave the advertising agency. Aside from being a good way to meet personable men, my job hadn't meant much to me. I knew I would be able to get another one without difficulty.

As for meeting men, it was February and Miami Beach, of course, had plenty of them. Among them were many New Yorkers who spent money freely, and I never lacked for dates.

I met many people at the hotel and around the swimming pool and bar. One of them was a red-haired girl named Wendy, a few years younger than I. One evening she asked me to double date and I agreed. Her boy friend had brought a pal along named Paul. He was in his late 20s and not

bad looking. From the way he looked me over when we were introduced, it was obvious that he had only one thought in his mind: to get me into a bed as fast as possible.

We went to dinner. He played footsie under the table and his hand roamed up and down my thigh. I didn't like that at all. I hate a man to use such tactics in a public place. Furthermore, I didn't need to be stimulated sexually. Either I was willing to go to bed with a man or I wasn't, and that was that.

All through dinner I kept removing his hand, and his face got as dark as a thundercloud. Then Wendy signaled for me to go to the powder room with her, and she asked me why I was treating Paul that way.

"He's all hands," I told her, "and I don't like it."

"When a John is going to spend a hundred for the night he sometimes gets a little impatient. You've got Paul all stirred up and ready for action."

I was astounded. "You mean, he expects to pay a hundred dollars to sleep with me?" I asked.

SHE looked at me in bewilderment. "Isn't that why you came along on the date? Or have you been giving it away for free?"

I spent the night with Paul and I took the $100. It was the first time I slept with a man I didn't really want, but later, I got used to it. The money came in handy for my funds were beginning to run low.

I had several more double dates like that with Wendy. I learned that she was averaging $400 weekly and decided it was an easy way to make a living. When I returned to New York I took on a telephone answering service and became a call girl. I've been one ever since.

My first customers were through contacts I had made in the advertising business and during my vacation at Miami Beach. Gradulaly, I built up a clientele. Some are "regulars" I see every so often during the month. Some are friends of theirs who are recommended. Since the first month or so, when I was just starting, I have not done any soliciting. It has not been necessary . . ."

Comment by Dr. Reifschnider: "Joyce M. is representative of a large number of call girls with no fixed objective, either careerwise or matrimonial, who drift into their profession. Contrary to popular opinion, few in this group have a history of unhappy childhood or broken homes. On the contrary many grew up in moderate-income homes raised by parents who were, if anything, too indulgent. Like others of her type, Joyce is self-centered, pleasure-seeking and shuns responsibility."

In discussing her sex life, Joyce declared that she achieved sexual satisfaction with clients who personally appealed to her as "ardent and tender lovers." With others she is a skilled bedroom actress, flattering their ego by simulating a passion she does not feel.

Anita B. is 25. She is a striking brunette with an oval face and delicate features. Although her formal education was terminated after three years in high school, she is a "quick study." Reading, watching TV, and mixing socially with educated people have given her a veneer of culture far removed from her background. She has been a call girl for more than five years.

Anita: I was raised in a small Pennsylvania mining town, one of eight kids. It was in one of those depressed areas

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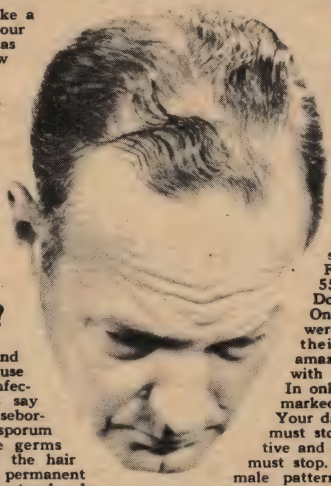

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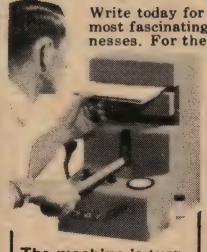

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"How'd you like to get me drunk and take advantage of me?"

and since early childhood I was familiar with those two words. My dad ran the local store and while money was tight we never were without enough food or clothes like some of the other families.

I always hated the town and from the time I entered high school I wanted to leave home and get a job somewhere, but I never had enough money to make a start. I had my first sex experience with a high school boy in the cellar of his house, when I was 15. There were several others after that. One of my girl friends, who was studying to be a nurse, was pretty smart. She taught me how to keep from getting caught.

When I was 17, I met a college boy who lived in a town about ten miles away. He was home for the summer on vacation, and he picked me up in his car one evening on Main Street. He was cute-looking, and when we parked and he got hot and bothered, I encouraged him. After that, we dated several nights a week. Mostly it was the same routine: a ride, a session in his car when we parked, a snack at a drive-in hamburger joint afterwards.

A few weeks before he went back to college, I told him I was pregnant. He knew I was only 17, and became terribly worried. He asked me if I was sure.

"I'm sure," I lied, and he believed me.

"Do you know a doctor you can go to for an abortion?"

"I don't know a doctor," I told him. "Even if I did, I don't have any money to pay him."

He made a date for the following night and he gave me an envelope with $250 in ten dollar bills inside. On the envelope was written the name of a doctor in Scranton. He said:

"He charges $200. The rest is for bus fare and other expenses. I wish I could give you more, but it's all I could raise."

I took the money and he asked me if my parents knew.

"No," I said, "and they'll never find out."

That night when I went home was the most exciting time of my life. I had never seen that much money before, and it was hard to believe it was all mine. I put it under my pillow, but I didn't fall asleep. I lay there waiting for morning, thinking about the money and how it was more than enough to take me away. I didn't think then, or afterwards, about the boy and the trick I'd played on him. On all those dates I had with him, he'd got his money's worth and more.

The next morning, I took a bus to Philadelphia. It was the furthest I had ever been away from home and I was pepped up and wanted to keep on traveling. I got on another bus and went as far as Cleveland.

Before the week was over, I got a job car-hopping at one of those drive-ins where girls wear costumes that draw attention to the breasts and legs. Without flattering myself I gave the male customers something to look at. I knew it by their tips and offers of dates.

I averaged $55 a week and felt on top of the world. At first, I lived in a furnished room but when another car hop, Doris, suggested I share her apartment and rent, I moved in with her. We worked on the evening shift at the drive-in, from 6:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M., which made it difficult to accept many offers of night dates. Doris and two or three of the other girls, however, played what they called the "matinee circuit."

There were several quickie motels in the area where a couple could check in for a few hours in the afternoon. Doris' regular charge for one of these matinee dates was $10, and it wasn't long before I began playing the circuit too.

The first three of these dates were pretty much as I had expected. The

fourth, with a customer I had served several times at the drive-in, a gray-haired man of about 50 whom I knew as Freddie, was a revelation.

I thought I knew all about sex from what one of my girl friends, the nurse-in-training back home had told me and the experiences with boys I went out with. These had all been normal sex however, and Freddie wasn't interested in normal sex.

Later, when I told Doris what had happened, she laughed at first. "I should have told you Freddie's a weirdo. You earned your twenty bucks."

"Ten," I told her, and she frowned at that.

"He took advantage of you. We always charge weirdos twenty and they always pay it. Sometimes with generous tips. Remember that and after this don't let any of 'em try to cut the rate."

Then Doris proceeded to give me a lecture on various sex perversions. It was obvious that she was talking from experience, and I learned a great deal more from her than I had from Freddie.

I suppose I should have been disgusted and revolted with what Freddie asked me to do. I know that some call girls flatly refuse to engage in such activities with their clients. I am not one of them. Frankly, after my initial surprise, my reaction was one of curiosity. I cannot say I enjoy the offbeat practices sometimes demanded by customers. But then, neither do I enjoy having normal sex relations with many of them, although I make them think I do.

The way I look at it, like in any other business, you have to cater to the customers to be successful, and I'll give them anything that they want — if they're willing to pay the price.

When I moved to Chicago, about three years ago, I had a few thousand dollars saved up and had learned a lot. I invested in a good wardrobe, not only dresses but negligees and a variety of "working outfits"— bras, panties, sheer nylons, and expensive high-heeled shoes and slippers.

A call girl who was getting married offered to sell me her "trick book," her private notebook listing the names and telephone numbers of her customers. The price was reasonable and, judging by her earnings, it probably was a goldmine, but I didn't buy it. During the last few years, the cops have been cracking down more and more on phone solicitations and I didn't have any desire to become involved with the law. I took my time, building up my own clientele through personal contacts.

Comment by Dr. Reifschnider: "Anita B. is typical of those call girls whose basic motivations in entering the profession are economic. Raised in a poor, if not actually poverty stricken environment, she was compelled to shift for herself at an early age. She learned to exploit her greatest asset, her attractive body, to advantage and, through experience, developed into a shrewd opportunist. Her focal point is financial security. Most of her interest in men revolves around it.

"The fact that her customers regard her as a 'hot number' is a tribute to her versatile bedroom techniques and well-feigned ardor. Her inner feeling is one of cool, calculative objectivity. Although love seldom is a factor with such girls, like many she is capable of loyalty to one man — providing he can support her adequately. The probability is that, sometime during the course of her career, she will meet a wealthy man and become his mistress. To a lesser degree, there is also the possibility that she may marry one."

Eva W. is 26. She is a vivacious redhead with a pert face, a beautifully proportioned body, and long, shapely legs. She is a graduate of a Maryland high school and a secretarial course in business school. She has been a call girl for four years.

Eva: My father was a physician in a small town near Baltimore, and I guess that up to the time I began working my life was a conventional one. I wasn't sexually promiscuous. I had three several months' long affairs in high school with boys I thought I was in love with and with whom I was going steady.

After I graduated, dad wanted me to go on through college, but I was tired of studying. We settled for a secretarial course and when I finished it, I secured a job with a hosiery manufacturing concern in the stenographic pool.

THE sales promotion manager of the company was a good-looking, dark-haired man about 35. His first name was Bill; his last name doesn't matter. Bill had an eye for the girls. I was flattered because he made a point of asking for me whenever he had any dictation. He was always ready with a compliment, especially about my legs which seemed to fascinate him.

"They're too gorgeous to keep hidden under a stenographic desk," he said. "We're going to put them on display."

I didn't think he meant it, but he did. I was thrilled when he had me photographed at a New York commercial studio. Pictures of my legs appeared in some of our company's hosiery ads. One of them is still printed on every box of nylons the company sells.

That was only the beginning. Soon afterwards Bill took me to a sales convention in L.A., where I modeled hosiery. After that we went to several other conventions — in Chicago, New York and Miami Beach.

At 19, I found this all very exciting. It had glamor, sort of like being in show business, especially when I paraded across a stage or runway. It was flattering to have men make passes and try to proposition me, although the only one I had relations with was Bill. We weren't seriously in love. We enjoyed sleeping with each other. We had a lot of fun together doing other things.

This went on for almost a year, until Bill left the company to take a top executive position on the West Coast. Then I began going out with a boy I had known in high school. We got married, which proved to be a mistake. He was a real estate salesman and he took me to a split-level in a development and gave me a household budget.

We saved money regularly — for the mortgage, the insurance. We had sex regularly. We went out regularly one night a week, had friends in another night. I know this is the pattern of living for millions of young couples throughout the country, and many women are happy with it. I wasn't. To me it was monotonous, a real-life, boring soap opera. I got to hate the sight of the development, the split-level, my husband's methodical, unvarying, unimaginative approach to sex.

I made an effort to save our marriage. I told him I wanted to go back to my old job and I tried to explain why. He wouldn't hear of it.

" 'Have they taken on another sales promotion manager like your old friend Bill?' he asked suspiciously.

That did it. I had been honest and told

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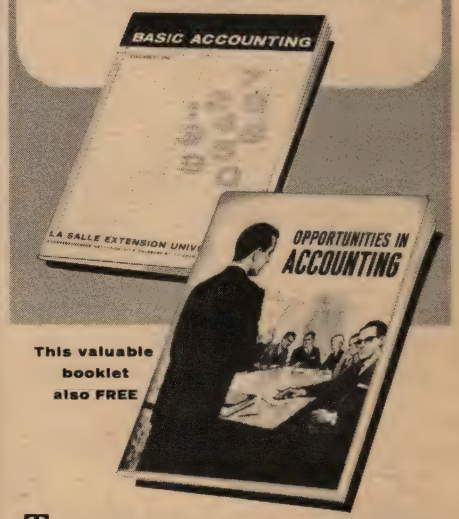

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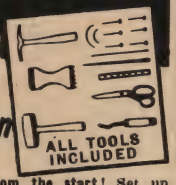

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him all about Bill before we got married. Since our marriage, I hadn't given him any cause to be jealous.

I stormed out of the house, went to the bank and closed out my savings account, and took a train to New York. I've never seen my husband since. I haven't even bothered to get a divorce. The way I look at it is that he can't use a two-buck marriage license as a chain and padlock.

In New York, I went to the studio where I had been photographed and asked about modeling work. I got some sound advice. What it added up to was that when I became known to the studios and agencies I might be in demand for undies and leg ad photo modeling, which paid well, but to start with I should get a job and take photographic jobs on the side.

I got a job modeling lingerie in the showroom of a Seventh Avenue manufacturer. I soon discovered I was expected to do more than model.

Sam F., my employer, was a heavyset, cigar-chewing shrewdie. One evening, shortly before closing time, he asked me if I'd be interested in doing some extra modeling that night for $25. He explained that one of the out of town buyers who had been in that afternoon had been unable to make up his mind and had taken several of the most expensive French-type bra-and-panty sets back to his hotel suite.

"He wants to see them on a model again," Sam told me. "Wear them for him and help him decide."

I should have known then it was a set-up. The buyer he mentioned represented a large southeastern chain. He was a short, balding man somewhere between 55 and 60. His clammy hands had pawed me when he was in the showroom. Still, I figured that 25 bucks extra in my pay envelope would be welcome, and besides I'd be helping my boss land a large order.

I kept the 9:00 P.M. appointment with the buyer. The first thing I noticed when he showed me into the sitting room of his suite was a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket and two glasses on a table.

"The samples are on a chair in the bedroom, girlie," he said. "You can put them on in there."

I went into the bedroom and closed the door. There was one set of black bra and frilly panties on a chair. I stripped down to my high-heeled shoes and put them on.

"Very nice," he said when I came out, and he sucked in his breath. "Very, very nice."

I paraded back and forth in front of his chair a few times while he eyed me. Finally I told him that I'd model the next set if he let me know where it was.

"I like you fine in these, girlie," he said and laughed. "Besides there aren't any other sets. Make yourself comfortable while I pour you a glass of fizz."

"So that's the way it is," I said, and he laughed again.

I wasn't angry. I was paid to model for him. Whether it was a single set or several made no difference to me. If that was the way he got his kicks, it was all right with me too. So I made myself comfortable and drank a glass of champagne with him.

After we finished the bottle, he suggested that I go into the bedroom with him. I asked him if that was supposed to be included in the $25 modeling fee.

He looked at me kind of funny and said: "So Sam gave you twenty-five bucks, the cheapskate! He told me you were the best hundred buck girl on Seventh Avenue and the party was on him. Here . . ." He counted out five crisp twenties from his fat wallet. "So okay. Now let's put the show on the road!"

I was standing there hesitantly with the money in my hand. He pulled me into the bedroom, slammed the door and almost tore my panties off. I was wrong about my first impression that he was a weirdo. His virility for a man of his age surprised me.

When I went to work the next day, Sam called me into the office and asked me if everything had gone all right. I told him exactly what had happened.

"You better remind Al of our split-second timing again."

I added that if he had any more after hour "modeling assignments" for me, they would cost him $100. Otherwise he might get the reputation along Seventh Avenue of being a cheapskate.

I made an arrangement with Sam. For several weeks afterwards he gave me about one of these "on the house" assignments every week. Some of the buyers I entertained for him gave me generous tips.

One evening, my phone rang. It was the man from the southeastern chain, my first after hours "assignment." I hadn't known he was in town, for he hadn't been to the show room. He asked me to come to his hotel suite, and I spent the night there. Afterwards he told me that it was time to, as he put it, "eliminate the middleman" and set up on my own.

"With your equipment you don't need to wiggle your fanny in any showroom," he said.

I told him I had come to New York hoping to do photographic modeling. It still sounded glamorous to me.

"Are you nuts?" he said.

That was how I became a full-time pro. He was my first "regular" and I still see him. He's sent me several customers, and it tickles him when I call him my unpaid pimp.

Many of my customers are connected in some way or another with the Seventh Avenue garment industry. Several of them are out of town buyers. A number of them are married. Believe me, when they tell me about their wives I understand what they're talking about. I give them what they no longer get at home, variety and excitement in the bedroom.

Comment by Dr. Reifschnider: "Eva W. belongs to a large group of call girls who enter the profession seeking escape from marital unhappiness, or the monotony of their lives. Included among them are single and divorced women. Many of them gave up economic security which they associated with dull routine.

"As call girls, some find a way of life that apparently satisfies them. Others do not, although they remain prostitutes. Many of the latter turn eventually to narcotics. Most call girls addicted to heroin or other drugs are to be found in this group."

Faye C. is 28. She is a green-eyed blonde with a seductive, bosomy figure. A "drop out" from a San Diego, Calif., high school after two years, she became a prostitute in her teens and has been a call girl for seven years.

Faye: As a teen-ager I grew up fast. I was interested in men older than the high school crowd I was expected to travel with. When they were having dates at the movies, I was picking up sailors. I told my dates I was 19 and although I was only 15, they believed me. I had that sort of a body. I didn't ask for money in those days. I was out for a good time and I felt grown up.

I was heading for trouble and it came when I was 16. I met a man named Jimmy who was about 29. He had a white sports car, he was a snappy dresser, and he was very good looking. It was a combination I went for, and when he asked me to spend the weekend in Los Angeles with him, we took off.

We checked in at a motel on the outskirts of L.A., one of those luxury places with a big swimming pool and all. Not that I went into the pool. We hardly left the motel room except to eat. It was like a honeymoon and I was right up there on Cloud 9.

When it came time for Jimmy to drive me back to San Diego, he asked me if I had a husband back home. I told him I wasn't married. I felt very grown up. He didn't know I was a kid in high school.

He asked me if I really *wanted* to go back. When I told him I didn't, he suggested that I stay on in L.A. At first I didn't think he was serious, but he said he'd take care of me, buy me clothes, we'd have a lot of fun together and I'd meet interesting people. The way he pictured it, life would be a ball, and I believed him.

He took me to a four-room apartment. It had two bedrooms and one of them was occupied by a brunette about 23. Her name was Vera. Jimmy introduced us and told me she'd show me the ropes. It was then I learned that Jimmy was a pimp, and I had been leading with my chin.

That was how I became a prostitute, a 20 bucks-a-date girl. What you should understand is that it didn't come about dramatically, like in a book. Jimmy didn't threaten me and I had plenty of chances to go to the police and tell them I was only sixteen, if I had wanted to. Somehow I didn't want to.

I liked Vera; we got along together fine. She explained the way she felt about her work: "It's like this, honey. You could get yourself a job and pick up a pay envelope every week. Or you could get yourself a husband, keep house for him, cook his meals and raise his kids without picking up a dime. I'd rather work when I want, sleep when I want, and have some variety in sleeping partners, whether I enjoy them all or not."

I didn't see much of Jimmy. He sent the customers to the apartment and dropped in once a week, usually on a Monday, to pick up the money that we earned. It was Vera who really ran the show. We each averaged two customers per night and the weekly gross was about $400. I don't know how much Vera got, but Jimmy gave me $50 every Monday. He also paid the rent, food and clothes bills. What I got, besides the tips, was all clear, and I figured that I wasn't doing bad for a 16-year-old kid.

I worked there almost a year. Then one day Jimmy came in pretty excited and told us that we had to clear out, because the cops were out to clean up L.A., and especially crack down on establishments like ours.

I didn't know what would happen to me if I was arrested and I was terribly scared. I asked Vera what she was going to do.

SHE shrugged. "Guess I'll go to Vegas and get a job as a change girl in one of the casinos for awhile."

I asked her to take me with her. She agreed until I made the mistake of telling her my age. Then she whistled. "Jimmy would have a fit if he knew he'd been pimping San Quentin quail all this time. But don't you worry, honey. The most they can do to you is tuck you into reform school until you come of age."

This scared me even more. I packed a bag, and that night I took a bus to San Francisco. When I bought my ticket in the terminal, I felt as if every cop in the city was hunting for me.

In San Francisco, I got a job in one of those tea-roomy type restaurants as a waitress. Waiting on tables seemed simple enough, but I had never done it before and I was awkward as hell. I was fired before the week was over. I got another job serving drinks in a night spot where the male patrons in the

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booths weren't critical about the way I handled a tray. They were more interested in trying to pinch my bottom, or give me a feel.

I moved on to many other cities before I landed in New York. In various parts of the country I've been a B-girl, a dance hall girl, a hooker. I took customers to my room for $5 quickies. For less, if they didn't have the five bucks. I've played the lobbies in convention hotels and picked up visiting firemen for $20 tricks. Sometimes I've teamed with another girl and put on an "exhibition" for 50 bucks at stags and smokers and entertained some of the customers individually afterwards. I learned the hard way how to make sex pay off, and it wasn't paying off very well until I came to New York where I got a lucky break.

I met a nice middle-aged John who went for me in a big way and set me up in an apartment. He lived in Boston and flew to New York in the middle of every week on business. When he took me out to dinner, or to a night spot, he liked to show me off to his business friends and gave them the impression that, because he was keeping a young girl, he was hot stuff in the sex department. He never seemed to worry that someone might tell his wife back in Boston. As far as I know, no one ever did.

When he was out of town, I sometimes made $100 a night dates with other men. There didn't seem any sense in wasting all those other nights in the week, especially while men were willing to pay for my company.

One week my Boston John came to the city twice—on his regular visit and again over the weekend. I wasn't expecting him that Saturday night and he found me in bed with a customer. He looked more hurt than angry, and I felt sorry for him—the way he stared at me and then walked out. That ended the arrangement. The other man wanted to take over the rent, but I figured out that, with the $100 a night dates I knew I could line up, I'd be able to swing it alone.

I've come a long way since those days in L.A. and San Francisco. Most girls I've met in the business could tell you pretty much the same sort of story. Some of my customers have been good Johns. Others have been stinkers. Some have treated me like a lady, and others have beaten me up—black and blue. That's the chance you take; with a new customer, you never can be really sure. The guy who looks meek or shy when you meet him may turn out to be a sadistic bastard in the bedroom.

Comment by Dr. Reifschnider: "Fay C. belongs to a group of prostitutes who are predatory females without scruples or morals. They are among the most parasitic members of our society and few can offer even a plausible excuse for becoming prostitutes. In this group are several caste levels, the lowest strata of which is composed of streetwalkers and hustlers. They regard the high-class call girl's $100 a night fee as a status symbol, the mink coat as the badge of success. Their greatest ambition is to become call girls with a number of wealthy Johns as patrons, to move about in cafe society, mingle with the sporting and theatrical crowds. Many surround themselves with a spurious aura of glamor, refer to themselves vaguely as 'showgirls' or 'models.'"

In addition to these four main groups there is also a fifth which, Dr. Reifschnider points out, cannot be typified by any one call girl.

"The reason," he explains, "is because the group is divided into many psychopathic segments. Among them are girls suffering from nymphomania, and girls with strongly pronounced sadistic or masochistic tendencies who find release and gratification in exploiting their relations with men to financial advantage. Many of these girls have complexes which are never understood by customers."

As an example, he cited Lisa D., who believes that being a call girl has been instrumental in overcoming a feeling of inferiority "because when I was younger, I felt I was unattractive to men. Now, since they pay me well to go to bed with them, I know I must be attractive."

Then there is Betty P. who became a call girl because she rebelled against what she believed was the false moral standard of her sex. She feels she is doing what "all women would like to do, but the 'respectable' women don't, because they don't want to be branded as prostitutes." To prove her complete "emancipation" from this conformity, Betty is ready to engage in any kind of offbeat sex for a customer and frequently takes the initiative in suggesting it.

Law enforcement authorities are much less concerned with the reasons why call girls choose their profession than with the fact that their ranks are increasing throughout the country.

"Paradoxical though it may seem, the harder we crack down on prostitution the more we encourage call girls to operate," admits a veteran New York Vice Squad officer. "In the old days of the red-light districts, the police knew where the prostitutes were to be found. Bordellos didn't operate long before they became known to the authorities.

"As the modern practitioner of the world's oldest profession, the call girl has created unique problems. She has achieved a status which is condoned by some elements of society. She is not avoided because she is a prostitute. On the contrary, she mingles freely in cafe society, numbers wealthy, influential executives among her friends, and has even received a certain 'prestige' through Congressional and other probes investigating her influence on big business."

The call girl considers herself far above the ordinary street-walking hustler. Despite her "social acceptance," however, her reasons for becoming a prostitute are the same as theirs, according to Dr. Reifschnider. They're all still sisters under the skin. ◆◆◆

WHAT WOMEN ENJOY ABOUT SEX

If you've ever had a woman turn from an eager, passionate female to a block of ice in your arms, you won't want to miss Dr. Burstein's article: "What Women Really Like About Sex." In a frank, no-punches-pulled manner, he goes into the various things that affect the delicate, super-sensitive nerve network of the girl who may be your wife. You'll discover when, how and why certain conditions lead to a fantastic sexual relationship, and the things to avoid to keep your bedroom efforts from scoring a big, fat zero.

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G-2's NUDE DECOY

Continued from page 27

Young themselves, they made an aging man feel younger. Alberto Lais was 51, and the years were beginning to tell in minor, irritating ways: a shortness of breath when climbing stairs, back pains on rising in the morning, an inability to recover easily from the after effects of a late embassy party. Sometimes, to be clear-eyed for an afternoon meeting with the Italian ambassador, the Admiral would spend an entire morning in bed.

Yet, Alberto Lais was far from ready for retirement to a cottage in Inshia, or a boring lectureship at the Naval Academy in Rome. Not with history's greatest war raging in Europe—and so many delectable blonde American women to be courted and won in this charming city on the Potomac. The price to be paid for his pleasures he would pay gladly. And he paid: exorbitant fees to a Georgetown hairdresser who knew the secret of dying stubbornly iron-gray hair; morning agony at the rowing machine Il Duce had sent him as a personal gift, and monthly blackmail to the husband of a pert little southern housemaid whom he, the Admiral, had believed when she told him she was single and "free as a little ole redbreasted robin."

Alberto Lais was inclined to think the best of people. It was a rude surprise to discover that innocent little southern girls, with wide eyes and no education, could be capable of depleting his income so seriously. For a while, the Admiral pulled in his amorous horns and abruptly broke off a promising friendship with the strawberry blonde wife of a state department official and a full-fledged affair with a tow-headed blonde government girl, who loved the way his medals glittered on the tunic of his smart dress whites.

But the romantic Admiral could resist emotional involvement with the Venuses of America for only so long. Because, in January, 1941, two months after his self-imposed period of celibacy, he met Elizabeth Pack.

HE didn't meet the stunning blonde socialite by accident. U.S. Intelligence in Washington had a complete dossier on the Admiral's predilections, down to his passion for tallish blondes, and arranged the encounter in typically efficient fashion. Knowing that the Admiral and his first assistant were accustomed to spending an occasional cocktail hour in the lounge of a Washington hotel near the Italian Embassy, they stationed Liz Pack there, to drop a glove and catch the sea Caesar's roving eye.

Liz Pack, a post-debutante from one of Maryland's most distinguished families, wasn't used to dropping gloves in cocktail lounges. She didn't have to. A green-eyed patrician-featured blonde with a lush figure that turned as many heads in wartime Washington as George's monument, Liz Pack was used to male admiration. Since her finishing school days in Virginia, she had been accustomed to fighting it off. At 23 she was unmarried—much to the surprise of her socialite friends, but not to Liz herself, who explained that she hadn't yet found a man who could hold his liquor, ride to hounds, speak French and Italian, and earn a decent living.

She had been recruited by U.S. Intelligence in mid-1940. At first, her excellent speaking and writing knowledge of French and Italian was all that her superiors made use of. But then, putting together Admiral Lais' admiration for good-looking blondes with a need to get hold of the Italian naval code for its British friends and Allies, G2 came up with the idea that a Lais-Liz love affair might be able to produce it. Liz had no objections.

Liz Pack didn't have to drop that glove. She had just set down her empty martini glass when Captain Renato Fabergetti, of the Italian naval staff, appeared at her table. He bowed from the waist, and after delivering the Admiral's compliments, asked if the Signorina would perhaps join the Admiral for a drink... Admiral Lais was sure they had met previously.

Liz smiled. "Tell the Admiral I've never been to Italy, and that the only diplomatic party I ever attended was at the Ethiopian Embassy."

Captain Fabergetti had been carefully coached. "The Admiral anticipated such a reply," he said. "He wishes me to say that in this case, he has met you in his dreams."

Liz laughed and rose from her seat. "Captain, my defenses are breached. Your arm, please...?"

Lais started a whirlwind courtship of the Maryland socialite. He was on the phone to her twice a day, and flowers arrived daily at her attractive Georgetown apartment. From cocktails, the Admiral graduated to dinner at the Jockey Club and the Rive Gauche, and from dinner to tête à têtes over lobster newburgh and *asti spumonti* at the I Street apartment which the Italian embassy kept for "special entertainment."

One night, two weeks after they met, Liz and the Admiral became lovers. Lais, dressing-gowned and cologned, closed the bedroom door and came to the Louis XIV bed where Liz lay with the covers up her chin. Her clothes lay folded neatly on a nearby chair.

He sat down on the side of the bed and kissed her. *"Cara mia,"* he said, "I love you."

"And I you. Forever," said Liz, remembering how she had delivered the exact same line in the senior play at Miss Framingham's six years before.

Liz was acting; the Italian was not. When he dropped her off at her apartment some three hours later, the Admiral was hopelessly in love. With Liz, with Washington, with the crisp winter weather. He zoomed off in his Bugatti roadster, feeling 21 again. A traffic cop flagged him down on Wisconsin, but let him go—so happy a man couldn't have been breaking the law deliberately.

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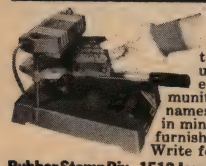

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Her quarry brought to bay, Liz wasted no time. Two nights later she came straight to the point: the Italian naval code, or their big romance was over.

Lais looked at her sorrowfully. "So you are an American agent. This is why you let me make love to you. You do not care for me at all?"

She touched his cheek. "Of course I do, Alberto. It's only that I love my country more."

"But Italy and America are not at war!" protested the Admiral.

"Not yet," Liz said. "But you're at war with the British, and the British are our allies. Our to-be-victorious allies, let me add, Alberto. Think a moment. Why not keep a hand in with the winning side?"

The Admiral nodded reluctantly. "I do not think Hitler will win, mainly because he is a strange man who has no interest in women. Men who dislike women do not conquer the world. You may have the cipher books, *cara mia.* But only overnight."

"THAT'S time enough. Now come here. I'll show you I'm not all that mad about my country. There's some love left over for you . . ."

Lais produced the cipher books, and photostatic copies were made overnight at G2 headquarters in Washington. The results were sent to London immediately by courier.

The British found advance knowledge of Italian fleet movements of great advantage in making their own naval dispositions. The Italian fleet in the Mediterranean had suffered severe blows from British bombing, but it was still a formidable force, including eight battleships, twenty cruisers and almost a hundred submarines. The British fleet was much inferior in strength. Yet, when the Italian fleet steamed toward the Aegean in March, 1941, the British knew its plans. As a result, Admiral Cunningham intercepted the Italian squadrons off Cape Mataplan. Most of the Italian fleet was put out of action for the rest of the year.

Consumed by guilt, Lais went on a three-day drunk. Eventually he showed up at Liz Pack's apartment. When he left, Liz had in her possession details of other Axis plans in the Mediterranean, and the romance was hotter than ever.

The Admiral became so enthusiastic a lover that, if only for his own sake—she was becoming fond of him—Liz decided to facilitate his departure from the country.

Unwittingly, Lais cooperated in his own expulsion from the U.S. He told Liz of plans to sabotage Italian merchant vessels being held in American ports, and Liz immediately passed the information on to U.S. Intelligence. It was too late to stop Italian agents from damaging some of the ships involved, but most were saved, to be taken over by the Allies when the U.S. entered the war in December.

Meanwhile, Admiral Alberto Lais was declared *persona non grata* by the State Department for the commission of felonies under United States law. Liz saw him off at the pier.

Her next instructions were to form a "friendship" with whatever member of the Vichy Embassy staff in Washington proved susceptible—the higher up the better. Since no Vichy staff members were known to frequent hotel cocktail lounges, Liz posed as a newspaperwoman and requested an interview with the Ambasador, Gaston Henry-Haye. Permission for the interview was granted.

Captain Gerard Brousse, a handsome widower in his late 30s, was the embassy staff-member responsible for handling the American press. Before Liz Pack's interview with the Ambassador, Brousse spoke to her for over an hour. He talked politics — the importance of Franco-German relations, France's bitterness at England for its attack on the French fleet at Oran—but his eyes said something different. They said he found Liz very attractive and that he would like very much to see her again. Before she left the embassy, Captain Brousse had written down her phone number in his little black book.

Over dinner at the Hays-Adams Hotel, Liz ferreted out Brousse's political convictions, his strengths and his weaknesses. Though he admired Pétain, he loathed Laval. Although he was trusted by Henry-Haye, Brousse—an aristocrat —considered Henry-Haye a *petit bourgeois* unfit to be Ambassador.

Expressing no pro-Gaullist sympathies herself, Liz encouraged Brousse to talk about Vichy affairs. He answered a number of seemingly casual questions. G2 found these answers very illuminating in compiling its dossier on Vichy's underground activities in the United States.

On a hot night in July, 1941, Gerard Brousse's sports car came to a screeching stop in the quiet street outside Liz Pack's apartment house. A moment later she opened her door to the distraught Frenchman, who curtly ordered her to mix him a drink. She did so without comment, knowing that something must be unusually amiss; Gerard was always the perfect gentleman.

Brousse downed half his drink and set the glass down hard on the coffee table. He glared at Liz. "A terrible thing has happened."

Her heart leaped. Had the embassy learned her real motives? Had Brousse?

"My post at the Embassy has been abolished," Brousse snapped. "Vichy France cannot afford me."

"It sounds like one of Laval's economies," Liz said. "Does this mean you'll have to return to France?"

Brousse shook his head. "No, Henry-Haye will pay me a small salary out of secret funds. But I will have to live in Washington—how do you say it?—on a shoestring."

"I don't insist on expensive restaurants and beautiful gifts," Liz said softly. "I have enough money for the both of us."

Brousse got up and strode angrily about the room. "Absolutely not! I will not be kept! If I cannot afford you, I will not see you at all." He turned to her. "That is what I came here to say."

Liz knew that Gerard Brousse was in love with her. Money, or the lack of it, would never force him to give her up. And his new financial problems played into her hands beautifully.

"I have the solution," she told him after a moment. "What if I were to confess to you that I'm a United States agent, and am empowered to pay you —and well—for information about embassy affairs?"

Brousse stared at her. "I wouldn't believe it."

"But it's true, darling. Would I lie to you? And look at it this way: you love your country, and there's much about the Vichy government that you detest. What better way to help defeat Laval and the Germans than to cooperate with their enemies?"

"I'M a Madam—what do YOU do?"

"I will not be a traitor," Brousse said. "Not for money. Especially not for love."

Liz laughed. "Where's that systematic intelligence of yours I admire? A traitor to what—appeasers, jackals, traitors themselves? Look at things realistically. The United States is bound to enter the war on the Allied side. When it does, Hitler, Mussolini, and Laval are cooked like so many geese on a spit. Don't be a silly goose, darling. What future would a girl like me have with a silly goose—even if he's the most enchanting Frenchman she's ever met?"

STILL upset and far from convinced, Brousse said he would sleep on her offer. She knew the Frenchman was as much concerned with her own motives toward him as he was with the ethics of the situation—probably more. She didn't suggest that he stay the night. When Brousse, weakening, suggested that he do so, she shook her head.

"No. You wouldn't be objective. I want you to do this for yourself, not for me. There's a big difference."

The next day Brousse agreed to her proposal.

G2 was willing to pay Brousse $600 a month, providing the information he supplied was important. As the weeks passed, G2 was more than satisfied. Brousse passed on to Liz not only copies of every Embassy telegram received and sent, but also daily reports on Embassy affairs, including a list of people the Ambassador had seen and conferred with.

This information proved to Allied Intelligence that Henry-Haye and his staff were actively engaged in hindering the British war effort. The Vichy Ambassador was in constant touch with Admiral Darlan, Vichy's British-hating Minister of Marine, giving him information on British ships presently in American drydock for repairs. Among these vessels were the *Illustrious*, the *Repulse*, and the *Maylaya*. Vichy secret service agents in the U.S. had hired some of Washington's most beautiful and expensive prostitutes to compromise British Embassy officials, and in some cases they had succeeded.

Some of Brousse's information was in the Vichy naval code, and useless to G2. They asked Liz Pack to get hold of the Vichy naval cipher, so that they could read the embassy's naval telegrams in which they were most interested. Plans were shaping up for an Allied invasion of North Africa, and it was essential for the U.S. and British navies to be able to follow the signals sent by the Vichy Ministry of Marine to the French fleet in Toulon and the North African ports.

Brousse's birthday fell on August 9th. Liz used the occasion—a candle-lit dinner at the Colony restaurant—to approach him on the subject.

Brousse heard her out quietly. Then he said: "*Ma petite*, you are asking the impossible. There are only two people who have access to the code room, Restand, the Chief of Codes, and his assistant, Roger de Couvert. Restand is known for his unapproachability. The code room is locked and carefully guarded at all times. A permanent watchman was hired just last week. Finally, the cipher books are so big and unwieldy that if anybody smuggled them out of the Embassy, their absence would be noticed immediately."

Liz wasn't convinced. "What's this Restand like?" she asked.

"I tell you he is incorruptible, a man who lives only for his work." The Frenchman's smile was a little strained. "I doubt if even you could—charm him enough."

Liz changed the subject. She didn't want Brousse to get the idea that she

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had any idea of testing Restand's resistance via the bedroom.

She reported to G2, which regretfully abandoned the project. Then, a few months later, a break came: Restand fell ill and resigned, and his assistant, de Couvert, took over the code room.

The task before Liz now was to manage to meet de Couvert without Brousse's knowledge. She solved the problem by arranging to meet de Couvert's wife. Madame de Couvert, pregnant at the time, was in the habit of shopping at a certain Georgetown grocery story. Liz engaged her in a conversation about avocados, invited her to tea, and soon had an invitation to the de Couvert apartment.

There she noticed two things: Roger de Couvert, an elegant aristocrat with expensive tastes, complained about the amount of money it took to live comfortably in Washington; and if an insinuating knee under the table was any indication, he liked the girls. Liz didn't have to go to the trouble of slipping him her telephone number. The next evening he called to arrange a meeting.

Liz couldn't afford to waste time. More quickly than any properly brought up female member of the Pack family had ever accepted a man's proposition before, she went to bed with Roger de Couvert. The nobleman wasn't surprised. Like Alberto Lais, he imagined himself irresistible to American women.

Gradually Liz worked around to the question of the naval cipher, by way of criticizing Laval and wondering aloud how any patriotic Frenchman could work for a man who was successfully selling his country to its oldest enemy.

De Couvert didn't respond. "*Ma chère,*" he told her, "you know nothing of politics. I don't like Hitler any more than you do, but he's the wave of the future, and the madman's going to win. Laval knows that, and so do I."

She saw her only chance with him was to offer him what he needed most: money.

As dessert for a passionate evening spent in her apartment, she told the Frenchman that her employers would pay $5000 for the naval cipher and $800 a month thereafter, if de Couvert could keep her informed of any changes that might be made in it.

AT that moment the phone rang.

"Gerard?" Liz said, cradling the receiver. "Yes, the headache's a little better since I had my nap."

De Couvert, an amused smile on his face, began silently kissing her neck and ears.

"I'm afraid not, darling," Liz told Brousse. "It's late, and I've a big day tomorrow with the charity bazaar. Yes, call around five. You know I love you, silly." She hung up.

De Couvert took her in his arms. "You amaze me," he said. "Not only do I discover that you're an intelligence agent, but you're immoral enough to talk to one lover while another is kissing you behind his back."

Liz put her hands against his chest and shoved a little. "What's your answer, Roger?"

The nobleman looked at her lazily. "I must give the matter some thought. Meanwhile, we have more interesting things to do than discuss finances."

"You're a brute."

"Not quite. It's just that my wife expects me back before midnight . . ."

De Couvert kept Liz waiting for a week, almost every evening of which he spent making love to her. Liz told Brousse she was fighting the grippe. De Couvert refused to discuss the naval cipher, claiming that a decision to turn it over to her would be crucial to his career, therefore he must be completely certain he was doing the right thing.

One morning the following week, Brousse called Liz, much disturbed. He said it was essential that she meet him for lunch that day. He would say nothing more over the phone.

They had lunch at an elegant restaurant, but it wasn't a pleasant occasion.

"De Couvert," said Brousse, "has told Henry-Haye the whole story, naming you as a United States agent and also implicating me. The Ambassador called me in this morning."

Liz went white. "I'm sorry, Gerard. I had orders to see what I could do with de Couvert."

"Let us ignore the matter of your infidelity for the moment," said Brousse stiffly. "I protested to Henry-Haye that it was all a lie. That we were only friends, and that you had never asked me to supply information."

"Thank you," she whispered.

"I realized I had to counter de Couvert's charge with a lie bigger than his truth. I told the Ambassador that de Couvert had been spreading malicious rumors about Henry-Haye's affair with a certain baroness who throws some very exotic parties. If de Couvert could lie about this, he doubtless could lie about me, especially since we have always disliked one another.

"It worked," Brousse went on. "Henry-Haye called in de Couvert, and fired him from the code room." He paused a moment. "Liz, do you love him?"

She covered his hand with her own. "You know better than that, darling. It's you I love—now and always." The words were trite, but she was beginning to mean them.

"Always is a long time," Brousse said, but she could see he was mollified. By the time the demitasse was served, they were close again. Liz Pack didn't sleep alone that night.

Three days after Pearl Harbor, Liz had a conference with her superiors at G2. They thought her new idea for obtaining the French naval cipher excellent, and Brousse—whom she sounded out about it immediately—agreed to go along. He quickly supplied the first requirement: a floor plan of the Embassy.

On a cold night in January, 1942, a cab pulled up to the Embassy entrance. Gerard Brousse slipped out and rang for the watchman. When the man appeared, Brousse took him aside and spoke in confidential tones, as one man to another.

"My lady friend is with me, and we have no place else to go. You know how crowded the city is. In any case, a member of the Embassy staff cannot be seen at a hotel. Here is twenty dollars. Perhaps you have a suggestion?"

The watchman, an Alsatian named Alfred Gross, hesitated to take the bill. "Capitaine, I have orders to permit no one in the Embassy after hours except the Ambassador himself."

Brousse grinned. "Come, Alfred, have you no sympathy for lovers? Is it so long since you were one yourself?"

The watchman chuckled and pocketed the bill. "All right, *mon capitaine.* You and your *amie* can spend the night

on the first-floor divan." He withdrew discreetly, leaving the front door open for Brousse and Liz.

The lovers showed up again three days later, and Gross wasn't disappointed at the size of Brousse's tip. On several subsequent evenings the visits were repeated. The watchman became so accustomed to their comings and goings that, satisfied with one brief glimpse of Liz's face, he hardly glanced at her thereafter.

On the night of February 8th, Brousse and Liz drove up to the Embassy in a mood decidedly gayer than usual. Brousse carried three bottles of champagne. When the taxi had driven off, he winked at Gross.

"You'll join us in a glass, my friend?"

"It is forbidden to drink on duty. However, you have corrupted me so thoroughly already that I have no heart to refuse."

They went to the watchman's quarters, where he produced glasses. "To you and your beautiful *amie*," the watchman toasted.

IF Gross had expected to empty a bottle of the captain's fine champagne all by himself, he was doomed to disappointment; he had hardly finished his first glass before his head dropped to his chest and he was fast asleep.

"Good," Liz said crisply. "Gerard, please let Mr. Ferri in."

Sal Ferri, the cab driver, was no ordinary hackie. He was a well-known safe cracker, temporarily out of jail, who owed the New York police a favor for holding back his last indictment. U.S. Intelligence had imported him from New York especially for the job.

Ferri picked the lock of the Naval Attache's office, and then the lock of the code room door. He identified the code room safe as a 1935 Wilson, whose combination it would take him roughly three hours to figure out.

Liz bit her lip worriedly. "We can only count on Gross' being out for a couple of hours—that doesn't give Sal Ferri enough time to figure out the combination."

Brousse shrugged. "You can't expect to accomplish everything at once. At least we've made good headway."

Working fast, Ferri succeeded in doping out the safe combination a few minutes before the watchman woke. When Gross opened his eyes, Liz and Brousse were sitting there before him. The captain was downing the last of the champagne.

"What happened?" the watchman asked foggily.

"You drank a little too much," Brousse told him.

"Strange," Gross said. "Champagne never knocked me out before."

Brousse yawned and stretched. He turned to Liz. "Well, my dear, I guess it's bed for both of us."

"Our own beds for a change," Liz giggled, and got up from her chair unsteadily. A moment later, she and Brousse left the Embassy.

They returned a few nights later, but without champagne. Liz had guessed, rightly, that the watchman had probably thought over his unusual reaction to Brousse's Piper Heidsieck and was more than a little suspicious. If they tried to drug him a second time, he would most certainly report the incident.

Actually Liz intended to put Gross' suspicions to work. No sooner were she and Brousse alone in the first floor room where they had been spending the night, than she began to take off all her clothes.

Brousse stared in amazement. "What on earth are you doing? Gross might come in any moment, on some pretext or other. He's definitely got the wind up. Did you notice how sullen he was when we came in?"

Liz grinned as she stepped out of her panties. She tossed them to him. "That's exactly what I've got in mind. Come here, darling, and help me out of my bra. It's a new one and the snaps are tight."

The suspicious Gross entered the room fifteen minutes later. He found the lights dimmed and Captain Brousse's *amie* lying stark naked on the divan. Brousse sat beside her, taking off his shoes.

"What's the meaning of this!" Brousse shouted as Liz leaped to cover herself. "I pay you to give us privacy—not to invade it!"

Gross hurriedly turned his back. "Forgive me, capitaine, mademoiselle," he muttered. "A mistake, I assure you." He groped for the doorknob.

When the door had closed behind him Liz laughed and held out her arms. "By now Sal Ferri's opened the safe. We've done it, darling. Now come here, why don't you? When the cat's away . . ."

It had taken Sal Ferri less than fifteen minutes to open the vault. He removed the cipher books and dropped them through the window to another agent who was waiting below. The books were then rushed by car to an agent's apartment nearby. Here a photographing machine had been set up, with an enlarger, for photographing book pages. A closet was set aside as a darkroom, fully equipped to develop and print in a hurry.

By three A.M. the books had been returned to the Embassy vault. Within thirty hours, reproductions of the Vichy naval cipher were in the hands of the Admiralty in London.

Liz Pack's reward wasn't limited to the satisfaction she had in eliminating Vichy naval resistance to the Allied landings in North Africa nine months later, thus saving countless Allied lives. She also gained a husband.

In 1943, she became the wife of Gerard Brousse. After the war, she retired with him to his château in Provence. In December, 1963, she died there of throat cancer, but not before telling her story to a London newspaper which printed it shortly before her death.

The Packs of Maryland might have been embarrassed, but they were also proud. ◆◆◆

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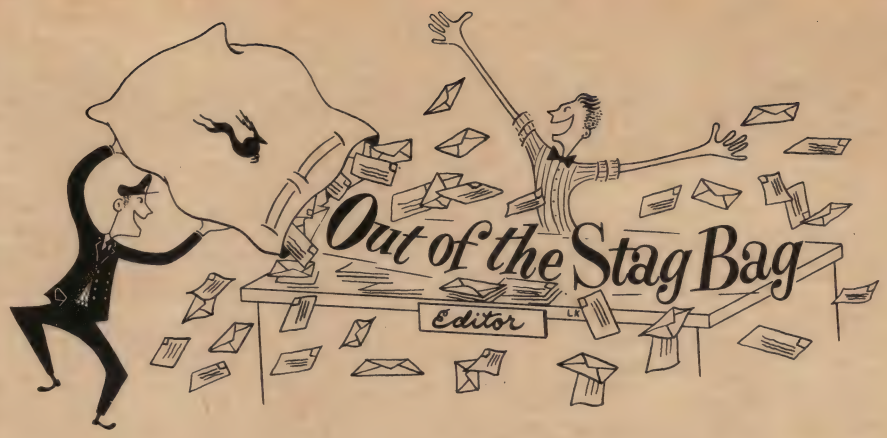

JOY GIRLS VS VICE SQUADDERS

To the Editor:

In the March issue of STAG, you have a feature article titled *New Sex-Girl Racket That Stumps the Law*. A vice squad man tells me that his department knows of many sex establishments operating in such a way it is very difficult for police to make arrests.

For example, the girls make it a rule never to accept money from a customer until the sex act has been completed. Up to that time, the officer cannot make an arrest since the girl has violated no law. When an officer finds he is up against this type of operation, he will simply withdraw from the premises as gracefully as possible. Obviously, if he followed through, he would also be violating the law and would himself be subject to prosecution.

Another rule which the smart girls follow is to accept a new customer only after they have had an opportunity to investigate his background, and make sure he's what he claims to be and not a policeman.

Obviously, the smart girl who combines investigation of a customer with the rule of not accepting money until after the sex act is completed, can operate with little likelihood of being apprehended by a vice-squad agent.

Sherman E. Harrington
Lyons, Wisconsin

FOR THE RECORD

To the Editor:

I am writing in regard to a story in your April issue entitled *The Korean War's Greatest Escaper*.

I spent 32 months in a Chinese prison camp and I tried seven times to escape, but was stopped all seven times. It has been stated several times that not one U.N. prisoner made a successful escape from the Chinese, but do these people say why—no.

Well, if you were 500 miles from your lines and you did not look like the people of the country and did not speak the language and did not wear the same clothes, and if it meant automatic death for a civilian—and his family—if caught helping you, but if he got a sack of rice for a reward for turning you in *dead or alive*, how much of a chance do you think you would have?

God only knows how many Chinese troops there were in Korea. Every hill, every valley, every pig trail was covered. I know, for I tried to escape and the furthest I got was about fifty miles from camp.

Frank Rea

To the Editor:

Just finished reading the story, *The Korean War's Greatest Escaper*, by Ed Hyde. In the story, Mr. Hyde was either speaking of another company, or he had the wrong names.

On April 23, 1951, Company B, 7th Inf., 3rd Div., was commanded by Capt. Ray Blandin. The 1st platoon leader of Co. B, was 1st Lt. Eugene May; the 2nd platoon was led by 1st Lt. Lester Hentges; the third led by the undersigned, at the time 1st Lt. Custer Watts.

I joined Company B in August '50, and stayed with it till Sept. '51 . . . I can not remember Pfc Banger, but it is possible he was in the "Battling Bastards" of Baker Company. I wish you would set the record straight. It was a good story and I enjoyed it very much —except for the names.

SSG Custer Watts
APO New York, N.Y.

► Author Ed Hyde replies: The names used in the story were the names that Banger, then on active duty, provided his First Cavalry public information officer. (Banger did another hitch in Korea, with the First Cavalry). I could only write this article from the information Banger provided. We know, of course, that it is a true account, because the Army checked Banger's records before sending background material to me.

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Amount of Loan	24 Monthly Payments
$100	$ 5.61
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$500	$27.73

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$800	$36.33
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We guarantee that you'll be 100% satisfied with the way we do business or you can return our money within 15 days after the loan has been made without any charges or cost to you. What could be more honest and straightforward than this!

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN

Dept. XY-159
City National Bldg.,
Omaha 2, Nebr.

MAIL THIS HANDY REQUEST NOW

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN, Dept. XY-159
City National Building, Omaha 2, Nebr.

Gentlemen: Please rush details in plain envelope. I understand that I am not under any obligation and that this will be kept in strictest confidence.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

AGE ____ OCCUPATION _____

SENSATIONAL BOOK BONUS

"Mr. President, Red China Has Orbited a Cobalt Bomb!"

continued from page 17

cinder. The rockets must already be flying.

While one part of Al Scofield's mind absorbed the information from his instruments, another part was thousands of miles away. He thought of his wife and four children in Denver. Lowry Air Force Base would be a prime target, and a near miss would hit the city. When he got back from this mission—if he got back—his home might be charred rubble. Maybe it was already. Maybe the mushroom cloud roiled over Denver right now.

Grimly Scofield pressed his lips together. Beads of sweat lined his upper lip. They trickled down his chin, under his collar, and he couldn't reach them and scratch. Open his face plate at this altitude and the tiny veins in his eyes and capillaries in his brain would explode.

FIFTEEN minutes on the Time-Gone indicator to No Return. He reached for the Orders of the Day envelope, and for the first time in his life, broke the wax seal. There were two columns of three words, each containing a lot of Rs. Smart, that. The Chinese called R the dog syllable, couldn't pronounce it, and substituted L. No chance of a mistake, no chance of radio interference and reception of the wrong orders. Scofield held the paper in the middle of the control wheel, studying it. Three words. Three words for "Go!"; three words for "Stop!" The fate of the world hung on three words.

The orders would come soon now. Which ones? Stop — or Go?

"Jupiter One to Red Two," he heard, and tensed. That was "Smack" Whitney on the speaker, and the tough bastard's voice was as demanding as ever. "Rambler. Rambler."

Al Scofield sighed and relaxed. This wasn't The Day. "Rambler" was in the Stop column. Two more words now.

"Odin One to Red Two," said Presirent Mallon himself: "Rotor. Rotor."

The second word. Al Scofield felt his muscles going slack. His very insides were sliding together. Come on, come on, gimme that third word. Let's have it straight from you, Air Chief Mackey, you pompous bastard.

"Angel One to Red Two," the phoney, aggressive tones came through the ear plugs: "Writer. Writer."

Major Scofield closed his eyes, swallowed, switched on to command channel. "Red Two leader to all Baker Flight. Turn around, boys. We're going home . . ."

The high-speed elevator slammed into Major General Whitney's shoes and lifted him out of the honeycomb buried deep under the Rocky Mountains. There was no other sensation of movement, no popping of the ears to indicate he was rising thousands of feet. The entire underground complex was kept at equal temperature, equal pressure. Nuclear-activated machinery saw to that.

The doors slid open on an immense natural cavern blasted out of solid rock eons ago. Man had had to do very little to improve the length and breadth requirements of this monstrous room, but still the evidence of his work was everywhere. Delta-winged AB-18's were perched like delicate insects on slender steel rails, their needle-shaped noses pointing up to concrete slots. In each slot, the concrete was scorched and blackened.

Whitney left the elevator on the run, heading for the nearest Fire Flare. Startled guards saluted awkwardly with their carbines. Sergeant Charles trotted alongside the general, handing him, in order, his gun belt, flight suit, helmet, parachute, dispatch case. Whitney hopped on each foot in turn climbing into the flight suit, hooked the parachute to the chest buckles, then sprang up the ladder that led to the AB-18's tiny cabin, already crowded with three men. Whitney slid his lean length into his seat.

"Ready check," the pilot-navigator announced to the copilot-bombardier.

Whitney shoved the be-buttoned arm rest of the fighter-offense seat down and into the recess of the "safe" position. As he buckled himself in, he looked over at the man in the fighter-defense seat whose sleep-reddened eyes approximated the color of the scanty hairs adhering to his bowling-ball-shaped skull. Whitney grinned, a flash of white in tanned and lined muscle, stretched taut over long bones.

"Out howling last night, Irv?"

"Had duty. Was just crawling into the sack when you pulled me out."

"Better take some pep pills. Odin One was on the hot line. Big doings at Fort Forrestal."

Major Irv Rosen blinked and sat up as straight as his seat belt would allow. "Oh, oh! I'm awake. What's up?"

"Don't know yet. Crash priority and through clearance all the way. You can't add anything to that."

The pilot's board was in the green. He contacted control. A bullhorn blared through the cavern: "Clear the area. Fire in ten seconds. Clear the area. Fire in ten seconds."

The guards crouched behind concrete shields. The four men in the plane placed their helmets on sideways and twisted them till they clicked to lock position. As one, their hands went out and slid shut iron-hard Kylon windows, isolating them from each other. If they had to eject, they'd go out in four different directions, each in his own separate, life-sustaining capsule.

Two and a half miles underground, the thermal nuclear reactor heated water till it was super steam, geysered it through pipes to a reservoir where the pressure grew and grew until the super steam became an actual explosive. A powerful valve opened. Hot fury channeled to a piston in the center of the rail holding the AB-18. The dead-weight tons of the delta-winged craft moved. It shot up the rail at a 45° angle, gathering speed. The twin turboramjets turned in the compressed air stream and fired. RATO units at the wing tips spit a holocaust of flame against the concrete walls. The four men were slammed into their cushioned seats by the increasing gravitational thrust.

Like a stroke of lightning, the AB-18 hurtled out of a gaping slash in the mountain. Already it was at 9000 feet and still going up under the combined forces of engines and rockets. The higher it got, the faster it went in the thinning air, a deadly and delicate piece of machinery entering its element. At 40,000 feet the rocket pods sizzled away, strained momentarily for space, then burned out and tumbled to the Colorado Plateau far below. The pilot nosed over at 70,000 and poured on the juice for Washington, an invisible flash seen only by the sun, a quick and ghostly streak drawn across radar screens.

To Major General Wallace Whitney, all this was an old story. Forty years old, he had been cramming his six feet, one-inch slender length into various type cockpits for 21 years — if you included Air Academy time. At 22 he'd been a chopper pilot in Vietnam, and later pursued the retreating Communist troops, harrassing them by day and night until they finally quit at Vinit Yen, just north of Hanoi, threw down their arms and surrendered to the advancing columns of the Saigon government.

He had flown a fighter in the 48-Hour Fracas while the world held its breath, chalked up six victories the first day and three more the second. During the two-week Freedom Fight, his U-5 had taken pictures of the whole ugly scene, including the moment the Russians disengaged from the satellite nations and sealed their borders to them. It was the speed and altitude of the U-5 that saved his life when he observed the Migratory Mess for the United Nations. There were three or four close calls on that one, when he had seen the ground-to-air rockets just in time and destroyed them. That was when his demands had helped produce the U-6, where one man could do the piloting and observing while a second handled the defense.

Almost without realizing it, Whitney had kept rising in rank and it came as something of a surprise when he found himself in command of SAC. It certainly was a surprise when he found out that he had logged more combat hours and won more decorations than any other man in the Air Force. And now the joker was that he had to get presidential permission to pilot his own craft. They said the new ships were too hot for a man of his age. Horse tails!

WHITNEY watched the AB-18 diving towards Chesapeake Bay, flattening out, cutting its engines, and going into a long glide. There was a little shudder and a pistol shot as they slowed to subsonic speed. The long concrete strips of Andrews Air Force Base lay ahead. Again a jerk as the pilot let out the drogue chute, let it drag them to a possible landing speed, then touched down with the brakes full on and screamed along the runway, feeding reverse thrust from the engines in a series of neck-snapping cracks. They halted with about an eighth of the strip ahead —not bad for landing at over 500 mph.

The general twisted off his helmet,

pulled open the separating windows. "Okay," he complimented the pilot, "Tell the line chief I want those brakes fixed *now!* We may have to leave in a hurry."

An olive colored staff car raced alongside and picked up Whitney and Rosen. The car whipped them into the basement of headquarters. There was the usual rigamarole of saluting, but they still had to show their I.D. cards to the guards in front of the sliding doors. Only then did they open onto an elevator that as soon as they boarded, dropped out from under them.

The doors opened onto a small double-decked platform with more guards. Three submarine-shaped cars, each seating four, hung from the monorail. A lieutenant locked them in a car with an oversized Allen wrench. They were locked in for good until a man on the outside could free them.

The car moved, picking up speed gradually, going down and around. Fort Forrestal was built a thousand feet under the Potomac and its very existence was Top Secret. All the necessities were converted out of Potomac water by a nuclear reactor — oxygen, drinking water, electricity, and a few small creature comforts such as air conditioning.

The car slowed to a stop at a larger platform. An M.P. sergeant opened the door, assisted them down a short hall to a desk behind which sat an M.P. lieutenant. Two enlisted men standing behind him snapped to attention, but the lieutenant neither stood nor saluted, merely held out one hand. Whitney knew the other was on a machine gun under the desk. No matter how many times he showed his identification to this lieutenant, he'd never budge, or show he recognized him and pass him through with a wave.

The lieutenant studied their I.D. cards. Finally he nodded. "Open the door."

One of the M.P.'s shoved a small key into a big lock and pulled the steel door open. Whitney and Rosen stepped through into a little antechamber. Two more guards were there. They were polite, even smiled. One of them withdrew to a corner and lowered his tommy gun, but politeness and respect had nothing to do with the gesture. His job was to shoot the legs out from under them, then laser beams in the walls, aimed by heat-seeking mechanisms, would incinerate them.

The other guard saluted and moved to the side of a sliding, steel door, but he kept his hand on his .38 revolver. Whitney and Rosen stepped to a waist-high machine that had four flat pieces of perfectly ground glass on top of it. Under each window was photosensitive paper. They laid their right hands on the glass; there was a "clack" as the glossy white paper jerked away. Far below, a computer raced, matching their handprints on file with the handprints just photographed. The match was made in just over a second. The computer flashed an "O.K." up parallel electric wires to the steel door. A green light flashed, and the door slid open.

WHITNEY and Rosen walked into a maelstrom of noise that swirled around a highly-polished circular table and bounced wave-like off the walls. Everyone of the uniformed men in the room was standing, shouting, trying to drown out the others.Whitney frowned. There had been arguments in the past, yes, but usually Joint Chief meetings were more orderly.

President Mallon, prematurely white-haired, ruddy complexioned, and the idol of fifty million women, was sitting in his familiar position of hand grasping chin. Charming, gracious, a great orator with a sonerous flow of words that could strike home like a steel blade or not mean a damn thing, he used his rhetorical abilities to confound, confuse, persuade or inform, and only the most astute political reporter could detect the difference. President Mallon was generally acknowledged to be a political gem and had as many facets. He could knife an opponent in the back while patting him on the shoulder, was absolutely devoted to promoting the interests of United States, and it was rumored that a computer acted at about half the speed of his brain. Talkative in public, he listened a great deal in private, weighed the matter, then made his decision and that ended the discussion.

Vice President Banner held all political patronage in the work-gnarled hands he spread on the table. Looking like a raw-boned farmer dressed in his shiny Sunday suit, he appeared oafish alongside the scintillating Mallon, but his appearance was a deception and a disguise. Formerly a great governor of New Hampshire, he deliberately effaced himself so he could carry out the President's wishes in Congress while Mallon publicly denied he wanted them done. As a team they were opposites, yet worked in perfect harmony, and their record was such that they were sure to prolong their tenure in office to the constitutional limit.

The President and the Vice President were the only ones not talking. Burly Army Chief of Staff General Bors pounded the table and roared he had twenty combat-ready divisions that could move immediately. Plump Air Chief Mackey screamed he only had aerial transport enough to move one ground division per day. Admiral Swanson stuck out his jaw and bellowed that every atomic sub was already racing to the most advantageous positions. That irascible businessman, Defense Secretary Lambert, yelled this was the biggest bluff in the history of mankind. He insisted on an ultimatum for an ultimatum. All the rockets under his command were poised and waiting for the "Go" signal!

President Mallon rapped sharply on the table. All eyes swung to him. Mouths that were open stayed open, but no sound came from them. The President said calmly, "This noise is getting us nowhere. Each of you will assess his capabilities and present a précis in turn."

Whitney threw his hat on the table near the door. The movement caught Mallon's eye. "Oh, General Whitney," he said. "Sit down please."

Whitney and Rosen took two of the empty chairs, feeling conspicuous because all the other chiefs had their full staffs with them.

Mallon asked, "Have you been filled in General?"

"No sir. When you called, we were testing the new air-sneak defenses."

"And how do they work?"

"Didn't complete the runs, sir, but I would estimate at better than ninety percent efficiency. It will be in my report. Major Russel Dunham did a fine job."

"Well," the President tossed a heavy sheet of official stationery down the table, "you may not have time to write

When Whitney and Rosen arrived, all the chiefs of staff were already with the President; it was obvious something "big" was up.

Sighing tiredly, Yang stretched out on the divan, resting his head in Sally Soo's lap.

that report. The French Embassy routed me out of bed at an unholy hour to give me this. We've obtained confirmation of a sort from Generalissimo Wu Din Wang."

Whitney scanned the letter with Rosen looking over his shoulder. It took time for the full impact of what he read to hit him. Something about a hydrogen bomb encased in a cobalt shell orbiting the earth which would be exploded in the Northern Hemisphere jet stream.

Rosen's fingers dug into Whitney's shoulder. Whitney looked up, blinking, his mouth working, trying to force out words. "Why . . . why . . . it means the end of the United States, the end of Europe, the end of most of humanity . . ."

"Yes," President Mallon said coldly. "The staff here seems to have missed that point. They hear the word hydrogen bomb and immediately think of pitching them back. Perhaps you can point out to them just what this message means."

"Sir, Major Rosen is my A-2. He could give a more lucid explanation."

"Major Rosen," Mallon pointed to the world map that covered one wall.

Rosen stood, his face as red as his hair. At 31, he had four degrees after his name, but he hated demonstrating his academic abilities in public. Now his head whirled with thoughts of isobars, adiabatic changes and lapse rates, vertical and lateral convections, molecular exchange . . . How the hell could he take these complicated subjects and present them in one simple bundle?

"Go on, Irv," Whitney said quietly. "The Chiefs are waiting."

There was the answer. He wasn't lecturing to a woman's club; these were the Chiefs, and they only needed hints. What they missed, their staffs would damn well pick up.

"Well," Irv scratched his balding skull, "perhaps we'd better start with the jet stream, or go back before that even. I guess you've all traveled enough to know that when you pull the plug on a bath in the Northern Hemisphere the water runs out clockwise, while in the Southern Hemisphere, the action is counterclockwise. This is due to what is known as the Coriolus Effect. Due to a variety of factors, including the turning of the earth, the same thing occurs with winds—I'm speaking very generally. In the Northern Hemisphere, the main flow is from west to east.

"Back around World War I, a jet stream of air was discovered between ten and twenty thousand feet. The old transcontinental piston planes and early jets used to take advantage of this by getting in the middle of it and letting it push then towards the East Coast."

Irv paused to shake out a cigarette, inhaled till the chemically treated end lit, and puffed a while collecting his thoughts. "Just before World War II," he continued, "we found another jet stream, a real stream that races between 100 and 150 mph. This one is twenty miles high or so, and I presume its the one the Chicoms will explode their bomb in.

"You see, cold air flows down from the north, and warm air up from the south. Under ideal conditions — which hardly ever exist — the meeting point is 37° — halfway between the North pole and the Equator. Of course, in the summer the jet streams are pushed north by the greater volumes of warm air. Big masses, like the South Atlantic High, push it as far north as 65°, usually less, but it mostly covers Europe. The United States gets it at about 42 to 45°, but it takes dips and we're covered too. Think of it as a big wiggly snake girdling the world."

He paused. "Admiral Swanson, have there been any reports of excessive enemy submarine activity in the Pacific and Atlantic?"

Swanson nodded gravely.

"Then," Rosen went on, "you can be pretty sure the Chicoms have made a long range weather forecast, and it's all in their favor. The U.S., Europe, and Russia will get it. So will the north of China, but not the south, nor all the Indonesian Islands they took during the Migratory Mess. Now as to the hydrogen bomb encased in cobalt . . .

"COBALT is a heavy metal with peculiar properties. One of the isotopes has a half life of five years. The hydrogen bomb will blow it to powder. Radioactive powder. The jet stream will deliever it around the world in the form of poisonous dust. No one or no group could survive five years in a fallout shelter, and remember, that's only the *half life*. Everything and everybody will die in days — weeks at the most — from radioactive poisoning. The dead land may not be livable again for a half century or longer. Even if we few here could stay where we are, supply ourselves with enough food, air, and water, geriatrics hasn't advanced far enough to let us live that long. If the Chicoms explode that bomb, we're finished."

Rosen sat down suddenly.

General Bors jumped up. Mallon rapped the table. "Quiet!" he demanded. "Thank you, Major Rosen, for a very excellent précis. General Whitney! You have some nine hundred bombers which you assure me will reach their targets."

Whitney looked the President straight in the eyes. "What targets, sir?"

"The Red Chinese, of course. We also have about 2,000 rockets in our arsenal, including those on the atomic subs. I want a considered opinion: can we completely eliminate the Red Chinese as they threaten to eliminate us?"

Whitney hesitated. This was a time for truth, not soothing platitudes. "That's Plan Able, sir, but it won't eliminate the Chinese, just the industrial complexes and major cities above ground. I took pictures of the Migratory Mess. I saw hundreds of millions of them crush the jungles in Sumatra, New Guinea, Borneo, throw the debris into the rivers, and plant farms. If Generalissimo Wu hadn't started the Forty-Eight Hour Fracas and stormed ashore on the mainland just then, grabbed a foothold with our help, they would have gone on to Australia and the Philippines.

"We scared them off, but we were locking the barn door. Now they've scattered all over — mountains, valleys, any place livable. There's a billion of them against our 210 millions. Even if we had 20,000 rockets, we couldn't get them all. Our targets were always those with war-making capabilities, not human beings unless they were caught near ground zero. We utilize only five percent of the fission and or fusion process. We use 'clean' bombs."

"And this," Vice President Banner said distinctly, "is a very dirty deal."

"If it's not bluff," Mallon put in. He reached for the hot line phone marked U.S.S.R. "Let's see if Premier Pulov has been warned."

There was some delay due to translation difficulties, but Mallon put his questions directly and evidentally received direct answers. His face was blank when he hung up. Pulov had been warned. Already Siberian and Chinese Armies were clashing along the borders of Inner Mongolia. Russian armies were pouring toward the fighting front by Trans-Siberian Railroad, air carriers, motor vehicles, even marching. Everything the U.S.S.R. had was being thrown in.

Rosen said, "That still doesn't mean the damn thing is up there. We're still working on a supposition. Green Mountain Observatory in North Carolina might be able to pick up the orbit, although I'd suggest Jodrell Bank.

Mallon nodded, reached for another phone. "Operator, I want a direct line to Professor Henry Swallow, Jodrell Bank, England." He covered the mouthpiece and looked up. "Suppose this isn't bluff. Whitney, you're our science boy. Have we got any chance of shooting it down, or maybe precipitating the damn stuff so its harmless?"

Whitney glanced at Rosen, then turned to the President. "Sir, radioactive cobalt is *never* harmless. There's no cure but time."

"And that," Mallon mumbled, "is the one thing we haven't got — just three days."

"WHAT!" Chairs went over as everyone jumped up. The room reverberated with the collective shout.

Mallon nodded. "We knuckle under in three days — starting with 1200 today, Washington, D.C. time — or they let go . . . Hello? Hello? Professor Swallow? . . . Oh, Prime Minister Tarkington.

I have a note from the French . . . You do too, eh . . . Well, what does Swallow say? . . . Yes, thank you, all our facilities are at your disposal. U.S. armed forces based on British soil come under your command now . . . Of course we'll keep in touch."

He slammed the receiver in the cradle, looked at Bors, Swanson, Mackey. "Issue the orders transferring the troops." Then he spun around in his seat to look at the wall map. "It's there, all right. Swallow's radio telescope confirms it definitely. Says it's traveling at random speed in a random orbit — whatever that means."

"The games theory," Rosen snapped his fingers. "It figures."

"Go on," Mallon demanded.

WHITNEY took over. "The theory of games, like chess or checkers or war. Very abstract math. There are an infinite number of moves and variables that can be made, and they've got all of space to play with. Shooting rockets at it will be like a rifleman in New York trying to hit a jugglar's orange in San Francisco."

"We'll try," Defense Secretary Lambert slammed the table

Vice President Banner ignored him and said slowly, "This must be kept from the public. We have to prevent panic."

Mallon snorted. "The Chicoms are releasing the information at 2100 hours tonight, so they'll get the greatest mass audience, so to speak. They're hoping for panic. I've already notified the National Guard and Civil Defense. Bors, start moving your divisions to the critical areas unobtrusively. After dark, get them in position — quietly. I just hope to God it will be enough. Meanwhile, we hang on, exude confidence, and try to figure a way out."

Rosen leaned back in his chair and stuck his hands in his pockets. He spoke his thoughts aloud: "We knew they had the atomic bomb. The Russians gave them that. But a big hydrogen bomb encased in a shell of cobalt? That weighs tons. Where the hell did they get the rocket? How the hell did they develop the booster? Who gave them that?"

Clappet, Chief of the CIA, sat in the shadows of the wall behind the President. To the public, he was a faceless, voiceless nonentity. Now he cleared his throat: "His name is Dr. Yang Li Ko . . ."

Three months previously, Dr. Yang Li Ko watched through the thick lead glass window of a half-buried bunker. All the windows were crowded. For once Yang's personal "bodyguard" wasn't staring over his shoulder watching every move he made; he was at a far window crammed with low rank soldiers.

The scientists were before their instruments. The 24-hour countdown was reaching its final seconds. The tension was growing, especially among the Ruling civilians. They had only read of the successes in formal reports while the scientific personnel had actually seen the bird fly. Calmly, surely, the technicians threw their switches.

"Three seconds, two seconds, one second . . ." The massive, solid-fueled rocket with the sand-weighted nose cone quivered. "Fire!"

Thunder and lightning burst from the rocket's tail. Steam clouds engulfed the water-cooled concrete launch pad. Slowly and smoothly, the 12-story-high Dragon rose, a lazy beast that had to be whipped with controllable but unimaginable fury. Once it left the steam clouds behind, it sped through the atmosphere, gaining speed steadily. New vitality seemed to spur it on in the upper reaches and quickly only the flaming exhaust was seen.

The scientists read the results aloud: "Firing sequence perfect . . . Attitude perfect . . . Altitude six kilometers . . . Thrust entering the red . . . Altitude nine kilometers . . . All systems working perfectly . . . Altitude 12 kilometers."

"Destruct," Dr. Yang Li Ko said.

Secretary of the Chinese Communist Peoples' Republic, Min Sinh, whirled screaming, "What!" He pointed at the doctor. With that gesture, Yang's 'bodyguard' snatched a machine pistol from its holster and aimed it at Yang.

Dr. Lu Fa Shi pressed a red button and there was a flare high in the sky.

Yang turned slowly to the actual Ruler of a billion people, ignoring the gun pointed at his belly. "The Dragon Rocket has worked successfully nine times," he said quietly. "The United States spy satellites pick up our rocket exhausts with infrared scanners, and undoubtedly know we are testing. By destructing at twelve to fifteen kilometers, we imitate failure, and so preserve our greatest secret. None of the Dragons will rise higher — until the day. We await your orders."

Secretary Min Sinh's face resumed its usual bland expression. He nodded. "Brilliant, as always, Comrade Yang. We appreciate the opportunity to watch your tests. Your orders will arrive presently."

The civilians and ranking military left, leaving only the bodyguard. Yang removed his coveralls and collected all the graphs obtained from the electronic instruments, intending to study them in privacy.

Doctor Lu Fa Shi approached. "If there are no other duties, Comrade . . ."

"None, Doctor Lu."

"Then on my way out, I will collect the films from the observation planes. They should make most interesting viewing."

Dr. Yang nodded. "I compliment you on your devotion to duty."

It was nearly dusk when Dr. Yang entered the huge Kama limousine, sat alone in the back while his chauffer and bodyguard occupied the front seat. The road between Dragon Station and the city of Taonan in Northern Manchuria was broad and wide, and the honking horn of the Kama moved lesser vehicles to the side. Intellect was privileged in China, and Dr. Yang Li Ko enjoyed all of his privileges. But then he had earned each and every one by assiduous application to the pursuit of knowledge.

Born to peasants in a commune, his first love was for the land, not the parents he had seen the allotted time of but one hour per day. Even in the communal nursery his intellectual precocity was noted and marked in the file kept on each child. When he entered the compulsory primary school, Yang was like a colt released from a stall. He raced. He surpassed his fellow students with an ease that was amazing. Every door of knowledge opened at his touch.

The instructeress wrote a letter and the District Head of Education interviewed the boy, gave him a battery of tests. Afterwards he, too, wrote a letter.

From then on Yang Li Ko was educated by private tutors who gave him his head, always encouraging, always teaching, leading, inspiring. By Yang's twelfth year, the tutors could do little more for him. He equaled them in most respects and surpassed them in some.

The time, therefore, had come. Yang was smuggled into Singapore, as the refugee son of coolie parents, duly entered in form school, and took a competitive test for St. Albert the Great's. He pocketed the scholarship with ease. Yang pretended to struggle to learn at St. Albert's—actually, it was ridiculously easy for him. The English Friars were delighted with what they thought was an acquisition that would rebound to St. Albert's credit, and spent long hours of their own time preparing the bored Yang for greater scholastic achievements.

Yang was not so bored when the Adviser to Overseas Candidates for Admission to Cambridge corresponded with him. This was the sole purpose for which he had been sent to Singapore. He gobbled down a scholarship to Trinity, was sent to England with money raised by the Friars, and went for an Honors Degree in mathematics and mechanical sciences. After that he was allowed to take his Masters in chemical engineering, and finally wound up a full-fledged Doctor of Science—all this before he was 23.

Immediately, Yang returned to Peking and went to work. The Dragon was his, and his alone, from drawing board to launching pad. He even designed the machines to build the intricate machinery needed to construct the rocket. The solid fuel composition was his. Everything was his, and he was proud of it. Never could he forget the horrors of the three-month long Migratory Mess. Warships, freighters, junks, even rafts had descended on the Indonesian Islands like a plague of locusts. In the ensuing battles, defenseless Chinese men and women had died by the scores of thousands.

The 48 Hour Fracas had stopped the Migration. This would never have happened if the Chinese Communists had been on a technological par with the West. Thus Yang's devotion to the Dragon Rocket. It would establish a balance of power and ensure food for China's hungry masses.

The Kama drew up in front of the *yamen*, the former mandarin's residence. It was an architectural delight to Dr. Yang, but the interior far surpassed the exterior. Every room contained a perfectly carved piece of either jade or ivory. Ancient scroll art of finest silk hung on the walls, each delicate picture drawn with a single continuing line. In his few leisure hours, Dr. Yang delved into the world's great minds: Socrates, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Lao-tse, Buddha.

SERVANTS bowed him through the door. Sally Soo, his blonde Eurasian "pleasure lady," came running to meet him. A delightful girl, really. A dedicated Communist. Schooled intensively to satisfy a man's sexual desires before being assigned to him. A true joy to have in his abode—not the joy his wife and two children gave him in far away Swatow, but as essential to his physical and mental well-being as food and his books.

They touched cheeks and he greeted her with a friendly pat on the rump. She wiggled against him. He sighed.

Sally would have to wait; he had work to do. Perhaps later, if he wasn't overtired . . .

At 2100 hours, June 24th, Washington D.C. time, Secretary Min released to news agencies the story of instant death hovering in space. The world was stunned. In the United States, shock held people immobile in their homes. Telephone switchboards lit up like Christmas trees.

AT 2130 hours, President Mallon went on Tri-D. His magnificent features, his self-assurance in the round globes of the three-dimensional sets went far to suppress the incipient panic. There was no cause for alarm. There was no immediate danger. Everyone should remain calm. The impressive power of the entire Atlantic Alliance was mobilized for their protection.

By 2400 hours, Eastern Standard Time, trucks crammed with soldiers and supplies were threading the streets to vital points. The major cities were occupied by the Army and National Guard without knowing it. Public buildings and armories were filled with armed men who waited behind drawn shades.

The next morning, the U.N. held an emergency session that was devoted to uproar, and little more. Every delegate demanded time to speak. Deep under the Rockies, General Whitney snorted two streamers of smoke, biting through his cigar. The U.N. proceedings irked him. The delegates would still be talking while they died.

Snapping off the Tri-D, he threw himself into a chair and scanned the concise report Rosen had drawn up during the night.

Shooting rockets at the damn thing would do no good. If they did hit it—which was highly unlikely—the cobalt would still be exploded to dust and eventually drift down into the jet stream. Microscopic poisonous metallic particles. Because of the action of the jet stream, what wasn't destroyed this summer would get it in the fall. A creeping, invisible poison spreading over the land.

Whitney closed his eyes. There had to be a way. No human mind could build a prison that another human mind couldn't reason an escape from. Except that Wallace Whitney, soldier, was competing against Yang Li Ko, genius. A hard system to beat—

System! That was it! System. There had to be a system to explode that rocket. It's actions indicated it was controlled from the ground, and the firing signal would come from the ground. Yet there must be some means of safing it. No scientist would ever develop a weapon with such massive destructive powers without a number of safety devices. And Whitney bet one of them was manual.

The new experimental space ship, X-18, was already perched on top of a giant Zeus booster. Very experimental. A two-seater that had an ion drive, giving it a flying time of 36 hours.

Whitney reached for the hot line. "Jupiter One to Odin One," he snapped. A few minutes' wait, then President Mallon on the phone. "Yes, Whitney?"

"Mr. President, Project Slingshot is ready to go at Marshall Base. I think I could catch that cobalt rocket. Put in a top man with me like Professor Adams, we could lock on, find the safety mechanisms, and defuse the damn thing!"

"No, Whitney," Mallon said slowly.

"But, Mr. President, it's our only practical chance!"

"Perhaps it is, General, but you're not piloting the X-18. You're 40 years old and too valuable to me. There are seven bright men you've been training for that project. Pick your best and rush him through the last phases. I'll send Adams out there now."

"Good God!" Whitney exploded. "Three years ago I was the hottest pilot in the Force. Now I'm a washed up old crock. What the hell happened to me?"

"You became valuable," Mallon shot back. "Who's going to replace you? Corcoran? Forget it! By the way, Air Marshall Kulinsky of the U.S.S.R. is asking permission to come in over the top. I think it would be wise to see him. You know him, don't you? From back when you were Air Attaché in Moscow?"

Whitney grunted numbly, "He's a good man. I'll clear the way."

"Sorry, General," Mallon said, and broke the connection . . .

Dr. Yang retired to bed quite late. It had been a full day, very full. His eyes burned and his bones hurt. At 36, he could not be called an old man, but he felt like one tonight. Some of his muscles were twitching and his mind was weary.

With a sigh, he stretched his long length on the mattress. Sally Soo turned and put her arms around him. Sensing that he wished to think, she made no stimulating movements. Her position in the household was a clearly defined one: she was there to please, but not to obtrude. Sally had to anticipate his moods, meet his whims, avoid making a nuisance of herself—and faithfully write reports.

Yang's mind travelled back in distance and time to the fatal meeting in Peking. It had taken place in Premier Kung's grotesquely ornamented office. The Premier had occupied the Tiger Throne and looked like a fat happy household god, until you remembered he had slaughtered millions when the Western Provinces thought they could slip through the grasp of his pudgy fingers. Of course that had been eight years and forty pounds ago. It was rumored now that the Premier was preoccupied with his fading sexual prowess—he who in his youth had preached celibacy—and turned over more and more of his authority to Secretary Min.

Premier Kung extended both arms over the ornately carved desk. "Our dear Comrade Yang. Tea? Rice wine?"

Yang saluted with clenched fist and bowed his head. "Nothing, thank you."

Min, sitting in a straight-backed chair, uncrossed his legs and closed the knife with which he had been paring his nails. "Let's get down to business then. How many Dragons are ready?"

"There are six on launch pads and nine in reserve. Various factors of inefficiency have prevented the manufacture of more. I wish to discuss these factors with you soon."

"Someday," Secretary Min mused. "For now, I believe one Dragon will do. Your tests impressed us greatly. Tell us, Comrade Yang, could you boost a hydrogen gomb encased within a metallic shell into an orbit?"

"How heavy a shell, Comrade Min?"

"Approximately three tons."

Yang nodded. "With ease. I originally designed the Dragon for a payload of twelve tons. Since then, new discoveries have greatly reduced the weight factor."

Kung leaned forward, his belly sent a cup and saucer rattling. Min held up a restraining hand. "Could you, Doctor Yang, put rockets on the end of the bomb, and a control panel to fire those rockets at predetermined times?"

Yang was surprised. "Of course, all hydrogen bombs presently incorporate such systems."

"So," Min nodded, and reached out for some clipped sheets of paper. "Here! read this."

It was then Dr. Yang learned the purpose to which his Dragon Rocket would be put. He face never changed expression, except perhaps for a slight narrowing of the eyes, but that was all.

"The West will retaliate," he warned.

"Of course they'll retaliate," Min snorted. "Don't you think we haven't taken that into consideration? This has been a long range plan. A forty-year plan. A patient plan. If a Dr. Yang had not come along now, we—or our children's children — would have waited. Use logic, Comrade Yang. Why else have we always driven to the south? The world thinks it was to gain the great rice bowls—partially true but mostly foolishness. No, it was to get away from the jet stream—the deadly wind."

Min paused to pour rice wine into a glass. His eyes were mere slits, a glimpse into the furnace of fury behind the shuttered lids. "One people," he slammed the glass down on the delicately painted table beside him. "We will die by the hundreds of millions, but hundreds of millions more will survive and breed, and breed, and breed. One people, Yang. One world. All ours. No bickering. No wars. No territorial disputes. All ours. A Chinese world!"

Min stopped, breathing heavily, exhausted by the magnitude of his vision.

"Brilliant!" Dr. Yang murmured, startled by visions of his own . . .

All eyes were on the plastic transparent panel. The blond PFC reached up and placed a white dot at the extreme top. "Bogie at 12 o'clock," he answered. "Coming straight down the slot."

WHITNEY picked up the microphone. "Jupiter One to all green, blue, and pink sectors. Okay on this one. Let him through. Each sector command report you are receiving."

He gave the ear plugs to Corcoran, unlocked the chain at his waist that held the safe key, and dropped it in the colonel's lap. "Take over, Cork."

He turned and motioned Major Rosen to follow him down the corridor. "Irv, roll out the red carpet for Kulinsky. These Russians go in for all the panoply."

Rosen checked his watch. "Right. Bring out the band?"

"Yeah, better."

"What do they play? Internationale? Meadowlands?"

"Not here they don't. A couple of flourishes and something from Sousa. Has Professor Adams arrived yet?"

"Yeah. We're fitting him for a suit now."

"How about Captain Herman?"

"Completed his final checks about a minute ago. Or should have. They'll both be ready to go in about an hour."

"Okay. We'll give Kulinsky a front seat. If we all survive this, it might scare some of the red out of him."

The Red Army transport bomber was talked into Able Strip, then hand-waved into proper position. The door was opened and Kulinsky squeezed his bulk out. He was six-foot-six, 240 pounds of solid muscle, wore his cap perched precariously on a sandy mop of frizzy hair.

He grinned like a happy bear when he saw Whitney, spread both arms, swooped down on him crying, "My brother!'

The general submitted to the embrace, got a knuckle in the nerve center over Kulinsky's diaphragm, stabbed and twisted to keep his ribs from being crushed, and finally drove the wincing Air Marshall back.

Kulinsky hid the pain under booming exuberation. "How I've missed you. *Da,* you were just a major then, and I was just a colonel. Now look at us. And to think we had to meet again under such circumstances."

"Oh, you've been keeping track, Igor. May I introduce my aide, Major Rosen? He caught the agents you set on me."

"Did he?" Kulinsky turned, saluting, and held out his hand.

Whitney motioned to the waiting car. "We'll go to my headquarters."

Kulinsky lost his cheerfulness in the back seat of the olive drab Chevrolet. He turned soberly to Whitney. "I suppose you know where their base is?"

Whitney nodded. "Taonan. Or outside of it. We traced ten rocket shots from there."

"Yes. So did we. The tenth was the big one. Presently we're driving men and armored columns for the city. We've got to take it!"

"A waste of material and men. You come close to the city and they'll press the button just that much sooner."

"Perhaps. But we have buttons too. I wish to talk to you about that later —privately."

They were silent as they took the elevator down to Whitney's quarters. The guard saluted at the entrance to the short hallway that insured privacy, and the two right angled turns were baffles that prevented blasts or concussions from entering the spartan room, devoted more to communications equipment than comfort. Whitney slid an unopened bottle of vodka and a water tumbler toward Kulinsky, took some bourbon for himself. It reminded him of the many nights in Moscow they had played poker and asked casual questions designed to find out how much the other knew. Whitney, as Air Attache, was a spymaster and Kulinsky had been set on him as counterintelligence.

Now Kulinsky gulped vodka, dug a map out of his blouse, and spread it on the table. The red dots on it were so numerous they almost obliterated China and the Indonesian island chain.

"Here!" Kulinsky pointed at the dots. "You said before the Chinese would push the button. The Soviets have buttons, too—as does the United States. Premier Pulov is prepared to discuss this with President Mallon. Our rocket targets are North China above this line. Your targets —" Kulinsky looked up and nodded "—yes, we know you have more rockets than we do. Your targets will be South China below this line. Our atomic submarines, yours and ours, will hit the island chain. We tell this to the Chinese. We show them what will happen to them. We meet an ultimatum with an ultimatum."

Whitney drank half the bourbon while he collected his thoughts. "Iggy," he began slowly, "this crisis is not a sudden impulse of the Chinese. They've been planning it a long time. I'm sure they're prepared for the type of retaliation they know we possess. They are willing to sacrifice the vast majority of their people."

His voice grew stronger. "No matter how hard we hit them, with how many rockets, a sizeable proportion of their population will come through it. A nation of a billion people can absorb an atomic war. I tell you that they can survive while we can not. If we answer their ultimatum with the one you propose, they will laugh in our collective faces. The only chance we have to stop them is to prove to them that they have no hope *at all* of survival, not one single solitary hope. Min and Kung respect only superior might—and we do not possess anything superior to the cobalt bomb that is now circling overhead."

KULINSKY stood, balancing, swaying, head tucked between shoulders as if he wished to batter down Whitney's arguments with his fists. "But you will inform President Mallon of our plan? He will contact Premier Pulov?"

"I'll call President Mallon, Marshall. That's all I can promise. Whether he wishes to discuss the matter with Premier Pulov is out of my province. Now, will you go with Major Rosen? He's waiting outside and will arrange for a direct line to your government."

"You are calling your President now, General?"

"Yes. You'll have an answer within a few moments. By the way, this afternoon were going to take some positive steps—steps we believe better suited to the situation than yours. You will be present."

Whitney contacted Mallon. The President agreed to speak to Premier Pulov although he didn't think they could arrive at any mutual decision, as usual. Then he added, "Air Chief Mackey is flying one of Bor's divisions out to you. Make arrangements to quarter and feed them."

"What are you dumping 25,000 men on me for?"

"You'll need them, General. John Breed and Victor Spence have reserved time on Tri-D tonight."

Whitney groaned. Breed was as far right, politically, as a man could get, and Spence was just as far left. Both were extremists of the worst sort, power-hungry demogogues with fanatical followers. A crisis like this was red meat to them. The fact the world might end in a day and a half was immaterial.

There was a plaintive note in Whitney's voice. "Mr. President, couldn't you use your emergency powers?"

Mallon's speech was slow and tired. He hadn't been to bed since the beginning of the crisis—26 hours—had been on the phone most of that time conferring with world leaders. "Wally," he explained wearily, "Breed and Spence would reach their followers one way or the other. A round robin of phone calls . . . orders through the cell system . . . they have their own newspapers. By letting them go on Tri-D, we can learn their plans sooner and try to forestall them. That Army division you're getting is to hold off a mob from storming your headquarters. You've got more important things to do. Are that pilot of yours and Adams' ready to go?"

"Yeah. This afternoon . . ."

Captain Herman was short and stocky with alert blue eyes and bristly blond hair; Professor Adams was long, lean and phlegmatic. Both of them listened to Rosen's last-minute instructions before riding the elevator 25 stories to the top of the Zeus.

High in the mountains, in the communications room, were four chairs set in a row before a huge globular Tri-D set. Stuck where walls met ceiling, were small Tri-D globes, showing different scenes from various ground viewers—the X-18 and satellites, some of the pictures indistinguishable until infrared glasses were put on.

Kulinsky had the end seat and leaned close to the main globe, as if to lip-read Rosen's instructions. The arm buttons on Whitney's chair controlled all the sets, and he could throw any picture to the main one as desired. On the other arm of the chair, next to Major Russel Dunham's, was a microphone for communication with Captain Herman or ground control. The last chair was empty, waiting for Rosen. All of them wore infrared binoculars high on their foreheads that could be

In Moscow, panicked mobs broke into the Lenin-Khrushchev tomb, stormed the Kremlin, were stopped by flame-throwing tanks.

snapped over their eyes in an instant.

The countdown was coming to an end. The X-18 looked like a sparrow perched atop an office building. Three seconds . . . the gantry crane was pulled back to the end of its runway. Two seconds . . . the base of the giant Zeus covered an acre; a car could be driven into each of its flaring, firing nozzles, clustered together like so many grapes cut in half. One second . . . Barrelhead-size tubes squirted foam down the funnel-shaped concrete launch pad, ready to catch the nuclear by-products, hold them in suspension until they could be recovered.

Fire!

A controlled nuclear explosion slammed the concrete. Whitney switched the Tri-D picture to the interior of the X-18. Captain Herman and Professor Adams were vibrating to the growing forces that would barrel them into space. Their suits were inflated, they were on automatic in case of blackout. Behind transparent Kylon plates, their faces flattened and grimaced under the stress of increasing gravity.

The massive Zeus rose majestically. Distance dimmed the blinding brightness of the nuclear propellent. A far view showed the rocket rising straight and true, piercing the troposphere, the iron-melting heat and crackling cold causing condensation pointing a long white finger at its passage.

The communications room was filled with voices: "All systems go." "The board is green." "Pressure in the firing chamber okay." "First stage breakaway coming in five seconds."

Telescopic lenses watched the nuclear flame go out as the last of the fuel was consumed. A quick explosion separated the tons of booster. The giant cylinder toppled end over end; as it entered the atmosphere, a barometric control released four parachutes that let it glide earthwards for re-use.

The second stage ignited on the edge of space. Chemical fuel drove the X-18 into the regions where only a few hydrogen atoms whirled in loneliness, dodging the proton bullets shot from the sun. Another explosion and the X-18 was free, floating weightlessly beyond the grip of earth's gravity. Herman flipped a switch and a tiny ion drive that could barely nudge a beach ball on the world's surface, sent the X-18 scooting through space, leaving a long comet's trail behind.

Ground control had Herman now and was guiding him to the cobalt bomb: "You're okay in orbit . . . Target about 2000 kilometers ahead . . . Give it a declination of two degrees . . . Zero towards target . . . Hold it there . . . Have a speed advantage of half a kilometer per second . . . Should be seeing target visually soon . . . Prepare to match orbits."

WHITNEY switched inside the X18 as Rosen, breathing hard, threw himself into his seat and stared at the Tri-D. Herman tuned his visual scanners, zooming in and out. A metallic glint flashed across his forward screen: the sun shining on the metal armor of the bomb. He turned a knob, delicately adjusting the doppler effect to give him the range and speed of approach.

"Visual contact," he exulted. "Coming right down the slot."

"Okay, you're on your own . . . Remember this is a random orbit . . . Look out for booby traps . . . Ground control out."

Whitney's left hand was so sweaty it almost slid off the mike switch as he flicked it on. "Herman, this is Whitney. The games theory. Remember the games theory. That thing is in random orbit at random speed. It could spit at any time. Make your approach from the top."

"Roger, General. Changing attitude now. Professor Adams is using the close lens on it. Says he can separate rocket pod from bomb. Can't foresee any trouble defusing it after that."

Kulinsky rubbed his huge hands together. "American genius. I have always told Pulov about American genius, Valli. You don't know how to live, but with tools you are wonders."

Whitney switched off the mike. "Don't go happy and jinx us now. Herman has to lock on to that thing and Adams has to get out, walk on it so he can do his job. If the rockets fire when he's between the ship and the bomb, he'll be kicked into his own orbit for eternity. Not a pleasant death, eh, Iggy?"

"No, but to die for one's country is something."

"What good when it's for nothing . . . ?"

Dr. Yang Li Ko watched the radar screens. His eyes were mere slits. No denying the Americans had performed a brilliant feat. No one in the Red Chinese government had known they were so far ahead in space exploration. That ion drive was a work of pure genius. It had to be ionic—the pressure of the sun's rays was spreading the long tail into streamers similar to a comet's. Objectively, Yang could admire such an accomplishment, but subjectively, he had to find a way to protect his own interests.

It took him only a few moments. He studied the tape going into the computer that directed the actions of the bomb, read the future of the bomb's movements, then tapped mathematical information into another computer. All the scientists in the room watched him silently, their faces glistening with sweat under the bright lights.

Yang's voice was like the crack of a whip driving them to action. He read the answers to the questions he had fed the computer, running the tape through his fingers, and gave orders while watching the wall chronometer:

"Free the cranes. Dragons one, two, three to fire on my command, four five, six, on my next command. It will come quickly. Prepare the Dragons with the figures I give you." Mathematical symbols were fed into the rockets. Then: "Ready, prepare . . ."

The second hand moved in definite clicks. "Now!" Yang snapped. Three Dragons roared from their pads.

Two more clicks . . . "Now!"

Three more Dragons tore for the sky . . .

Whitney's eyes went to a blinking wall set. He flipped down his infrared binoculars, threw the satellite picture on to the main Tri-D, and studied it. His fingers turned on the mike: "Herman! Prepare for evasive action. They're shooting at you."

"I'm almost on top of it now. They won't knock down their own creation."

"Watch yourself. It may squirt away. Don't get caught in the blast—"

The cobalt bomb's rocket flared. It sped away at incredible speed, entering a new orbit. Herman rammed on his ion drive, giving chase.

"Go get him!" Major Russel Dunham pounded his chair arm. "Get him, boy."

Herman still had visual contact. Suddenly, in front of him, three blossoms of brightness grew like newborn suns. Three more flared immediately below them. A white glaring curtain hung between Herman and the speeding cobalt bomb.

"Damp the drive!" Whitney howled into the mike. "Nose up! Nose up."

Suddenly Dunham lunged and grabbed the mike in both hands: "Get out of there! Get out of there! Slam through!"

Herman was confused by the conflicting orders. For a split-second, he sat still, doing nothing. His orbital speed took him straight into the atomic cloud created by Yang. Radioactivity spread through the titanium alloy skin of the X-18. The fuel block was bombarded with an intense stream of nuclei; instead of disintegrating with controlled slowness, it absorbed this new type fuel, mingled with it, grew, reached critical stage . . . the ion drive became an atomic bomb.

The X-18 exploded in a spreading burst of blinding brightness. The few solid pieces that survived the atomic explosion scattered into orbits of their own. Whitney stood, moving with smooth and powerful speed. He whirled, throwing a right hand punch that landed on Dunham's mouth. Both Dunham and the chair went over, blood

As they dragged Lu out of the plane, he gasped: "The wind . . . the wind of death . . ."

spurting from Dunham's split lips. Whitney pointed a long finger at him and gave glacial orders to Rosen:

"Put him under confinement. Prepare court-martial proceedings against him for exceeding his authority and issuing unauthorized orders that resulted in the death of two men. If it's the last thing I do—if it's one second before I die—I'll break that bastard."

He turned to Kulinsky. "That was the last shot in our barrel." He strode out of the room, keeping his spine straight and his shoulders back, defying everything and everybody . . .

1800 Eastern Standard Time, Washington, D.C. June 25 . . . 42 hours to termination . . .

The people of the world were glued to their Tri-D sets. Business—all business—had come to a standstill as of noon that day. Panic buying had set in, and the stores had closed their doors. The shelves were empty anyway. The common John Q. Citizen feared the food he had purchased would never be eaten, but it was best to be prepared for hope—any hope—the hope that springs eternally. *The people next door may die, but I'll make it.*

All national and independent news systems had pooled their resources. The famous commentator, Donnell Blair, appeared in the goldfish bowl of the Tri-D and gave his usual nod of greeting: "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "The President of the United States, Randolph Mallon—"

Mallon appeared seated at his familiar desk in the White House; the windows behind him showed the Capitol dome shining in the lowering sun. Actually, the President was deep under the Potomac in Fort Forrestal, and it was all a clever mockup, as was Mallon's pose. A competent actor due to years of political experience where he had forced himself to smile in defeat and accept triumph with humility, he now sat comfortably, hands clasped loosely before him, exuding confidence.

"My friends," he began, and then presented what seemed to be a fair picture of the situation. Yet, certain key words stressing peace and calmness were subtly emphasized. The entire speech was semantically loaded and psychologically designed to lull emotions.

MALLON concluded his talk. The Tri-D sets blanked momentarily. A speck appeared in the middle, then grew larger and larger as the camera zoomed in. The speck showed color and movement, and there was the American flag flying. Suddenly, superimposed on it, were the poison-skull features of John Breed. He spoke as leader of the ultra-right nationalistic organizations. He spoke to the people of the United States, but satellites picked up his transmission and scattered it around the world.

Breed's voice gained resonance as he reminded Americans of their fighting heritage. Behind him, mistily, flashed patriotic scenes such as the men at Valley Forge standing shivering in bloody bandages, Doughboys charging out of the trenches in WWI, Omaha Beach . . . Background music—Yankee Doodle, Roger Young — swelled and faded. The cameras panned in on Breed's glaring, magnetic eyes. Those eyes stared into the eyes of all Americans as Breed ranted. Must Americans, who had always fought for independence, meekly submit to the yoke of Oriental barbarians? If Americans must die let them die fighting. Better dead than Red. In this emergency, when the government was obviously doing nothing but talking, it was the people's responsibility to take back into their own hands the powers they had given to a government that had proven itself unworthy to represent them. All must march, now! Demonstrate in the streets! Show our weakling President what we want! Leave your homes now! This minute. March! Now!

There was one last keening, mind-shattering, crescendo of music. Breed's glaring eyes stared directly ahead for long silent seconds. Then he whispered, "Go." Slowly his eyes faded, the bright black pupils retreating last as if reluctant to leave.

Now Victor Spence's broad smile filled the Tri-D. Handsome, greying at the temples, his custom-tailored suit was in direct contrast to Breed's homespun, as was his political philosophy.

Spence made an appeal to cool reason. No special effects for him. Absolutely not. He relied upon the intelligence and native good sense of the audience. The wide flowing gestures of his hands wove a spell that kept rhythm with his words, and created a frame that emphasized his blazing personality.

Take this question of Red or dead, if you will. Is it really better to be dead than Red? What does this accomplish? Think a minute. Use your own minds. Analyze. Is not life the most precious thing on the face of the earth? Of course it is.

Life. Here was the crux of the situation. Spence leaned forward and spoke intensely. His glittering eyes hypnotized his audience. His voice grew to a booming roar. Should mankind die because of a few men's ignorance? No! No! Man must live, join hands and stride proudly into the future. The stars are mankind's only boundaries. Together, the stars can be gathered to humanity's bosom. Why are you sitting in your homes? Do you wish to die in your chairs, doing nothing to stop this foolishness? Do you tremble because of words? Get out in the streets. March with the Sino-American Friendship League. March with the Society for Better World Understanding. Shout out at the top of your proud voices: "Better Red than dead!" Show Mallon the way and the light. March! Get out of your chairs! Leave your homes! Move! Walk! It is not too late. Get out! The time is now . . . !

Men marched. They marched down streets and highways. At intersections, streams met and became moving rivers. Slogans were raised high: "Better Dead Than Red" or "Better Red Than Dead." They shouted and screamed and shook their fists. Throughout the mobs were trained leaders exhorting them on, driving them to designated objectives. When opposing columns met, they clashed and fought with rifles, shotguns, pistols, clubs, nails, teeth. As the front ranks died, the rear ranks surged forward, stepped over the dead.

They marched, shouting, singing, stamping and pounding along; the uncontrollable power of the mob, whipped on to violence by a dedicated few. From every direction of the compass, they marched.

In New York, the National Guard poured out of the federal, state, and city buildings surrounding Foley Square. They spread coils of barbed wire six-feet high around City Hall. The dirt of City Hall Park was dug up and shoveled into sandbags. The sandbags built pill boxes and machine gun nests. The holes left became rifle pits.

Floods of people came down Broadway, Church Street, Canal Street, converged on City Hall with banners and torches. Floodlights from National Guard trucks lit them. Bullhorns warned them to stay away, disperse peacefully, return to their homes. The mobs came on, shouting defiance.

"Last warning!" the bullhorn roared.

MEN and women lunged for the barbed wire, attacked it with their bare hands. Machine guns chattered and automatic rifles barked. The first men and women died on the wire, pulling it down with their weight. More pressed forward and died in turn when caught in the hail of bullets. The masses of dead bridged the wire. Columns marched over them, straight into the machine guns. Sheer weight of numbers won, overwhelmed the nests. Dead and wounded Guardsmen were stripped of weapons.

The National Guard retreated in order to their last line, the barricade of sandbags on top of City Hall steps. They entered through passages in the barbed wire at the bottom of the steps, closed the passages, and then manned their positions. The mob plunged forward. The first ranks died in the barbed wire and again bridged it. Everlasting reinforcements kept pouring in. The steps were carpeted with their bodies.

Down the steps of the Federal Courthouse at the opposite end of Foley Square came a regiment of the regular Army. They formed into an interlocking series of 'V's, points forward, shoulder to shoulder, bayonets fixed. All wore gas masks. Behind them mortar teams set up their weapons as if practicing a precision drill. At the word of command, they dropped shells into the mortars. The tubes barked, the shells lobbed high, and exploded with dull thuds in the park and on the steps of City Hall itself. Puffs of tear gas drifted through the hysterical mob. Shells kept dropping until the area was smothered by a white cloud of tear gas.

The Army 'V's moved forward at a slow pace, jabbing with bayonets, herding the fringes of the mob before them. But it was no longer a mob. The momentary victory and subsequent destructiveness had satiated them. They were just clots of crying men and women, hacking and strangling on the tear gas. Army bayonets sent them fleeing up Broadway, across Canal Street, down into the subways. After the area was emptied, 2,000 dead were counted . . .

The scene was repeated all over the city, all over the nation. In Philadelphia, Rittenhouse Square was looted and the proud old buildings turned into empty shells. Independence Hall was burned, but the law forces held the Square. Independence Square ran red that night, and every man and woman that died believed he or she died for independence.

Washington, D.C. was the worst. The Army was strongest here and so were the Breedites and Spencers. By midnight, the Army was using helicopters and fan vane cars that could skim over the mobs and mow down individuals with their powerful down drafts. They

could also float ahead of the marchers, machine guns lighting their forward edges, and smash the columns into sticklike pieces. The Capitol was surrounded by a sea of bodies. The dead were piled around the fence of the White House almost as high as the spikes. Broad Pennsylvania Avenue that had seen so many heroes was buried under a six-foot layer of fanatics . . .

All over the nation they marched, and all over the world . . .

BERLIN was in chaos, the mobs shifting back and forth. The Brandenburg Gate, restored after the two-week Freedom Fight, once more destroyed. The Teltow Canal, the Havel and Spree Rivers, so filled with dead they could be walked across . . . Rome was a sea of flames. The ruins of the Forum and the Coliseum were torn down, broken, and the pieces hurled at the police and the army . . .

The barricades were up in Paris. The Champs Elysées was a shambles, the trees torn down for battering rams. The Palais Royal was wrecked and gutted. Members of the Chamber of Deputies were chased and those that were caught were hung or thrown off roofs. The Left Bank was aflame. The Army revolted against the French national policy and fought each other . . .

In London, the proud Guard Regiments held Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament. The Regent Street Arch was packed to the top with bodies. The famous Hyde Park Corner was impassable because of the massed dead. Piccadilly's Eros was buried under "Lovers of Peace." Westminster Bridge was covered from rail to rail with bodies. Boats on the Thames flamed and charred corpses floated among the burning wrecks . . .

In Moscow, mobs stormed the Kremlin and were driven out only by flame throwing tanks, but many of the ancient churches and their precious works of art were destroyed. The tomb of Lenin and Khrushchev was entered, the embalmed bodies carried out, scattered over Red Square.

Tri-D crews manned every vantage point—many lost their lives in the rioting — and broadcast the carnage around the world. Major General Wallace 'Smack' Whitney saw it all. "Oh my God," he groaned. "Oh my God, my God."

Kulinsky gripped the table in hands that bent the iron hard plastic. "The fools! The blockheaded, goose-brained fools," he cursed them all. "Don't they know they're going to die anyway. Why don't they make themselves useful and die attacking the Chinese?"

Whitney shook his head, unbelieving. "This has to be stopped. It has to be stopped."

He grabbed the hotline, was connected with President Mallon instantly. "Mr. President, what is government policy? Red or dead?"

"General," Mallon tried to inject a note of confidence in his tired voice, "I'm glad you called. Political determinations have not yet established themselves. They're in a state of flux, so to speak. As soon as the situation firms itself, I'll—"

"Cut the crap. They're murdering each other out there! Red or dead?"

A pause, then, wearily: "Dead, Wally. Dead."

"Am I still running my end of the show?"

"Sure," Mallon said with a renewed spirit. "Can you pull something off?"

"There's a dirty idea that might work. I don't know for sure. Like you said, we'll keep swinging. I'll be out of communication for awhile. Colonel Corcoran will handle the routine. If it's really important, use your Odin One priority—"

He hung up and pulled forward the command mike. "Jupiter One to Flights Able, Baker, Charlie. Come to the nest. I say again, this is Jupiter One to Flights Able, Baker, Charlie. Come to the nest. Bring Pigeons to roost. Bring Pigeons to roost. Acknowledge."

One flight of B-101's was on airborne alert. The general ordered them to the nest. When they came in, for the first time in a generation none of the supersonic bombers would be aloft.

Whitney used his priority to contact a West Coast base. "General Whitney here, Colonel Race. What's the name of that engineer at the aircraft plant near you — Dr. Lilly? I want him brought to SAC immediately. Arrest him if you have to. My responsibility. Also, put all the mechanics you've got on transports and send them out there. I know what Air Chief Mackey will say. Refer him to me. Those are orders."

He turned to Corcoran. "Get every mechanic and all the equipment you can lay your hands on to Marshall Air Force Base. Prepare food and quarters for them. And send the transports and their crews back to where they came from. The minute a Dr. Lilly arrives, shoot him to me in the labs."

Kulinsky sniffed loudly. "There is something up your sleeve, again, Valli."

"I hope it's not a joker, Iggy . . ."

1800 Washington, D. C. time, June 26 . . . 18 hours to termination . . .

The jet transport took off from the Taonan airfield. Dr. Yang sat alone, wrapped in a blanket, his eyes closed, deep in thought. His mind wandered back a month or so to Dr. Lu Fa Shi.

They had been working on the last details of mounting the cobalt bomb on the Dragon. It was late evening, all of them were tired, and Dr. Yang dismissed them. Dr. Lu had driven straight to the military air base. The guard personnel were used to seeing him and didn't realize that there had been no rocket shot that day, that there were no aerial films for the scientist to collect. They passed him through and Dr. Lu, to avoid suspicion, parked in his usual place near the military strip. Nearby, on the apron, three twin-jet attack bombers were standing fully-fueled on alert status. On the opposite side of the airstrip were long lines of needle-nosed fighters.

Dr. Lu walked for the nearest plane. A rifle-armed guard watched him approach. He was puzzled: Dr. Lu had always gone to the fighters before, but in the Chicom hierarchy, it was unwise to ask questions of superiors. However, there was also a soldier's duty.

The scientist seemed to understand the guard's quandry. He smiled and reached inside his plain jacket as though digging for orders. But he produced an automatic with a silencer and shot the guard three times in the chest. Quickly he climbed into the plane, hoping the isotopic batteries held sufficient juice to turn the massive turboramjets.

Seated behind the controls, he flicked on the fuel feed and pressed the starter button. There was an agonizing squealing as the turbine vanes slowly turned and sucked in air. Dr. Lu sweated and held down the button, his lips clamped in grimness.

Suddenly the jets fired like twin cannons. The radio barked immediately with shouted questions from the control tower: "Who's in that Slaughterer? There is no authorization. Report immediately."

Dr. Lu rolled down the runway, full out. There was no time for warmups. Already the control tower was screaming: "Devourer pilots! Scramble! Scramble! Pursue and shoot down the renegade Slaughterer. A traitor is at the controls. All ground-to-air crews, aim for the Slaughterer!"

Lu Fa Shi pulled up the wheels and skimmed over the concrete runway. He was not only an excellent scientist, but a highly skilled pilot. Flat on the deck, no ground-to-air rockets could get him. By threading the valleys, he could avoid radar. He had a good head start on the Devourers, and there were any number of routes he could take to his destination. This would be an interesting game, and he had to be the winner.

Dr. Lu had spent many years reaching his position of eminence in the Chicom government, and his work was more than acceptable. But he had been born on Taiwan, his devotion was to Free China and Generalissimo Wu Din Wang. Dr. Lu Fa Shi was a "plant," a sleeper spy.

The chase was perilous. Lu Fa Shi heard the Devourers orders and changed course accordingly. His much greater range was an advantage, but his disadvantages were his slower speed and being forced to fly so close to the ground that the slightest mistake would scatter him over the earth.

The closer he drew to his objective, the more serious his situation became. No matter how many changes of direction, it was becoming plain he was flying toward Free China around Amoy and Foochow. Outside the ten-mile-wide Dead Strip surrounding Free China, the Devourers gathered and the ground crews prepared their weapons.

Generalissimo Wu Din Wang had followed Lu's flight via radio interception. Now he acted. Taiwan AB-17's tore into the Devourers. Chicom ground crews found themselves under rocket and artillery attack.

JUST thirty miles from Foochow, Lu Fa Shi was hopped by two Devourers. Immediately he tore skyward, depending on the superior thrust of his engines to outrun them. But they launched heat-seeking rockets no machine could escape. Lu saw them in his radar and played his last card. He fired the rocket pods on his tail, screamed skywards with the heat seekers rapidly gaining. At the last possible moment, he released the pods, saw them whiz past him in a burst of flame. Nosing over, he returned to level flight. The

neat seekers never hesitated, roared past him and went right up the sizzling rocket pod pipes, exploding them.

But now Lu Fa Shi had altitude and was a perfect target for ground-to-air rockets. He dived, full out, as bright explosions searched for him and gradually grew closer as they got the range. Coming to the Dead Strip, the Slaughterer whirled over as if it had been swatted like a fly.

Lu fought for control as metal chunks tore through the cowlings, ripped the wings. His flying stability was severely damaged, but not lost. He snapped off the fuel feed and tried to glide—only a swept wing turboramjet is not built for gliding. He dived at an acute angle for the ground. As the Slaughterer picked up speed, some control returned.

Heat-seeking laser rays shot out of the wall and incinerated the guard's Tommy.

Lu pulled out of the dive, staggered and lurched over the Dead Strip, then plunged into the earth of Free China.

Taiwan soldiers ran for the plane. They reached right through the great gaps and tears, unstrapped Dr. Lu Fa Shi, and pulled him out. With ribs driven into his lungs and a bloody froth bubbling from his mouth, he could manage to gasp only: "The wind. The wind of death..." before he died...

There had been a dedicated man, thought Dr. Yang, gazing out of the plane window. So many dedicated men in the world today. A portion of his own staff had elected to stay at Taonan though they knew it meant certain death. Brigadier-General Tom Hi had volunteered to throw the switch activating the bomb. Too bad Sally Soo did not have such dedication.

Their parting had been most embarrassing for Dr. Yang. She screamed and cried and clung to his legs when she learned that she was to be left behind. His bodyguard had pulled her away. Still Sally had pleaded for life. Finally, the bodyguard had clubbed her with the long-barrelled automatic.

The jet screamed to a landing on the airstrip of Swatow, the New Capital. Many cars were drawn up waiting for all the dignitaries arriving from the north. His wife and children were standing beside one of them. Happiness rose in Yang's heart. His wife had not aged; if anything, she looked even younger. In an embarrassing display of affection, Yang touched cheeks with her while his children gravely bowed.

They sat in the back of the car, a child on each side of them. Yang took Su Ling's hand and held it, sitting silently, not wanting to talk with his ever-present bodyguard in the front seat. At last, the limousine drew up to a high walled *yaman* where the ornately carved double doors opened on to a wide garden of a courtyard. Yes, the party rewarded those who served them well. Dr. Yang looked at his watch. The Western World and half of China had only a few hours left.

A feast had been prepared in honor of his homecoming. The servants had been dismissed and for once the bodyguard was banished to the portico. Of course there were more guards outside the walls, but for all intents and purposes, they were alone. And so Dr. Yang Li Ko, Cambridge graduate, adherent to the ancient culture of China, did not lose face by preparing with his own hands a sauce for the duck.

He poured it on his wife's and children's portions, and while they ate with polite slowness, he instructed them as was a father's duty. His topic was his hobby, the towering minds of the East and West—Aristotle, Socrates, Lao-Tse, Confucius—

"Have more of this sauce, my children," Yang ladled out of a wafer thin bowl.

"It is delicious, father," the older boy inclined his head. "Is it permitted to ask the name?"

"Questions that seek knowledge are always permitted. This is an ancient recipe, once well known to our ancestors. It is called: 'The Path to Bliss.'"

The younger boy said, "I have a question, honored father. In school we have learned of the political philosophy of an ancient Westerner called Plato. Could you enlighten us?"

"A most interesting case, my son. Plato was an exalted philosopher, but I am afraid you are not permitted to read all of what he had to say. He stated that a benevolent dictatorship was better than an unwise democracy. Is this not so?"

"It is what we have been taught."

"Yes. Then Plato wrote that a constitutional monarchy was still better."

"Such as the one that exists in England?"

"Time changes all things, but the similarity exists. Plato's last statement was that a sovereign democracy is the superior form of government."

"But father, they have that in the United States, and we know that chaos exists there."

"Not when I visited it."

The boy was silent, thinking.

Su Ling said, "My husband seems saddened. Is part of his heart left in the north?"

"All my work is there, wife. Many men aided me, but only one of them possessed a small part of my heart—a Dr. Lu Fa Shi. He departed before I did. Now children, to bed. Sleep well, sleep peacefully, sleep long. Come, precious wife..."

THE AB-18 seared into Andrews Air Force Base. Maj. General Wallace Whitney leaped out before it had properly stopped moving, and was running for the staff car that raced to meet him. His eyes were surrounded with black circles and sunk deep in his skull. Whitney hadn't had any sleep in more than three days, yet he kept driving himself, hurrying. The long cardboard tube and dispatch case he carried felt like they weighed tons.

It was 1045 . . . an hour and fifteen minutes to termination...

He almost fell asleep in the monorail, fought awake when he heard the sound of a door unlocking. Briskly he stepped out, walking down the corridor. The sergeant trotted after him: "Sorry general, no more visitors to Fort Forrestal. President Mallon's orders."

Whitney ignored him as though he hadn't heard, strode to the desk where the lieutenant sat with one hand under it on a machine gun. The general started pulling out his identification.

The lieutenant shook his head. "President Mallon goes on Tri-D in a few minutes. No one enters. We're abandoning Fort Forrestal and riding back to the White House in an open car. Those are orders."

"I understand," Whitney nodded, shifting towards the wall, opening his dispatch case and reaching inside. "Nothing against leaving a message for the President, is there?"

"No sir."

The open dispatch case lid was chest high. Whitney poked his silencer service automatic over it and shot the lieutenant in the forehead. The lieutenant fell backwards, reflex action spitting out two or three slugs from the hidden machine gun.

Whitney leaped to the desk top, shot the sergeant through the neck. He jumped off sideways and, in midair, pumped bullets into two enlisted men. They staggered away and crumpled against the wall.

Four dead men. Four good men dead because of the megalomania of Min and Kung. Whitney hurried to the sergeant and patted his pockets for the key to the anteroom. Nothing.

A Tri-D set flickered to life on the wall. President Mallon appeared, his face grave, tired, lined with grief. But his voice was firm:

"I am speaking to the world in answer to the Chinese Communist ultimatum. It is personally gratifying that my colleagues—the heads of states who have suported me throughout this crisis – have selected me to reply to the dreadful decision facing us..."

Whitney was searching the lieutenant's body now. Nothing. Where the hell was that key? He stripped the two enlisted men. Still no key. Time was

Secretary Min charged in, a half-dozen guards behind him. He fired point-blank, kept on firing long after Yang was dead.

running out. Precious time. He had to find that key, but where—?

The desk! He leaped for it. Behind him Mallon's voice grew deeper. "Perhaps some of you think that the Chinese Communists are perpetrating a monumental hoax. I know that some of you think that by submitting, we can at least save our lives. I must now tell you the truth. There is a rocket driven cobalt bomb orbiting the Northern Hemisphere. We have tried every method within our means to eliminate this threat, and I regret to tell you all have failed. No matter what we now do, no matter what answer we give the Chinese Communists, the cobalt bomb will still be exploded. Prepare yourselves for this calmly and with resignation . . ."

Whitney shot open the last of the drawers and snatched out the key. He also pulled the machine gun off its clips; it might prove useful. A lunge at the door and the key slid into the lock. The lock turned, but the door didn't open. Raging, Whitney battered his shoulder at the solid steel. He had to get inside. He had an idea, an idea that could change the world. Time was running out . . . 1117 . . . why didn't the damn door open?

Wrestling with the key, Whitney found it turned again. It was a double lock. Gently, he opened the door a fraction of an inch.

The two guards inside saw the flashing red light, indicating the door was open. The room was "armed." They whirled, the one with the machine gun firing. Whitney held the door. Bullets drummed against it. Inside the room, laser rod searched for heat. They found the chattering Tommy. Twin beams of intense heat shot out. The Tommy melted and the gunner flamed, dead already in temperatures ranging up to 10,000°. The second guard screamed as he broiled alive.

Whitney opened the door another crack, saw the ruby laser rod high on the wall, fired a burst from his Tommy and threw himself backward, satisfied because the foot long ruby was smashed. A laser beam hissed through steel and concrete, making a perfectly round glowing-white hole in the door. Whitney did a dance of impatience while the door cooled. When the hole was a dull red, he fired the whole clip of the Tommy down the hallway, kicked open the door, and threw the gun inside. The second laser beam hit the Tommy in mid-air. Whitney dived in on his belly, triggering his service automatic at the red rod high on the opposite wall. The first shot shattered it, but he fired twice more to make sure the room was "safe."

Now if only the identification machine hadn't been damaged by the scorching heat. Standing, he put his hand on the ground plate of the waist-high machine. He prayed.

The light flashed green. The door slid aside. Whitney heaved a sigh of relief, stepped through with his cardboard tube and dispatch case. President Mallon's eyes slid to him. Whitney put both hands over his head and shook them in the gesture of a prizefighter's victory. Mallon nodded almost imperceptibly and smoothly finished his address:

"The strong countries must protect the weak. Study the lessons of history and learn from them. No one nation sits on the throne for all eternity. And now, the Chief of the Strategic Air Command, Major General Wallace Whitney, has a message of his own. Please stay tuned. General—"

Whitney stepped in front of the Tri-D. All fatigue left him as he opened the cardboard tube and pulled out charts.

"I speak," he said, "to the Chinese Communists who are undoubtedly watching this transmission. I tell them —and I pray they believe me—their race is doomed. Only one action on their part can save them. They know what it is." He glanced at his watch: 1122. Still time. Eight minutes to No Return, thirty-eight minutes to Termination.

He unfolded the long roll of papers. "I will now spell out the doom of The Chinese Communists. These diagrams and schematics," he shook them threateningly, "are rough drawings because they are the originals we worked from. All our heavy bombers, all our attack bombers, all our fighter bombers, every plane we have available is now speeding for predetermined targets. Some are presently being refueled in midair. They are *not* carrying atomic or hydrogen bombs. I repeat, they are *not* carrying atomic or hydrogen bombs."

President Mallon was in action. Like the astute politician he was, he sensed an opening wedge and did the little he could to drive it home. Struggling with an awkward easel that held a large bulletin board, he brought it into view. Whitney nodded his thanks, fixed one of the drawings on the board, and continued:

"Pan in the camera please. Secretary Min, Premier Kung, look at this cross section of one of our bombers. Notice that the reserve fuel tanks, the wing pods, the rocket racks, the bomb racks, are filled with finely ground cobalt that has been radioactively treated in a nuclear reactor. In short, radioactive dust. Compressed air, gathered by the Mach Three speed of each ship, will eject it from tiny holes."

Whitney attached another drawing.

"An enlargement of the ejection nozzles. Note that they point upward. The compressed air stream will whirl this dust miles high and it will drift down in a deadly silent, invisible rain. Every Chinese river valley, every Chinese plain, every Chinese mountain, every square foot of Chinese land will be dusted. Ounces of this dust will destroy hundreds of square miles, eventually thousands. Crops will be blighted, the people will sicken and die, the land poisoned by a cobalt isotope with a half life of six months."

"The Chinese Communists in the south have no security. Those in the Indonesian and Malasian island chains cannot be saved. We have met an ultimatum with a superior ultimatum."

He paused to emphasize his next statement. His voice was pitched low, almost a whisper: "Unless Secretary Min and Premier Kung signal this office imediately—there is still time—the SAC aircraft will complete their missions. I know provisions have been made to render the cobalt bomb ineffective. The same provisions have been made to call back our aircraft. Three code words will do it. The decision rests with Secretary Min and Premier Kung . . ."

President Mallon snapped off the remote controlled Tri-D camera. He grabbed Whitney by the arm. "Is this the goods, Wally? Do we have a chance?"

Whitney nodded. "It's the goods. They'll think about it. We have them sweating. They cornered us, Randy, and I was desperate. Exploding a cobalt bomb in the jet stream is a pretty sloppy way of hitting a target. I was always taught to dump a rocket straight into the pickle barrel. The Chicoms don't have the ability to hit us square, so turned to mass destruction. That stunned me for a while, and I forgot

that I was the custodian of the finest technical equipment in the world. The objective of war is the brain of the enemy commander, and they had me brainwashed. I only came out of the fog a little while ago, gave Major Rosen his instructions, and let him handle the scientific details with Dr. Lilly. Now the Chicoms are numb from the neck up. I bet that phone rings in the next three minutes . . ."

Premier Kung was smiling, but it was rather a sickly smile. "He bluffs well."

Min's face was blank, his eyes staring. "Perhaps," he picked up the phone. "Connect me to the radar submarines . . . Commander! Are enemy planes approaching? . . . They are, eh . . . No, that is all."

HE turned to Kung. "He is bluffing all right, and I am going to call his bluff. Those planes carry bombs and that is all. Our Intelligence would have heard of radioactive dust."

Once more the phone was lifted. It rang in Taonan. Min ordered, "Operation Dragon to be carried out immediately."

Kung was tuning in another Tri-D. It showed the laboratories deep under Dragon station. General Tom Hi noticed the bright flicker, bowed to the two superiors watching him, then returned to his instruments. Radar screens had the bomb pinpointed. It was over the Pacific, over Hawaii, and would be exploded a few hundred miles from the west coast of the United States.

A chronometer gave the signal. General Tom pushed the red button. A tape raced through the computer, giving final instructions to the bomb. It should now dive into the jet stream . . .

It kept orbiting. *It kept orbiting!* Nothing happened!

General Tom pressed the "destruct" button. Nothing happened! He pressed it again and again. Nothing happened! The general, resigned to death, became hysterical. He beat the controls with his first and screamed over and over: "It won't work. It won't work. It won't work. It won't come down. It won't explode!"

Premier Kung pointed a quivering finger at the Tri-D and gibbered. Min slapped him in the face, turned off the set.

"Nothing is lost, you fool. Our power to destroy is established beyond a doubt. Now we show our generosity. We save the world out of humanitarian motives. But we will make demands, many demands. The West will see the bomb endlessly orbiting and think we still have control. They will grant concessions. Our position, if anything, is improved. We can get what we want *now*, without waiting. The Philippines, Australia, South Asia, all India is *ours*, now! Give me the phone. I'll call off the dogs attacking us."

The phone call from China was routed directly to Fort Forrestal. Mallon listened, hung up, and slumped in his chair. He looked at Whitney. "We've won the ball game. Ninth inning, two out, and we won the ball game."

"Move!" Whitney jumped for the hot line to SAC. "Call Mackey! We've got to get those planes back."

Mallon spoke briefly to Mackey, then opened his safe, got out the code book, turned on the microphone: "Odin One to all flights. River. River. I repeat. River."

Through the loudspeaker came Mackey's command: "Rigorous. Rigorous."

Whitney was screaming into the hot line. "Corcoran! Cork! Why hasn't word from Jupiter One gone out?"

"My key's already in," Corcoran yelled. "We can't find the O.D. You can hear the speaker blaring for him."

"Who's the Officer of the Day?"

"Major Rosen, sir. At his request."

"Start a full search going. Eight minutes to dusting. Get moving. No! Hang on to that line. Get the search going."

Whitney paced up and down the office. He knew Irv like no other man did. How long? Why, since Irv had been a young lieutenant fresh out of school with a flock of degrees. He had been Intelligence Aide then to Whitney's squadron. He pretended to be a tough kid but he didn't have the experience to be really hard and objective. Those Freedom Fight films had shook him. He didn't understand how a man could throw himself on a tank's machine gun and smother its field of fire with his own body, so his fellow fighters could set the tank afire. He had gone green watching a small squadron of tanks, their crews singing national songs, pile into massed Soviet tanks—and stop them, still singing as they burned.

The 48 Hour Fracas had also affected him deeply. Irv was Intelligence Chief then to Whitney's Flight. He saw Taiwan Chinese walking across mine fields, sacrificing their lives to protect the valuable tanks and mobile artillery coming behind them.

There was a gap right after this. Whitney had been in hot water up to his neck for flying combat when he should have been directing his flight from the ground. Only publicity saved him from reprimand. In the United States, preoccupied with his own troubles, he had lost contact with Irv.

But there was something in the personal and secret files on him. Whitney closed his eyes. He could see the report now: Major Rosen . . . Intelligence Chief . . . Flight Three . . . AB-17's . . . Taiwan Base One . . . Gone lousy after the 48 Hours . . . A three month drunken binge . . . Turned slob . . . Falling in the gutter. Vaguely, 'Smack' Whitney remembered writing a letter, advising the temporary C.O. that Rosen be left alone to solve his own problem.

Irv had solved them by returning—turning, really—to the faith of his fathers, finding strength and solace there, the understanding he lacked. From then on Major Rosen was one hell of an Intelligence Chief and a tough cooky in the bargain. That was why Whitney had brought him along to SAC.

He grabbed the phone. "Cork? Look in the Hall of Religion . . ."

Thousands of planes roared over the Pacific. Major Al Scofield was sweating. "Where the hell is that last word?" he roared over the intercom.

Dancer shrugged. "We passed No Return."

That didn't mean much. Five minutes before Target Time, the crews could swerve to emergency landing fields in the Philippines, Australia, Taiwan, even around Amoy and Foochow.

Major Russel Dunham was smiling behind his Kylon face plate. He didn't want to hear the third word. There wasn't a chance in the world of his surviving this mission, but he had volunteered for it. This crisis had saved him from a court-martial, disgrace, possible dismissal. After dusting the fertile mouth of the Hwang Ho, he would die the way he believed a soldier should die . . .

Dr. Yang sat in a loose silken robe, contemplating a Chinese scroll painting of a mountain, a lake, and a tree. It had been drawn with a single line, the artist never lifting his pen. A peaceful scene, almost as peaceful as his house just before midnight. His wife and children were sleeping, would never awake. Peacefully they had stepped upon the Path to Bliss without knowing it.

His moment of peace was yet to come, and he was content in the knowledge he had given the world a great gift. He had remained true to the great minds, had not abandoned them. A lesser evil committed to prevent a greater evil is a beneficial action—the double causative effect.

The Americans would understand. Callow, young, it was one of the few things they could understand. Politics were really beyond them. They just did not have enough historical experience. In their place, he would trample the enemy ruthlessly so that he could never rise again, but they would not do that. No, he had saved China. The Americans would not destroy a 5000-year-old culture. Alone, Dr. Yang Li Ko, graduate of Cambridge, devotee of ancient Chinese customs, had forged a new world. Patience was his creed. Wait and the wheel turns. The Americans, in another two or three thousands years of glories and defeats, would learn this. With one stroke, Yang had preserved his country and given the mad rulers enough to satisfy them. But not quite enough—yet.

The door burst open. Secretary Min stood there, gun in hand, many guards behind him.

"When?" Min spit out.

"Just before I left. The firing button actuated a scrambler. You will never repair the controls."

"Why?"

Yang smiled slightly. "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king."

Min kept firing bullets into the body long after Yang was dead . . .

"Cork!" Whitney screamed. "Have you found him yet?"

"Just a second, General. I'm getting a report now!"

"I hope it's not too late," Whitney groaned. "I hope it's not too late."

THEY found Major Irving Rosen in the Hall of Religion, dead before the Ark, dead before he had known the cobalt bomb would never explode. One of the Sacred Scrolls, the Torah, containing the Laws of Moses, had been taken down. It was open to the Great Laws of God. Major Rosen's next to final act had been to boldly outline in red the Fifth of the Ten Commandments:

"Thou Shalt Not Kill!"

By the time they examined his body under a fluoroscope and found the key in his stomach, it was to late to obey this injunction. Wings were spread over Communist China. The dust was gently falling. Dr. Yang had overlooked the fact that in America there were men, some from a culture as old as his, men who had known more sorrow than joy, men who century after century had turned with the wheel.

Ignorance had destroyed Dr. Yang and all he sought to preserve. ◆◆◆

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- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL (Diploma)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French
- ☐ German
- ☐ Italian
- ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supvr'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

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A special message from J. Morrison Smith, President
NRI, Founded 1914

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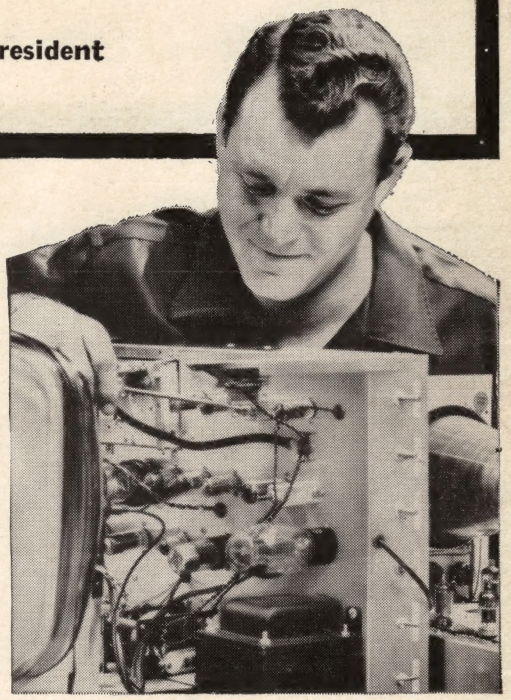

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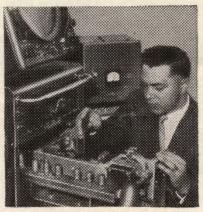

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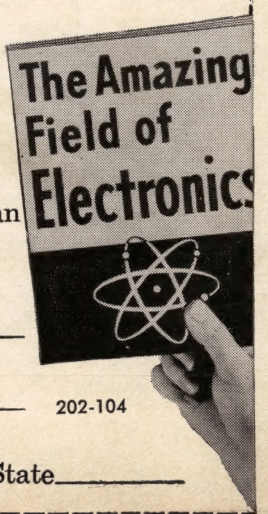

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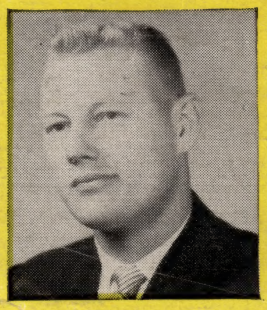

Missile Officer at Atlas ICBM Site

"Spare time can mean money in the pocket. Although I have a full-time job, I still have time to fix radio and TV sets. Let the lazy man sit back and *watch* his TV set. I'll spend my time repairing it and yielding profit." ALLAN R. TOWNSEND, Topeka, Kan.

From Textile Worker to Technician

"I was employed in a textile mill. After graduating from NRI I worked in a TV shop. I am now employed by an engineering firm as Senior Electronics Technician. I shall be eternally grateful to NRI." HAROLD L. HUGHES, Huntsville, Ala.

Editor for Electronics Magazine

"Because of taking the NRI Servicing course and having had Navy experience in radar and computers, I obtained this position. I find my texts invaluable reference. I figure my NRI course has more than paid for itself." LOUIS S. GOMOLAK, Ardmore, Pa.

Has Service Business of His Own

"I went into business six months after I finished the NRI course. It makes my family of six a good living. We repair any TV or radio. I would not take anything for my training with NRI. I think it is the finest." DON HOUSE, Lubbock, Texas

Runs Radio Dept. for Car Distributor

"A lot of fellows think because they know nothing about Electronics they couldn't learn. NRI speaks a language they can understand. TV and garage door openers form an interesting sideline for me. All this gained at NRI." CARL BRINKMEIER, St. Louis, Mo.

Works for Firm Building DC Welders

"Your school helped me get this job. I have done broadcast work, TV repair and build custom stereo systems and medical equipment. I thought very highly of the Communications Course. I still use the texts." LAWRENCE S. COOK, New London Wis.

In Microwave Research at Stanford

"My first introduction to Electronics was the NRI Servicing course. I have had additional training, but NRI was the groundwork for all my accomplishments. My NRI diploma got me my first job in Electronics." GEORGE JACKSON, Menlo Park, Calif.

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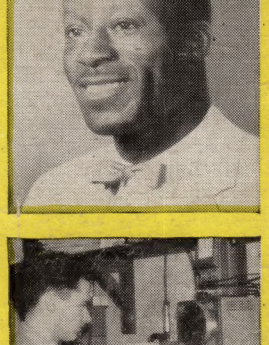

Chief Technician for Uranium Mine

"I have gone ahead ever since I enrolled. My income at the beginning was $150 a month. Today I earn $8,000 a year. My NRI diploma got me a part-time job, too, as TV engineer, bringing in another $1,000." W. GERALD KALLIES, Elliot Lake, Canada

Electronic Technician for Post Office

"NRI training enabled me to land a very good job as Electronic Technician with the Post Office Dept. I finished 6th out of 139. I also have a very profitable spare-time business fixing radios and TV." NORMAN RALSTON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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